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*The Young Woman's Magazine*

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# Smart Set

In Combination with McClure's

OCTOBER, 1929—VOLUME 85, No. 2

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *Editor*

RUTH WATERBURY  
*Associate Editor*

LILLIE GAILEY  
*Assistant Editor*



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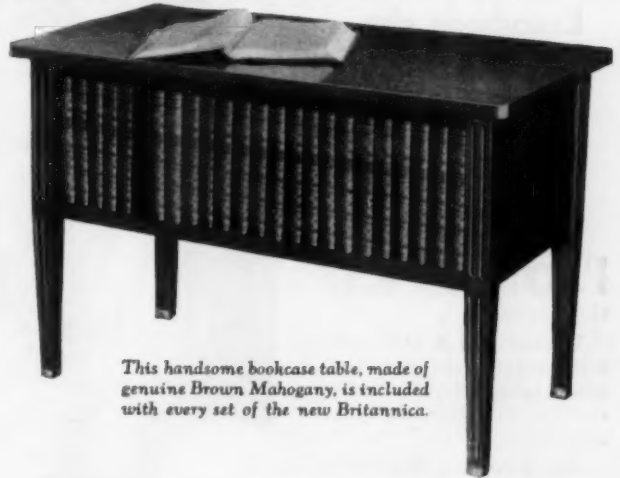
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Everybody else  
had known the  
truth for months

By Carolyn Haines

It always begins—and ends  
—the same way. That's  
the pity of it.

Usually just a little less  
self-assurance—her romance  
would have endured. And a  
deadly, unforgivable hurt  
avoided.

She becomes neglectful of her  
appearance. And forgets that a man  
has his—memories. And his—ideals.

There is nothing that more quickly  
steals the appeal from a woman than  
a complexion—neglected—unhealthy.

Unhealthy?

Yes, that is exactly the trouble  
with the skin when its softness, its  
smoothness, its freshness begins to  
vanish.

**N**ATURE'S simple warning that she  
is impatient with our attempts  
to defy her. She notifies us by means  
of oily noses, blackheads, enlarged  
pores, little lines, extraordinary dry-  
ness, pimples and similar eruptions  
that we are on the very border line of  
lost attractiveness.

But she will do no more. We have  
to find for ourselves what measures  
to take—what correctives to use.

For the past nine years now this  
has been a simple matter.

Virtually every great personage of  
screen and stage, and thousands of  
less prominence, place the entire re-  
sponsibility for preserving and restoring  
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have tried disappointedly, Boncilla  
Clasmic Pack has an extraordinary  
cleansing and invigorating action on  
the skin. Demand for it, from the  
knowing, was never so great as today.

You simply spread it on your face,



neck and shoulders.  
And, at once, you  
literally feel it draw-  
ing out all the im-  
purities that mar,  
gently cleansing the  
pores to their depths. So that they  
actually tingle with a rejuvenating  
stimulation. Leaving the skin with  
both the feeling and the appearance  
of a fitness it has not known perhaps  
for years.

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do for your skin. What new glory  
and fascination it will give you.  
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## Laughter Lines

**H**E: "What did you buy?"  
**S**HE: "Nothing. I was looking at  
some dresses."

**H**E: "You don't need any dresses."

**S**HE: "No, of course not, but a lot of  
girls are wearing them!"

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

**V**ASSAR: "No, my dear, I've never liked  
Algernon since the morning he tried to kiss  
me."

**R**ADCLIFFE: "To kiss you!"

**V**ASSAR: "Yes."

**R**ADCLIFFE: "My dear, in the morning!"  
—Lampoon.

**Y**OUNG MAN: "Sir, I'm in love with your  
wife and I would like to marry her if you'll  
get a divorce. Are you going to shoot me?"

**T**HE OTHER GENT: "Yes, if you change  
your mind."

—Brown Jug.

Once upon a time a man got up early one  
Sunday morning to let the iceman in, and  
not being able to find his bath robe he  
slipped on his wife's kimono. When he  
opened the door he was greeted by a nice  
big kiss by the iceman. And the only way  
he could figure it out was that the iceman's  
wife had a kimono just like the one he  
had on.

—V. P. I. Skipper.

Two seasick passengers on a liner at-  
tempted to forget their plight by asking  
each other riddles.

"What has three eyes and walks back-  
wards?" asked the first.

"I guess I have to give up," said the  
other, dashing for the rail!

—Temple Owl.

**P**OET (greatly agitated): "Dash it, Eu-  
stace must have thrown that last sonnet in  
the fire."

**W**IFE (soothingly): "Don't be absurd,  
dear, the child can't read yet."

—Malteaser.

"I hear your sister ran away with the  
chauffeur."

"Yeah, it was too bad. He was a good  
chauffeur."

**A**GED PROFESSOR: "Have you anything for  
gray hair?"

**C**ONSICIENTIOUS DRUGGIST: "Nothing but  
the greatest respect, sir."

—Scarlet Saint.

"When you proposed, did you tell her you  
were unworthy of her?"

"Yes, and she agreed."

—Brown Bull.





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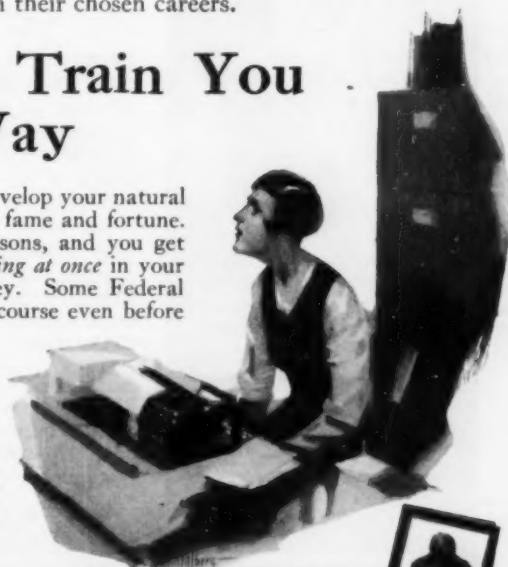
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## THE ELGIN Parisienne

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# Smart Set's Hall of Feminine Fame



Hal Pugh

## THE COVER ARTIST

**D**ISCOVER your real talent, then go ahead. So counsel the eight successful young women pictured this month. Neysa McMein, above, wanted to act. Drawing hats at fifteen dollars a week, she gave up the job to go into vaudeville. But when the act reached Broadway, Neysa got fired. She went back to drawing. Today she is one of our highest-priced cover artists



## THE RUG MAKER

MARCELLE DULAC is another girl who discovered a road to fortune most accidentally. Ever since childhood, Marcelle has wanted to be a dancer. She studied first in her native France, then in New York. While waiting for fame, she made her own costumes, rugs and room furnishings merely to save money. Friends admired her modernistic rugs so greatly she offered to sell them. At once her customers became so numerous and her prices so alluring that she opened a rug factory. However, dancing is still her real love, Marcelle insists



Calver

## THE STOCK BROKER

**N**OBODY had to tell Florence Doyle what she wanted to do. She knew. She wanted to make money. Typing in a Wall Street office, she majored in bulls, bears and ticker gymnastics. The boss told her to waste her savings on paper and not to dabble in the market. Three months later, she showed him how his own profits could have been doubled. After that he paid for her advice. Next, she branched out independently. Now this Carolina girl directs the first all-female stock exchange office. Study plus intuition is her success secret



Chloro

### THE SALES MANAGER

**S**TENOGRAPHY is a ready made road to achievement for a clever girl. Here's another fair candidate who proves that. Still in her early twenties, Ruth Weissblum now answers to the impressive title of Eastern Sales Manager for one of the country's largest luggage concerns. She began as stenographer in a millinery store with the idea of picking up designing. Getting no encouragement, she went to another concern where she got a chance selling. She realized selling was her real talent and won rapid recognition in a field where few women are leaders





Chidney

### THE INTERNATIONALIST

**S**TART with beauty and genius and add superlatives and still words fail to explain Therese Bonney's international success. American-born, the most brilliant student at the University of California and then at the Sorbonne in Paris, Therese jumped from teaching French verbs to making the first news photographs in Paris. That put her in touch with the art world. Now from her Paris office she handles modern art in all its myriad forms for exportation and exhibition in America. For diversion she writes guide books. Her income would stagger a bank president



## THE MODEL MAKER

AGAIN distinction comes along a sidetrack. Ever since young New Jersey-born Margaret Brown could remember, she was determined to be a sculptor. But she expected years of hard work and study before even the mildest flurry of success arrived. To bridge over the expensive training, she made models from architects' drawings, working with soap, wax and plaster. Soon she found herself a specialist in this line and the modernistic beehive airport model, shown in the above picture, is one that won her a national prize



*International*

## THE VARNISH MANUFACTURER

THE manufacture of varnish is hardly an occupation a girl would naturally choose. But Sara Barclay DeForeest found it quite simple to advance from making old-fashioned strawberry shortcakes to boiling varnish. Starting with a store where she sold pine tree products, she devoted part of her time to supervising a small varnish factory. This was, at first, her hobby, then her sideline and finally her trade. In addition, Mrs. DeForeest is president of the Brooklyn Council of Campfire Girls and a leader among our business and professional women



Chidsey

## THE COPY WRITER

**B**EAUTIFUL Dorothy Berry did a lot of traveling before she found her goal. Born in Canada, she spent her early life in England, traveled on the Continent and finally came to this country eight years ago. American advertising methods fascinated her and she wanted to master them. The only opening was a stenographic position which she quickly seized. After two years of typing for one of the largest agencies, she was promoted to the art department. A year later she got her chance at handling a cosmetic account. Today she is a copy expert of first rank



## Letters Young Women Write to Me

### The First Job

"MY LAST vacation is over," read a letter that came to me this morning, "and when I say 'over' I mean just that. For I'm taking my first job this month—and from now on my vacations will be measured by one week and two week intervals.

"I wonder if every girl feels as I do when it is time for her to go to work? I've had school in the winter and camp in the summer for so long. And now that it is time for me to do my part, financially—for I have younger brothers and sisters who deserve their share of schooling and of camps—I have a strange, lost feeling. A feeling that youth and fun are over. And that life is closing in on me.

"I hate to start off, in an office, with this sense of depression. For I'm not lazy—I don't dread work! It's just that I'm afraid of the thing that work stands for.

"I feel as if I've reached the end of the summer—and as if there won't ever be another summer!"

I SUPPOSE that every young girl, starting off upon a business career, has this moment of doubt, this sensation of disaster. For the first job creates a definite break—it does build a barrier between care-free youth and responsibility.

The first job does mark the end of long vacations—that is very true. But it is equally true that an initial entrance into the business world is the beginning of a phase of life that is perhaps more thrilling than extreme youth—that holds more of breath-taking interest than any vacation could hold!

Business is a great, fascinating

game. A game that compensates one for long hours and lost vacations. It is a game made up of romance and adventure and excitement—as well as work. It is a game which has a given set of rules—but in which new rules are, hourly, being made. It is a game that puts a player on her own mettle and her own honor.

THE FIRST job is the beginning of the game. It is the starting point. And though youth often moves, reluctantly, toward that starting point, youth is sure to acquire momentum. The game, itself, creates that.

I am never very sorry for the girl who finds it necessary to leave vacationland and enter an office. If she has the right stuff in her heart—and her brain—she will find that work can be quite as absorbing as play.

YOUTH looks back, across a pathway of dreams, at the end of the summer. Remembering the golden hours on the beach, the starlit evenings in a canoe. Hearing the lilt of dance music, and the murmur of mirth.

But youth should, instead, look forward. To the autumn and the winter. To the work that lies ahead—and the pleasure and satisfaction that it will bring. To the work that will respond to your mood and your newly discovered abilities.

Looking back provides the soul with fragrant memories. But looking forward—looking forward *eagerly*—paves the way for achievement.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



H. Armstrong Roberts

# You Can Get Away



*ANN moved along, slowly and gracefully, on her father's arm. She was very calm. Somehow the excitement she was causing rather amused her. It was a story-book wedding—she was a story-book bride*

# With ANYTHING

*If You're Pretty Enough and Clever Enough There's  
No Reason Why Anything Should Cramp Your Style  
—Even Marriage. That Was Ann's Philosophy of Life*

By  
F. E. BAILY

Illustrations by AUSTIN JEWELL

THE girl in the green evening gown postured and swayed before her long mirror. The girl in the gray flannel coat and skirt standing near the fireplace made an artist's impersonal survey. The fact that she owned no such frock although she worshipped beautiful clothes, made no difference. She only said:

"Of course, it's a marvel. I love Audoux's line. You ought to make history in that, Ann."

"Secret history preferred," Ann Cosway answered. She slipped off the green frock and sat down on the edge of the bed.

All around brooded the hallowed peace of Queen Anne's Gate, an aristocratic backwater, sanctified by wealth and seclusion. The bay window of the room looked over St. James's Park, now a blur of delicate spring green. The shadow of Buckingham Palace touched the Cosways with its mighty fringe; the Foreign Office, whose destinies Arthur Cosway advanced in a very senior capacity, spread over them its ineffable wings.

Ann, with her daring beauty and the supreme indifference of modern twenty-two, cared little for all this. As far as she was concerned, men always had been and always would be the raw material of success. She flicked her cigarette ashes and went on:

"Well, Peggy, time's getting short. In rather more than twenty-four hours I shall have been married, joined the vast monotony of married women and left my girlhood behind me. Have you no last words to suit the occasion? It's a bridesmaid's privilege to be frank."

Peggy Dangerfield, who drew pictures for a living, paused to conceive once more the girl's bedroom, lovely in the perfect simplicity that only money can buy. The sunlight of a late May afternoon streamed in on the very flower of an expensive trousseau: gowns bearing the signature of great *couturiers*, thinnest silk stockings, hats more significant than a royal crown, and little trivial, heart-breaking shoes. On the low bed, Ann Cosway, an imminent bride, sat smoking calmly and inviting comment.

"It's half-past six, Peggy, and we dine at eight."

"Rochester Flint would love to paint you like that," Peggy blurted out irrelevantly.

"It wouldn't be decent. Besides he may be a great painter but he doesn't thrill me. I like men washed and polished. You and he have an interest in common, so you don't mind if he looks and behaves like a bear. Never mind Rochester Flint. Talk about me."

A smile lit up Peggy's small, grave face, almost dead white against black hair and lit by stormy dark eyes.

"You, my dear? You've always been rich and you'll always be rich. Greville isn't a millionaire but he's rich enough. You'll always be lovely and you'll go on playing with fire."

"Heaven send there'll be fire to play with after the knot's tied. I'm a child of wrath, Peggy. I'm tall and slim, and lazy and hopelessly improper. You're small and gypsyish and consumed by inward fires. I'd rather consume others than be consumed any day. You'll struggle for fame and suffer on account of others because you're the daughter of a younger son who was broke like all younger sons. I was sired by the heir and I propose to revel in luxury all my life."

"Where does Greville come into all this?"

"He comes and goes very softly."

"Greville's been run after a good deal and these eligible bachelors aren't used to hiding their light under a bushel, Ann."

Ann sighed. "Don't you think in these early, impressionable days when his emotions make him as clay in the hands of the sculptor I can bring him permanently into subjection?"

"It depends on the man."

"She still thinks of Rochester Flint, the sheik of the studios," said Ann. "Darling, your little toil-worn hands and your mind, torn between your work and your love affairs, don't understand what we prides of the harem can accomplish. I'm a specialist, a Rochester Flint, in my own line."

"Then why ask me to say a few last words?"

"Partly because I hoped you'd give me some good advice so that I could ignore it. There's nothing so fascinating as ignoring good advice. Mostly because I hoped you'd say I was beautiful. Artists generally do."

"My dear, dozens of men must have said you were beautiful."

"Quite, but men are easy. If a woman says you're beautiful, it's a regretful tribute wrung out of her very inmost fibres."

"I don't mind personally how beautiful you are because we don't live in the same world. I shan't get anything from life except by working for it; you can't earn your living and specialize in men at the same time. All the same I wonder whether if Greville knew how you feel about him he'd be altogether bucked."

Ann made her tawny eyes very round.

"Peggy darling, Greville will have an extremely good time in many ways. And somebody's got to take the lead in every marriage. I propose to be a queen on my throne and have Greville look up to me."

A KNOCK fell on the door; it opened to admit Ann's maid. "If you please, Miss Ann, there's a lady reporter from the Evening Mail."

"Give me a wrap, Stacey, then show her in here."

A moment later there arrived in the wake of Stacey a middle-aged woman with an air of tired smartness.

"Mrs. Collingwood," murmured Stacey.

"Good evening, Miss Cosway. I'm 'Ariadne' of the Evening Mail. So nice of you to see me."

Ann answered:

"Do sit down, Mrs. Collingwood. This is my cousin and chief bridesmaid, Miss Dangerfield."

Ariadne photographed the room and its occupants in one swift glance.

"I saw most of the trousseau at Celeste's," she said, "and they were kind enough to show me the wedding presents downstairs and give me a list of the guests. What I'd like, if you don't mind, is just a personal word or two, and the names of any people you'd like specially mentioned."

Ann began thoughtfully:

"Of course, I'm terribly excited and happy. Mr. Chard and I have known each other quite a long time. I adore his wedding present to me, a Greyhound car, the loveliest coupé you ever saw. It'll do seventy-five easily. Mr. Chard is vice-chairman of Greyhound Cars, Limited, you know. And you might mention Sir Julius Bruce, K.C.'s present. He's a very old friend of my father's. They were at Harrow together. And Mr. George Bondy's. Mr. Bondy is chairman of Greyhound Cars, one of those delightful self-made men. He's mixed up with so many companies; I think the public would be interested—"

Mrs. Collingwood scribbled a few notes on the back of an envelope, and rose to go.

"Thank you so much. It'll be *the* wedding of the season. Please let me wish you every happiness."

Ann extended a slim hand.

"Too kind of you. Sure you've everything you want? Good-by!"

As the door closed she hid a little yawn.

"And so it goes on. Never mind; all will be over tomorrow. Run along and dress, Pegs. Make Stacey slave for you. I'll make father give us champagne tonight. We need it."

IN THE bedroom of his flat in Duke Street, St. James's, Greville Chard, in his shirt sleeves, stood before the dressing table tying a white tie. Bertie Carslake, his best man, sat watching him. What Bertie saw was a young fellow of twenty-six, five-feet-eleven in his socks, with one of those narrow, good-looking faces, dark hair parted at the side, and level gray eyes.

Greville, matching the ends of the tie with the loops, said persuasively:

"Talk to me, Bertie. Don't let me dwell on what's in front of me. Distract my mind."

Bertie answered:

"Now that it's too late to draw back, just why are you doing this thing, Greville old boy?"

"Crazy about Ann. Must have Ann. Can't do without her," Greville answered. "You'll understand one day, Bertie. If I waited ten years till I'd developed a tummy and lost my illusions I couldn't do better. Greyhound cars are booming; there aren't any financial obstacles. We shall snaffle the Grand Prix next year, or I'll brain the works manager with a shifting spanner. You envy me in spite of the cynical leer distorting your well-cut features."

"There are many women, most of them beautiful," Bertie answered. "Speaking as a comparative pauper, if I had your income I shouldn't tie myself down. No man's education is complete at twenty-six."

Greville shrugged into an evening coat.

"After all I'm not going into a Victorian prison. Ann has her marriage settlement. We start our married life with mild if unjustifiable hopes, and should the worst come to the worst we can always part friends."

"My dear fellow, you'll be swayed, modified, shackled and constrained. The best of women never let a man alone. They like to remould him just as they like to redesign their frocks."

Greville set a silk hat on his head at the exact angle and picked up a gold-mounted Malacca stick.

"You should see the Greyhound I'm giving Ann for a wedding present, done in green and beige, a perfect dream. We've detuned the engine a shade—don't want her to break her neck—but she doesn't know. My chauffeur's bringing it across from the works tonight ready for the honeymoon trip."

Bertie Carslake got up, resignation written all over him.

"Well, Greville, at least you can't blame me. I've never cared for this job of best man and I told you so frankly. I've spoken to you as man to man—"

"Come along to the Berkeley, and don't grouse. Let's walk; do you good."

GOING down rather early for dinner, Mrs. Cosway experienced even more than usual a sense of gratitude for the atmosphere of her own drawing-room. Its beautiful proportions pleased one who, descending from a long line of soldiers, esteemed discipline and order above all things.

Mrs. Cosway, in a black dinner frock reaching almost to the ankles, and her pearls, crossed the room slowly, sat down on a chair and considered her daughter's wedding:

"I've made a success of it," she admitted to herself. "You can't hope to do much with the girls of today. They haven't any restraint and their one idea is self-indulgence. Even now



I don't know why Ann's marrying Greville Chard. She's too selfish to be deeply in love, and she would probably imagine she might do much better. Actually she's done very well, and she has a good deal to thank me for whether she knows it or not, because although she attracted Greville in the first place, he might never have married her except for me."

The door opened and Arthur Cosway came in. Ann inherited her looks from her father. Known in his youth as "Handsome Cosway," he had the face of an Adonis, and the figure of a Guardsman. Detail and intrigue delighted him, and this explained his value as a public servant. He began to speak in a clear, precise voice.

"I've been having a final word with the church authorities and the police about details of the wedding, Adela. I arranged with the Inspector in Charge for Ann's car to arrive at the church at one-fifty-three instead of one-fifty-five."

He stood very upright, looking down at his wife. He wished to bestow on her a little praise from an Olympian height and found the proceeding difficult because he knew that, in her emotionless way, she despised him. She represented the soldier type, the woman of action, and his ancestors had been cour-





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tiers, ecclesiastics, and statesmen, bowing to the storm and fiddling with trifles.

"I feel very gratified that Her Royal Highness should have sent Ann a sapphire and diamond bracelet," he said at last. "It reflects credit on you, Adela; I can't imagine a greater compliment. It will be a notable wedding; on your side the Army, on Greville's the Navy, and on mine the Corps Diplomatique. Ann makes her debut in her new life before a distinguished audience."

Mrs. Cosway looked him straight in the face with her soldier's glance, and delivered the truth in fuller tones than Ann's.

"My dear Arthur, you mean to be very kind and I appreciate it, but don't deceive yourself. This show tomorrow is purely yours and mine. It has nothing to do with Ann. She'd just as soon walk round with Greville to the nearest Register Office and sign the book or whatever one does.

"She lives in a new world we don't know anything about. Much as she exasperates me at times I can't help feeling she's being very civil. And as for Her Royal Highness's bracelet, Ann would pawn it tomorrow if she were hard up, to buy a wireless set or a new pair of stockings."

"But, Adela," exclaimed Arthur Cosway, "if I am to believe what you say, all our traditions and standards have ceased to exist. The old landmarks are swept away and we live in a world of chaos."

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Mrs. Cosway's sacrificial mouth took a slightly grimmer line, and yet in her heart she felt a sneaking admiration for them.

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"Oh, hello, mother! Doesn't Peggy look an angel? Father, we simply must have champagne at dinner. I'm sure you've



got plenty left. It's exhausting work getting married on a large scale."

From the doorway came the butler's calm formula:

"Dinner is served, madam."

**O**UTSIDE the fashionable church, massed battalions of watching women, their eyes concentrated on the striped awning and scarlet carpet leading from the entrance to the pavement. Car after car glided with a curious effect of being pulled by a string to this important strip of carpet, pausing, disgorging a celebrity and his wife; moving on.

At last the car glided up, at one-fifty-three P.M. precisely. The massed battalions of watching women cried, "There she is! Isn't she lovely!" Ann issued from the car; a bemedalled commissioner held the door for her and the Inspector in Charge saluted. She moved along the scarlet carpet and up the steps on her father's arm.

Ann was very calm. Somehow the excitement she was causing rather amused her. One of the clergy received her. He had seen many weddings and yet he found something moving about this tall, slim, beautiful bride, whose calm nothing could shake.

Somewhere to one side was a covey of bridesmaids. A brief pause, while the long train of Ann's Empire wedding dress was arranged to be carried by a solitary page.

Slowly Ann proceeded up the aisle on her father's arm, the bridesmaids falling in behind them. The organ music swelled, and she perceived the congregation rising wave on wave. In the distance, like black and white dolls, she could see Greville and his best man standing by the chancel steps. Somewhere in these clustering pews were people she knew and he knew more intimately—Sir Julius Bruce and George Bondy and so on. She wondered if Peggy, rather a darling in her Empire bridesmaid's frock, could distinguish Rochester Flint's iron gray mane.

After all, it didn't much matter. The whole thing would be over soon. Amusing show. Quaint relic of mediaeval customs and superstitions!

Greville was beside her. They were at the altar rail. The Bishop of Mayfair was reading something.

Peggy was holding Ann's bouquet; Bertie Carslake fingered the ring in his waistcoat pocket; Ann's father stood like a statue.

The ring was on her finger at last, and there were more prayers and the sweet high voices of the choir children chanting.

Greville looked very tall and his face wore the expression Ann had seen on it at Brooklands when he was a lap or two behind the leader. Men took life so seriously.

They were in the vestry signing the register. The bridesmaids chattered in welcome reaction from the solemn ceremony they had witnessed. Her father and mother seemed very reserved, remote, and formal.

Again she was in the open air, and amid all this hysteria the car glided away. She and Greville were alone.

He was still wearing his Brooklands expression and a feeling of compassion affected Ann. She put a hand on his arm and said:

"Don't take it so seriously, darling. Remember we said it because we couldn't help it. We couldn't start arguing with the bishop about his own marriage service in the middle of it. All that means nothing. You shall have a perfectly nice divorce any time things get too much for you."

The Brooklands expression faded and a grin took its place.

"It isn't that, you poor fool. The trouble is I love you so much I feel positively sick!"

**T**HE house in Queen Anne's Gate had become a writhing mass of guests.

Peggy found herself looking across the congested room at Ann. "These shows!" she thought. "Why must a woman always arrange a show? Can we really afford to make men hate us? There stood Ann, cool and competent, apparently happiest of the happy, while the fixed smile on Greville's face, spoke eloquently of what he endured.

A very tall, very broad man with a shock of gray hair like a lion's mane, thrust his way insolently and ruthlessly to Peggy's side, and she recognized Rochester Flint, for once the very picture of superb tailoring. She smiled up at him, and repeated her question aloud.

"Hello, Rochester. Why must a woman always perpetrate a show, whatever she does? You don't suppose Greville enjoys all this, and yet he puts up with it."

"Purely for advertisement, my dear," Flint answered. "For a woman to cause a crowd to collect is fame. How soon can you get away and come to dine somewhere with me?"

"I can't tell. Heaven knows when Ann will get away and I must see her for a moment before she goes."

"Well, I shall be at the studio till eight. Excuse me. There are too many conflicting perfumes in this room."

He began to hew himself a passage toward the outer air and at the same time human eddies sweeping toward him indicated the departure of the bride. The bridegroom and the best man on either side of her, forced a gangway.

**I**N HER bedroom Ann found a flushed, excited Stacey.

"Get me out of all this clutter quickly," she commanded. "And I'm going to have a bath at any cost. Go and turn it on as soon as you've taken off this awful dress."

After Ann had floated a good five minutes in scented hot water, she went back to her bedroom to redress. Her mother, entering on this proceeding, stood looking at her very thoughtfully.

"Well, Ann, my dear?" she said at last.

"Well, Mummy? Quite a picture-book wedding, wasn't it? Did you enjoy it?"

"I thought everything went off very well. You looked quite the most charming bride I can remember and there was no hitch anywhere."

Inwardly she was telling herself, "This is my girl-child, and now she's leaving me and I ought to be going through all sorts of agony," but it remained impossible to work up suitable emotion. The truth seemed to be that here was a slightly critical, slightly hostile presence about to be removed and that, all things considered, the circumstances of removal might have been a great deal worse.

"I s'pose," she ended, "there's nothing I can do to help."

"I don't think so, Mummy."

Ann put her hands on her mother's shoulders and kissed her. "Good-by, Mummy. Thank you for my nice wedding."

Will you send Pegs up for a moment?"

Peggy, however, was leaning against the wall in the corridor outside. She came in as Mrs. Cosway went out, and closed the door.

"I'd have come before, only I was afraid of intruding on the maternal intimacies," she explained. "I don't see any tears on your cheek, Ann. Most unnatural. How do you feel?"

"In the pink, darling."

"No last searchings of heart, doubts, and so on?"

Peggy's pale face and burning dark eyes belied her conversation. She was very fond of Ann, as Ann knew, so she answered:

"Not one. Men are all alike, or so our mothers tell us. Good-by, old thing. Write to me at the Meurice. We shall be in Paris at least a week. Good luck."

**S**HE wrung Peggy's hand, and went downstairs whistling softly under her breath.

The green and beige coupé was drawn up by the curb, the young chauffeur in charge, the engine just ticking over.

In the hall Greville waited, chatting devotedly to Arthur Cosway. They stood, as it were, to attention as the bride came down the stairs.

Here Arthur Cosway went through his small, private Gethsemane, suffering a good deal for a stilted, departmental sort of person.

Ann, who understood men, put her arms round her father's neck and kissed him very affectionately.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "Don't break your heart. One girl's very like another, you know. You behaved perfectly at the great ceremony. You didn't bring down one of my tawn hairs in sorrow. Push all this mob out directly we've gone."

Amid appropriately hilarious comment and applause Greville banded his bride to the near-side seat, and tucked a rug round her. The young chauffeur whispered hoarsely in his ear:

"She's run five hundred miles, but she's still a bit stiff, sir. I shouldn't let her out if I were you. She's filled up with everything and running like a dream, sir."

"Good boy," answered Greville, who had forgotten more





"Get on with it, Greville," said Ann, at last, "there's an angel." She couldn't help wondering if every honeymoon started on this leisurely note

than the young chauffeur ever knew about Greyhounds. He walked round the car, slipped into the driving seat and glided away. Round the first bend Ann touched his arm.

"Get down and have a good look all over her for old shoes, and all that rubbish," she insisted.

He got down, found two feminine slippers attached to the rear dumb irons, and flung them into the gutter.

**G**REVILLE nursed the car over Westminster Bridge out into the wilderness of South London tram lines. He felt very happy. They had gotten over all the pantomime of the wedding. They had lots of time in which to reach Dover for

dinner and he was driving the nearest approach to perfection in cars.

Ann, snuggled in her corner, sat thinking. From the corners of her eyes she watched Greville.

Obviously driving the car absorbed his subconscious mind, and the conscious part bathed itself in content. Ann mused on the peculiarities of men.

"I don't believe they ever think as women think. So long as they've got food and a roof and a girl, and a horse or car or whatever their hobby is, and money to keep going, they just are. Greville's got me, and he's driving a good car and he's as blankly contented as a fed [Continued on page 82]



Hal Pade

## Portrait of a Young Man

**R**UDY VALLÉE'S meteoric rise to fame is unique in the annals of the theater. It proves that the young American woman's influence cannot be overlooked, for it is she who caused his phenomenal popularity! One thousand fan letters a week; two hundred telephone calls a day. Girls standing for hours outside of a stage door, waiting patiently in the hot sun, just to catch a glimpse of their idol. Girls sending him presents, writing him poetry, throwing flowers on the stage.

It was bound to come. This definite reaction from the sheik type and the blaring voo-do-de-o-do jazz singers. So, when unassuming Rudy Vallée, with his Yale background, with his blond Lindy-like looks, played softly on a saxophone, caressed a clarinet and crooned into a microphone, he surprised himself by thus winning the hearts of feminine America.

Many articles have been written about him; many interviews,

published. Most of these concerned his life, or dealt with his work and ambitions, but none depicted Rudy Vallée's own emotions. For what does he actually think of it all? How bewildered or thrilled or happy are a boy's thoughts, when, as in Vallée's case, within the short space of a year, he rises from an unknown college student to the highest peak of the American girl's imagination?

"He looks like he listens!" exclaims the flapper, and christens him the man of her dreams. But who will be the companion of this man? Does he want a companion? How must it strike Mr. Vallée? This adulation—this sudden hysterical, breath-taking success? Above all, what are his ideas concerning girls? Which one will he choose, or has he chosen already? Throughout this country, in every radio-listening, young-peopled home, those questions are being asked, and in his article, on the opposite page, Rudy Vallée has answered them in a very complete manner.

# WANTED ~ *The* GIRL of My Dreams

By  
RUDY VALLÉE

THEY say I have everything. That is not true. I look in the mirror and see a young man. One who possesses blond hair, blue eyes, and an earnest, almost boyish expression around his mouth.

I study the forehead, trying to peer inside the brain. My funny, stubborn, dreamy brain that is always seeking perfection in a woman, always searching expectantly for an ideal—and becomes disappointed when it stumbles against—nothing. I turn away from the mirror. I am disgusted.

"You have everything!" The words echo and re-echo in my mind. I have heard that sentence thousands of times during the past unbelievable year. In a way I do have everything. The world has acknowledged me successful, talented; rewarded me with money and fame. But the world has robbed me of those sweet encounters, those youthful meetings and romances that come to every one who is young.

Let a college boy meet an attractive girl—he may telephone her—invite her out—escort her to a dance. He may hold her hand, kiss her good night, and whisper lovely nothings in those pink, shell-like ears. Put me in the same place as that college boy. Let me be introduced to a girl who attracts my eyes. What happens?

She immediately becomes conscious that here is Rudy Vallée, the man they call "The Vagabond Lover," the man who is considered a matinee idol, who wrote a song about "deep night." Naturally, the girl's conversation becomes stilted. I can see her frown as she compares my everyday speaking voice with the throbbing tones she has heard over the radio. She is terrified—not of me—but of my name.

"The Rudy Vallée," the new lady acquaintance usually murmurs. If, later, I do gather sufficient courage to invite her to my club, what happens? In my mind's eye I can hear her parents remonstrating. I can see them now as they shake their heads and say, "You don't mean to tell us that you contemplate going out with that Ruddy Vallée who is in the theater, and whom the girls are crazy about! You must be insane!" And thus ends another would-be romance.

The fact that I am a musician and a college man seems to make no difference. I receive fan mail, therefore outsiders call me a sheik (I detest such a title) and parents dub me as dangerous.

THE girls I have been crazy about, the ones I knew before all this success arrived, find it impossible to act themselves when they meet me now. There is a barrier—an indefinable barrier which leaves me in the cold. Would the average

American girl invite me home to dinner and treat me like one of the folks?

Three years ago, she would have. Now, never. She fusses over me, makes me ill at ease, and after all I'm not a strange, stray prince, but merely the son of a Main Street druggist. A hard-working, trying-to-be-regular fellow who is looking for a regular girl.

That sounds odd, doesn't it? Odd, because it comes from one who receives a thousand letters each week. And most of them written by girls! I answer the letters too. I consider them the greatest compliment that could possibly be paid to a man.

However, I cannot find companionship in handwriting. It is impossible to get very close to your admirers. If I could find one—just one—but I shake hands with them at the stage door—I give them autographed pictures—and away they go! There it ends! The next day I shake hands again, give away more pictures. So it goes. There is more than safety in numbers; there is downright lonesomeness!

In the past busy months I have not once taken a girl to the theater—sent her orchids—or performed any of the sweet attentions that go toward making courtship a blessing. How can I escort a girl to a show when each afternoon and evening I am playing in one myself? How can I ask her to supper—to take a walk—or to ride in my car, when I cannot meet her until three o'clock in the morning. For that is the time my night club closes, and it happens to be the first moment I find myself free.

Mornings, you say. Get up early. I do. To learn one new song, words and music, each day, to rehearse my orchestra, to compose music, to make records, to act in motion picture shorts. Besides, I have to be at the theater by noon. There is nothing quite so stimulating as hard work. I love it, and no matter how wealthy I may become, I will always want to be busy.

DON'T think I pity myself. I'm too young, too healthy, too full of the joy of living to be really sad. And I am fortunate to have the sweetest mother and good father whose old age I want to make secure, above anything else.

But it does seem a bit empty because I haven't some one else to share my success. Some one who would constantly be at my side. Some one who would laugh at my jokes, who could enjoy my money, and help me build real castles, not just ones made in the air. From the eventful day when I played my first vaudeville engagement, and [Continued on page 120]



***E**VERY village has its romance. And, in the tiny village of Alba, high on the mountainside, the love story of Pedro José and Irena blossomed like a flower. Every one knew that they would soon be married*



*The Story of a Man Who Saved Two  
Women—One of Them for Himself*

# The Cloak of Desire

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

*Illustrations by H. M. BONNELL*



HIGH up in the mountainous country back of Mazatlan in Mexico, far back along a trail that is only a burro track, there is a little village, a very poor little village, whose adobe-walled houses have peeled off their paint, and whose red roof tiles have long since taken on a neutral color of earth, tinted just a bit by the hot tropical sun. A remote little village, and one so lacking in all the glamorous things of civilization that those sophisticated ones down in Mazatlan by the sea would dismiss it with a shrug as "muy lejos" (very far) and, "muy triste"—that is to say, very sad.

And yet, in the tiny church, almost in ruins now from slow decay, there stands a life-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin that is the wonder and adoration of every peon on the mountainside.

For two things is the Virgin of the Mountains famous. For the miracles attributed to her divine intercession, and for the blue robe she wears. A velvet robe of wondrous texture, light and heavenly blue embroidered with golden stars. A gorgeous robe, a sumptuous robe. One far too grand for the humble environment of the poor little sun-baked town. Yet there it is, a relic of a time long since passed into oblivion. A time when Iturbide dreamed his short dream of Empire, a time of laughter, a song of careless, easily squandered wealth. A time when Mazatlan was a gay city, dominating the western coast, and Carmen Dolores de la Luz was the uncrowned sovereign of all its gaiety.

Carmen Dolores de la Luz! She is but a memory now. But in that time she ruled like an empress. She was like her name; she was color, and sorrow, and light. Men loved her—and died for her. They loved her—and grew poor. They loved her—and all other women were as nothing beside her. And for years there was none to dispute her reign.

Now in the tiny village of Alba on the mountainside, lived one Pedro José, of Aztec lineage, and his sweetheart, Irena. The priest could not come often to the far straggling little Indian town on the steep mountainside, and when he came at last on his skinny black mule, there were busy times indeed; weddings and christenings—all the spiritual needs of the community were administered then by the kindly, white-haired old Padre Luis.

It was well known that when Padre Luis came again, Pedro José and Irena were to be married. First with a service in the little church, and then with a fiesta and a dance in the evening, after the joyous Mexican fashion.

But something happened. A mysterious fever came upon the girl whom Pedro José loved with all his life and soul. Her dark, candid eyes were overcast by a shadow that was like the

shadow of a tomb. Her young strength forsook her, and she lay with listless hands stretched out along her slender, unmoving limbs. The thick braids of her black hair were like heavy ropes across her thin shoulders, and her mouth, that had been so red and laughing, drooped in a tired downward arc.

All human means had failed, and the old woman said she would die. They watched beside the woven mat on which she lay, and they waited for midnight as a zopilote waits in the sky at midday—for death to come.

Then Pedro José ran out through the darkness like a madman. The stars were very bright overhead, but Pedro did not see them. He stumbled along the familiar winding street, his head down, his arms swinging. A baby burro who had gone to sleep in the middle of the road scrambled out from under his stumbling approach and galloped awkwardly away. An owl flew up silently. From a tiny adobe house came the hoarse snoring of a man, healthily tired, but Pedro heard nothing, saw nothing. His one thought was the church.

He pushed the door open and entered the soft warm darkness, a darkness faintly stale with the smell of old wood and stone and centuries of burned-out incense and beeswax candles. A red light glowed from the lace before the central altar.

But it was not to this altar that he felt his blind, stumbling way. At the side of the church was a recess. And here, on a dais kept always sweet and blooming with mountain flowers, or branches, or grasses, stood the statue of the Virgin of the Mountains. His fingers reached up and touched the unseen hem of a worn, frayed robe.

MOVED by a sudden thought, his fingers fumbled at the side of the altar. There he found what he sought, a box of small, crude candles, cool and slippery to the touch. Recklessly he carried a handful of them to the still, golden flame in the crimson cup before the central altar. He lighted them all, and carried them back, setting them like so many flowers.

The darkness had withdrawn somewhat before the little pointed petals of yellow light. The flames wavered and trembled in the still air, illuminating the pale, attentive face of the statue, awakening sleepy glints from the tinsel crown upon her head, throwing into relief the long, tapering hands that opened, palm outward, as if asking for the sorrows of all mankind.

Pedro José flung himself before her, kissing the pavement. Then he lifted his face, strained and tortured, his mouth working spasmodically, his arms upstretched.

"Madre de Dios, I had to awaken you—I had to come to

you; I had to light these candles so that you could see me, could know how I am suffering—

"Madre de Dios, it is Irena who is ill—so ill. You remember her? The little Irena who has such a sweet voice, and who always sings with me in the processions when we take you walking at the season of the Pascuas? You must remember her, oh, Santa Maria, for she is so lovely, so sweet, and so good. We were to have married, when comes Padre Luis once more. But she is sick, and they say she will die."

Still on his knees, he came closer. Tears were running from his eyes across his cheeks and into his mouth. His voice was so broken with sobs that he could scarcely speak.

"Mother of God—save her—bring her back to life! I will give you anything—yes, do you hear me, anything! What would you like?"

His hoarse voice died away, and there was silence, broken only by his own heavy breathing, and the occasional sputter of a candle wick.

"I am so stupid," he muttered at last, "I do not hear you. Surely you are speaking to me, but I am so stupid, so ignorant, Madre mio—I cannot hear you. Say it again, be gentle with my foolish mind. Once more—oh, please! I will strain my soul and my ears to hear what it is you are saying to me—tell me once more, what it is that I may give you?"

Just then a long flame reached up, swayed for an instant, and made a slanting spear of light that pointed straight at the hem of the worn, frayed gown of dyed cotton. It was like a pointing finger, or a fiery eye turning in indication. Pedro saw it and his breath caught in his breast.

"Oh! I see! I know! The robe! The robe you wear! It is so old, so poor! I know—it is the same robe you have worn ever since I can remember—ah, we of Alba are so poor, we could not give you the beautiful dress you should have. And to think that I have never noticed before!

"I understand now. You shall have a new robe! I, Pedro José de Santiago, swear it! I will bring you a new robe, the loveliest that is to be found in Mexico! I will bring it to you, even though it takes me all of my life to find it—I will not forget! I will bring it to you with such gratitude, and with love—all the love of my heart and soul!"

He leaped to his feet, his face transfigured with joy, as if already the robe of his dreams were gleaming there behind the candle flames. He ran out of the door and down the street once more, the dark crooked street that was now like a lane of light. He knew, even before he came to the house that Irena would be sleeping, and that the fever would be gone.

**I**N THE gay city of Mazatlan there was a fiesta. It was the Día de Santo for all those whose names were Carmen. The streets were hung with banners of silk and of paper, red and white, in honor of Santa Carmen, and in front of every house where dwelt one of that name there were palm branches and streamers of crimson and white. Yes, the fiesta was, ostensibly, to celebrate the virtues of Saint Carmen, and her many namesakes. But she whose name was on the lips of every one, she who was at once the glory and the shame of the day of merrymaking, was Dona Carmen Dolores de la Luz.

It was the talk of every one that Dona Carmen Dolores intended to ride in the procession, behind the statue of Santa Carmen as it was carried about the streets. Ride, mind you, not walk, as the other folk did, were they of high or low degree, but ride in a carriage drawn by milk white horses with trappings of silver and blue.

"Sacrilege!" whispered the women, justly indignant.

"Sacrilege indeed," echoed the men. But their eyes were softer than those of the women.

"She will wear red and white, the colors of the Saint!" raged the women.

"Whatever she wears, she will be the loveliest thing beneath the sun!" said the men—to themselves.

However, when Carmen Dolores de la Luz appeared in



the procession that day, she was not garbed in red and white at all. She sat in her carriage all alone for once, her thick black hair coiffed into a thousand rippling curls that rose up around her head like a diadem. A white lace mantilla, sparkling with silver, and edged with pearls, drooped down in shimmering waves around her milk white face with its long dark eyes and its wine-red mouth.

But the thing which made a gasp go up on every side, as her carriage passed slowly by, was the robe she wore over her wide spreading gown—a robe of richest, most heavenly blue, a robe of velvet, soft to the eye as a humming-bird's breast. It was embroidered with golden stars, and there was a band of gold about the hem. It was like a piece of summer sky fallen down to swathe her beauty; it was like a blue wave that has caught and held the richness of stars that came too near. It was the gift of her lover in Spain, Don Carlos Jimenez de Alcala.

From the vantage of a doorstep Pedro José watched the procession come. He stood tall and erect above the crowding, milling throng, the scrap of a scarlet serape thrown across one shoulder in a trailing fold of vivid color, his head banded with woven blue and purple. The crimson winding of a sash made a jagged reflection of red in the polished surface of the guitar that rested in the curve of his waist and hip. He watched the gay excited throng with stoical Indian eyes. Mazatlan had not been kind to one who had but his guitar and a voice of marvelous sweetness to offer. There were so many strolling singers, and this one, an Indio from the hills, by his dress and speech, did not know the latest love songs from Spain, or the gay, wicked ditties that made the women blush and giggle. True, he was young, and very handsome. There was something wist-



ful about him, a gentleness that pleased the women. They sometimes stopped to listen to him—then to look at him. As they flung a small coin into the gourd he carried, they sighed a little. Porvida! Why did not God make as good looking the men one had to marry!

Pedro José's eyes were strange and sad, for all their youth. He had promised something so blithely, so confidently; he had left Irena with such surety that he would come back before the harvesting of the maize, bringing with him a robe of dazzling beauty for the Virgin of the Mountains.

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Pedro's eyes, drawn by the murmurs of those around him, focused themselves on a carriage that came slowly, proudly, through a tumultuous lane of men who pressed up to the very wheels, looking up, crying out a name, begging for a smile—

The carriage came abreast of him. And Pedro José drew a breath that was a gasp of wonder and reverence.

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For the fraction of a breath she knew the sickening certainty of death. Then she was lifted, dragged upward, held close for an instant in two strong arms. And when she was set upon her feet, swaying a little unsteadily, it was to find herself leaning for support upon the arm of a tall young Indio, whose ardent gaze enveloped her like her star-spangled cloak.

**S**HE could not know that he had saved not the woman, but the precious robe of his dreams. She managed to smile at him, nothing loathe to lean on his bronzed, sinewy arm. And even when her admirers came flocking about her, uttering cries and exclamations of thanksgiving, she did not draw away from her savior. Rather she looked about at the throng with a little curdling smile of disdain.

"It is somewhat late, Senors, to molest yourselves as to my safety. This man is more to my liking, since he expresses his concern in deeds instead of empty words."

The gallants stared at the silent youth with the air of angry, baffled dogs. They began to make excuses, clamoring all at once. Carmen Dolores de la Luz held up her hand imperiously. She seemed to see Pedro's guitar for the first time.

"You are a musician?" she queried. [Continued on page 94]

you; I had to light these candles so that you could see me, could know how I am suffering—

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**S**HE could not know that he had saved not the woman, but the precious robe of his dreams. She managed to smile at him, nothing loathe to lean on his bronzed, sinewy arm. And even when her admirers came flocking about her, uttering cries and exclamations of thanksgiving, she did not draw away from her savior. Rather she looked about at the throng with a little curdling smile of disdain.

"It is somewhat late, Senors, to molest yourselves as to my safety. This man is more to my liking, since he expresses his concern in deeds instead of empty words."

The gallants stared at the silent youth with the air of angry, baffled dogs. They began to make excuses, clamoring all at once. Carmen Dolores de la Luz held up her hand imperiously. She seemed to see Pedro's guitar for the first time.

"You are a musician?" she queried. [Continued on page 94]

# New Careers



It will be a real pleasure to find a Vassar girl in the bathroom, toying with a faucet and whistling happily at her work

**M**ANY young girls, after their graduation from college or finishing school, find themselves faced with the age-old problem of "What to do?" This is especially true of girls who have gone away to school from some small town and find, upon their return, that the old thrill of going down to Humbert's for a banana split or to the Bijou to see John Gilbert has more or less vanished. And even for girls in the large cities there are many, many days and nights when they wish that they were back at school, or even that Leo would call up, or that the business of being an educated but unmarried woman was not quite such a—bore.

Now, fortunately, there is no reason for all this. The answer to the above mentioned unhappiness is simple. All that any girl needs in order to keep her days and nights completely occupied is to go to work to find some business or profession at which she is particularly adept and then "make good." And she will soon find that that old tired feeling has completely vanished.

"But," you may exclaim, "how can I go to work? All of the jobs open to women have been filled long ago. I've tried interior decorating and 'quainte shoppes' and 'chez ye olde book end' and at ye sign of the *très chic—de—*" without the

\* Popular French term slipped in by author and deleted by ye olde *très chic* ed

## *Some Valuable Misinformation for Educated Girls Who Want to Make Their Way in the World*

slightest success. The field is overcrowded; there are fifty girls for every one job."

My dear young lady, you are mistaken. Never were there so many opportunities for bright girls as today. Never have there been so many occupations which cry for a helping feminine hand. Never have the chances for a college or Junior League girl been so favorable.

For example, plumbing. One can almost count on the fingers of one hand the number of college girls in plumbing. And never was there an industry that so needed a lighter touch.

As I think of what it would mean to be able to have a Vassar girl whistling merrily away in the bathroom as she straightened out that slight difficulty with the hot-water faucet—as I conjure up the possibilities for service to mankind in this one particular field—I am appalled that no one has thought of this before. And it strikes me as peculiarly strange that in not one of our women's colleges is there a course even in rudimentary plumbing, especially as most of the college girls I know would make such wonderful plumbers, too.

Then take bootlegging. The trouble with bootlegging today is that, like politics, it attracts only the lower elements of society. Almost as few college graduates enter bootlegging today as they do the House of Representatives. Here is a challenge for girls of the better classes—girls with character and ideals.

Why not clean up the bootlegging profession—not by sneering at it from without, but by plunging boldly in and making it as honorable as, for example, the law. More honorable, in fact.

If men like "Al" Capone found that their places were being taken by intelligent members of the Junior League they would soon give up their evil ways. There would be more shaving and less shooting. Bootleggers would no longer be distinguished by the cut of their tuxedos or the jewelry on their wives.

**T**HEY would buy their guns at Brooks Brothers and send their children to Miss Spence's. Their voices would soften and their interest in the Little Theater Movement would grow. Their obituaries would read:

"All the North Shore colony is mourning the unexpected death of J. Stuyvesant (Ike the Wop) Corrone, at his summer place near Westbury, L. I., last Tuesday.

# for Young Women

By

DONALD OGDEN STEWART

Drawings by HELEN E. HOKINSON

"Mr. Corrone is one of the best known bootleggers and polo players on Long Island and is also well remembered for his Tuesday morning musicals which have become an institution among the elite.

"Little is known as to the cause of his death but it is supposed that he was 'taken for a ride' by the members of the Meadowbrook Polo Team against whom Corrone was to have played next Saturday in the finals of the Westbury challenge cup.

"He is survived by his wife, the former Duchesse d'Hautreville, and by his son, Reginald, a senior at Harvard. His clubs were Knickerbocker, Racquet and Tennis, Union, Brook, and Piping Rock."

SO MUCH for bootlegging. Then take the profession of sitting on flagpoles. Or, even better, the job of fireman. How many women today are to be found on hook-and-ladders? Very few, I might add. And why? Merely an old prejudice which I hope to see overturned. I can think of nothing finer, were I in a burning building, than to be rescued by a girl with whom I had something in common.

When the average fireman rescues you today, what in the world is there for you and he to talk about as he carries you down the ladder? Baseball, perhaps, or the latest torch murder—subjects (especially the latter) which may be interesting to firemen, but certainly not to you. So all the interminable way down the ladder you are forced to preserve a rather dull silence, and you are actually glad when the whole thing is over. But supposing that through your window, in the midst of the raging flames, appeared the face of a girl with



A real hot conversation about Freud would make any pajamaed man forget a fire



And then—there are other charming and lucrative professions which have grown with the trend of the times

horn-rimmed spectacles hiding her limpid eyes.

"I've come to rescue you," she says. "What do you think of 'Strange Interlude'?"

"I don't like it nearly as well as that other one," I reply, getting into her arms. "You know the one I mean—about the sea."

"'Anna Christie'?" she says, starting down the ladder. "Well, the first act was good."

"Wasn't it?" I agree. "Say, why don't you let me carry you for a while? I must be pretty heavy."

"Oh, I don't mind it," she replies. "I rowed on the Wellesley crew back in '25."

"I thought I'd seen you somewhere," I say, more as a compliment than anything else.

"And besides," she continues, "it's so nice to find some one with whom you can talk about things. Most of the people I rescue are such awful morons."

"Tschk, tschk," I tschk sympathetically, "I know just how you feel."

By this time we are nearing the ground.

"Tell me," I ask eagerly, "can you honestly make anything out of 'Ulysses'?"

"Joyce," she begins and her feet touch solid earth.

"I can't believe we're here [Continued on page 98]

*Even an Ugly Duckling Has Her Dreams. And, Sometimes, the Dreams Come True. This Is How Fulfilment Came to Laura, the Fourth of the*

# W O M E N at S E A

By

DOROTHY  
BLACK

L AURA was the devoted daughter of Mrs. Champneys. She never started to live until she was forty, because the Lord spared Mrs. Champneys until that time. In a small cottage abutting on to the Yorkshire moors, Laura ministered to her mother, and her mother in return gave her many snubs and a lot of free criticisms, for she felt young people ought to be kept in their place. She wasn't going to have her girl grow into one of the painted and powdered pieces you saw all around Ilkley. Mrs. Champneys had in her mind a clearly defined picture of a good woman, and mercilessly she crushed Laura into the pattern thereof.

Once, for a short time during the War, Laura almost escaped. She went to take a nursing course at the Leeds Hospital, so that if the Germans ever captured Leeds, she could make herself useful. And there, in the hospital, she met young George Formby. He was a doctor. He knew beauty to be but skin deep, and he looked on Laura kindly.

Oh, halcyon days of stolen teas in tea shops, romantic rides on trams! Once he even went so far as to take her to the pictures, where he held her hand tenaciously through an eight reeler.

But Mrs. Champneys came to hear of these goings on, and Laura was at once recalled to the cottage on the moor, where Mrs. Champneys, realizing she would be left to enjoy her ill health single-handed if Laura left her and went off, read her a lecture on modest behavior that left Laura mantled in blushes for a week.

Young George was not one to give in lightly. For a while







Illustrations  
by  
ADDISON  
BURBANK

**Every susceptible man needs a feminine confidante, and Major Morphiston wisely chose the sympathetic Laura to fill this difficult role for him**

he persevered, calling on his spare afternoons at the cottage on the moors, although it was most inconveniently placed for him. He hardly got any time with Laura when he did arrive, through having to catch the five-forty home again or miss his dinner. Mrs. Champneys was more than cold with him, and made a point of never offering him refreshment of any kind. Laura was tongue-tied and embarrassed before her mother, always wondering what sinister motive would be attributed to her most innocent gesture or remark. But what finally ended the romance was a different and entirely mundane matter. They took off the five-forty train, thus completely altering the course of two lives. The doctor could now not possibly get back for dinner, so he stopped his visits to the cottage on the moors altogether. He was sad. He saw in Laura a wonderful capacity for devotion, and pleasing appreciation for small kindnesses.

He consoled himself with the thought that as time went on

she would probably grow very like her mother. The following year he married one of the hospital sisters. Laura saw the announcement quite by chance, in a piece of newspaper, wrapping two kippers she was retrieving from the grocer's for her mother's tea. She cried a little, and said to herself, "Things go like that, don't they?"

She never forgot him. She nursed the memory that some man had actually cared enough to come all the way from Leeds to Ilkley to see her, salve against her own sad knowledge of herself. She had one of those long faces that inevitably remind even the kindest hearted of a horse. And she dressed, until the fortieth year of her age, in garments Mrs. Champneys called modest.

Sometimes it seemed to her that life would go on interminably, just in filling hot bottles, making gruel, retrieving kippers when Mrs. Champneys felt like something tasty, and pushing the wheeled chair up the moor side. However, she did not see that she could do anything about it. It was her duty, as plain as plain.

"Things are like that, aren't they?" said Laura once more to herself.

The longest lane has a turning and the darkest night comes at length to daybreak. The life Mrs. Champneys had so carefully preserved failed her suddenly in the middle of a February night. With her last breath she pitched into Laura for not having hot water handy.

When the funeral was over, Laura found herself for the first time in her life with spare time and a little ready cash. She hadn't the first idea what to do with either.

In the end she went back to the hospital in Leeds, and finished her training. There, it was, her chance came.

One morning the matron sent for her.

"How would you like to go to Rangoon, Sister?"

Laura looked vague, trying to picture the map of the world, and out of its complications disinter Rangoon. She said, "I'd never rightly considered such a thing, Matron."

"Naturally you hadn't," the matron spoke a trifle impatiently. She had a six-cylinder mind, which moved quickly, and like all such folk, she found it hard to bear with the smaller two-cylinder kind, which serve you well as long as they are not hurried. "How could you have considered it, when I only had the application myself, this morning. I thought of you, because there isn't much prospect of advancement for you here, because you came so late. The pay out East is good. You'd get your passage paid, quarters, and uniform. I'd jump at it, in your place."

"Well, now! I'd like a little time to consider it, Matron, before I decide."

"You'd better blossom up, then. A dozen girls will jump at the prospect. A sea voyage, and what's more, a chance to get settled in life. The last three we've sent East have married. Women aren't as plentiful there, as they are in Leeds, Sister, and men can't pick and choose. There's many a girl has settled, out there, who didn't—who hasn't—who probably wouldn't at home—" said the matron, stumbling a little in her effort not to be brutal.

Marriage! Laura had almost given up ever thinking of such a thing, since they took off the five-forty train. But somewhere at the back of her mind, there was still a picture of domesticity, and somebody to look after. Some one she could be of use to, who would reward her, not with criticism, but with a little affection.

SO Laura decided to go, not but what, she said, you could have knocked her down with a feather, such a thing happening to her. But then, said she to herself, "Life's like that, isn't it?"

She was terrified of whales, shipwreck, and albatross, also pirates, with whom she had read the tropical seas were riddled. But she clenched her teeth and bought a cabin trunk, and only hoped the purser did not notice her lips shaking with terror when he took her ticket.

He was quite the handsomest young man she had ever seen, as he stood there in his blue uniform with its gold braid. And he was so extremely nice and attentive, that for one wild moment Laura wondered whether she could possibly have made a conquest already. It was a long time since any man had been so courteous and attentive. On the way to her cabin, however, it dawned upon her that he was probably paid to be. She took herself to task quite severely, foreseeing she would not enjoy the voyage much if she started off with wild hopes of that sort.

"Life's not like that," said Laura, sadly.

The S.S. Royalshire was empty, for it was an out-of-season trip. The fashionable and wealthy do not travel before October, save for urgent reasons. There were a lot of very young men going East for the first time, all remarkably alike. There were several very nice looking women. Mrs. Duvesant, with magnificent pearls and an adoring husband. Jean Adair, with a painted mouth. Fenella Quayle, a wild young thing. Maris Templeton, a real swell who walked with her nose in the air, too proud to talk to any of them. . . . Laura had a shrewd idea what her mother would have said about the lot of them.

But the funny part was, most of them had beaux from the very day they left port. The only person no one took any notice of was Laura herself, dressed in modest garments, surely a nice woman, if ever there was one. She drifted to the end of one of the tables in the dining salon, where a deaf old gentleman seated himself at her other side and so cut her

off from all communication with the world. For two days she hung miserably about the decks, hoping some one would speak to her. She haunted the outskirts of every game, hoping some one would invite her to join.

They never did.

ONE day, as she leaned against the rail, watching the foam in the wake of the ship make white lace upon the face of the water, Mrs. MacMorrison, the clergyman's wife, came up to her.

"I wonder if you are Sister Champneys, going to Rangoon."

She was a round, shabby little woman, but she had a nice face and a wonderful smile. On the dreariest day, it quite cheered one to come across Mrs. MacMorrison, smiling away over difficulties on the lower deck.

Laura wondered whatever Mrs. MacMorrison could know about her, the Champneys claims to fame being few as they were.

"Mr. Gordon, the purser, told me you were traveling alone, and he said, if I asked you, you would probably be willing to give me a hand with David—just occasionally. It's bathing him I find so trying—just now. I'd be quite willing to pay something—"

Laura's long face turned crimson— She wondered how it was people knew at a glance whom they could offer payments to. She said, stammering, "Certainly I'll help you. But I don't want payment. I've nothing to do. I like children— I'll mind him afternoons for you. Then you can get a nap. I got out of the way of sleeping in the afternoon. You don't get much chance, in hospitals."

So now, her long-looked-forward-to-leisure, was cumbered by a stout child.

"Things are like that, aren't they?" thought Laura, sorrowfully. You just found yourself up to the neck in responsibility without thinking where you were.

David MacMorrison, however, proved to be Laura's introduction to the ship. Indeed, like the five-forty train, he played a larger part in her life than anybody ever realized. He was friendly and stout, given to blowing large bubbles, and people came to applaud his prowess in this nursery sport, and to say kind words to him, and so dropped into conversation with Laura. And meeting her afterwards alone on deck they would say good morning, or good evening to her, thus thrilling her to the marrow, and once Major Morphiston, feeling energetic at a time when nobody else was about, invited her to play deck quoits with him.

AND so began her friendship with Major Morphiston. He was tall, brown and soldierly. He was the sort of man women like, because he looks hard as nails. But it appeared most of his service had been spent on sick leave, nor was there a disease, tropical or otherwise, Major Morphiston had not had. Now he was returning to duty presumably recovered from his last complaint. But short acquaintance with Major Morphiston revealed the fact that all was not well with him. Either his tummy was all to pieces, or he was blown up, or his wounds were throbbing, or his right leg had completely failed him.

As her acquaintance with him ripened, Laura realized that perhaps the weakest spot of all was where he least suspected. His heart. From the first day, Major Morphiston was the victim of the charms of some one. He started with Jean Adair.

All the way from Liverpool he adored Jean Adair. Finding Laura kind, and sympathetic, he proceeded to make a confidante of her with that astonishing rapidity only possible at sea.

"I mean to marry. I want to marry," he told her. "My only difficulty is in deciding. Ah, Miss Champneys, you cannot guess at the complications and difficulties of a man's life." He was quite right there.

He invited Laura's opinion of Jean. Laura gave it, tempering it kindly for him, for in her own heart, she was convinced Jean was a fast thing. If she were encouraging Major Morphiston all he said she was, why had Laura seen her flirting with David Field? She had seen, also, the look in David's eyes when he watched her, and been as thrilled by it as if it had been for herself.

Yet here was Major Morphiston pacing the upper deck beside her, the night around them an indigo bowl in which the stars floated like goldfish, saying, "And the little woman was attracted by me from the moment our eyes met. A man

always knows, Miss Champneys. His instinct tells him. I hope I don't bore you, but it is such a comfort to have some one understanding, some one with experience, to confide in."

Laura was quite overwhelmed. "Do I seem like that to him? Well, now," she thought, "you wouldn't have supposed it, would you?"

"I have been handicapped all my life with ill health," Major Morphiston ran on. "At one time I was just getting fond of a girl in Jubblepore. Lots of money. Charming child. Cholera seized me. They gave me up for lost, and naturally she got engaged to some one else. I came out of the hospital the day of the wedding. A very bad turn I had. My tummy has been all to pieces ever since."

Laura, trained hospital nurse as she was, still had difficulty in regarding the tummy as a topic for polite and general conversation. But as it appeared to be quite the thing to do upon the Royalshire, she struggled with it, trying not to wonder what Mrs. Champneys would have said, could she hear her only daughter discussing such a thing with a gentleman.

On a still hot day in the Suez Canal, she was busy with David's underwear at the electric iron which a kind company provides for the convenience of its lady passengers, and there she heard Mrs. MacMorrison talking to Fenella.

"They haven't given it out, but I am sure they are engaged."

Laura's being so flooded with emotion that she scorched the seat of David's pants which she was pressing that morning.

"Is it Mrs. Adair and Major Morphiston?" she asked tremulously.

They laughed at her genially.

Fenella said, "Good gracious, no. Mrs. Adair and David Field. You must have noticed them."

Laura finished her ironing, her heart heavy for her friend. What bitter disappointment. Jean was too prodigal with her favors and smiles. Women hadn't any

right to do that sort of thing. Breaking hearts! What could she say to him, for she was sure he would bring his grief to her.

SHE did not see him that night, because David had colic to which she had to turn her professional hand. They next met the following evening. Major Morphiston seemed quite his old self. She asked him how he was.

He replied, "Blown up. Blown up. But it's my own fault, dear lady, for eating crab."

"He can't be too sad, if that's what's uppermost in his mind, can he?" thought Laura. Presently she wondered with horror, if it were possible the news had not reached his ears at all and hers was to be the task of breaking it.

Gently she broached the subject. To her surprise Major Morphiston seemed to know all. He remained quite calm.

"Very suitable, I think. She is a pretty woman, but hardly my type. Rather common, I think. Breeding always appeals more to me. . . . Have you noticed Miss Templeton? Such a fine high-bred face. And such a charming name—Maris."

He invited Laura's opinion. Laura gave it to him. She thought Maris good looking, but rather proud.

"I admire pride," said Major Morphiston, firmly. "She has not looked my way yet. But she will."

He laughed, and rearranged his moustache.

"Well," thought Laura, prepared now for almost anything.

"He must know himself, mustn't he?"

THAT romance was of short duration. At Suez a Captain Belton came on board. Very tall and brown, with a quick white smile. And the very next day, coming up early from lunch, Laura found him sitting on deck with Maris Templeton, the two of them already thick as thieves. Heard him saying, "As soon as I came on board and saw you, I knew—"

After that he never left her side, and it was obvious Major Morphiston wouldn't have an earthly chance. Very conveniently he switched his [Continued on page 116]



It was a still, hot day, and the ship was in the Suez Canal, when Laura—busy at the electric iron—heard Fenella saying that Jean had, beyond doubt, rejected the Major



*Drawing by John Held, Jr.*

## WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

When perfume is subtle,  
When pursed lips are near—  
The voice of a conscience  
Is so hard to hear!

When blues drown the thoughts  
In a young fellow's head,  
It's hard to remember  
The things mother said!



*A Baked Ham, a Loaf of Bread and a  
Coffee Pot Started One Girl in Business*

# Making Money Under Wall Street



Mildred Johnson of the Green  
Line Sandwich Shops, Inc.

**S**UCCESS in marriage once was regarded as the greatest triumph in a woman's life; nowadays there often is an urge to supplement it with achievement in business, but few and courageous are the women who identify themselves with one gentleman in both enterprises.

Mrs. Mildred Johnson, co-partner with her husband, Rowland Johnson, of the Green Line Sandwich Shops, Inc., of New York City, has found that domestic compatibility is an excellent foundation upon which to build that fragile relationship—the business partnership.

For ten years she and her husband, both of them still in their thirties, have tested this theory and today they have a profitable business in Wall Street and a multitude of friends down there who envy them the technique of living which they have evolved.

"My mother once told me that all my brains had gone to my heels," said Mrs. Johnson, "and certainly before my marriage I had little to my credit except the total amount of energy I had expended dancing at charity bazaars given by my social set in Philadelphia."

However, when Mrs. Johnson was married to a young man whose business assets consisted solely of a college degree in chemistry and war-time experience in a smokeless powder factory, she had to concentrate on just what they could do to combat joblessness in New York.

"We knew good food because we had been brought up in homes where good food was served," said Mrs. Johnson. "We also knew that down in the financial district people were in such a hurry that they resorted to indifferent lunches at soda fountains rather than better meals, carefully served in restaurants. We knew that we could give them home-made sandwiches that would taste better than any one else's, and that we could serve them speedily, so we decided to open a shop. We were able to get together just enough money to pay the rent on the cubby hole which we fitted out down in the subway station at Number One Wall Street."

**I**T WAS Mrs. Johnson who saw the possibilities of this tiny basement passageway, occupied by a barber shop, a newsstand, and a messenger service. The messenger service wasn't paying, and it was its space that Mrs. Johnson secured.

"A friend who is prominent in Boston society was visiting me over that week-end," said Mrs. Johnson, "and because I had to paint my shop and had no time nor money to provide entertainment for her while I was doing it, I took her along. While I painted the walls, she was down on her knees scrub-

By  
**HENRIETTA  
GEE**

bing the floor of our part of the subway station. Next morning my husband and I bought a whole roast ham, some loaves of bread and pats of butter, made some hot coffee, and lay in wait for the hungry people who had rushed off to work without breakfast."

For two years Mr. and Mrs. Johnson worked together behind that counter, making sandwiches which the customers had ordered. Their food was superior, their location fortunate, and their charm of personality brought many customers to their shop. It began to be said of them that while other people made money in Wall Street, the Johnsons were making money under Wall Street.

**T**HEIR lease became valuable, and their customers became habitués, but this did not lessen the fatigue of standing long hours in a tiny cubby hole, working under artificial light, listening to the subway roar past, and making sandwiches at maximum speed. When the business had grown to such a size that more help was imperative, Mrs. Johnson laid down a policy which has been a contributing factor in the development of the Green Line Sandwich Shops. She decided that she would never employ any one with whom she could not work on terms of perfect friendliness and equality. This standard she has adhered to in choosing the one hundred and thirty-five employees who today are working behind the counters and in the kitchens of the shops.

As a result of this policy there is an air of friendliness and good will about the shops. So great is her confidence in "our gang" that during the third year the business was in operation—a period considered the most critical in a new business—Mrs. Johnson went with her husband on a trip that lasted five months.

"It is true that we kept in touch with the office by letter and by wire, but inasmuch as I was in Panama, there is little doubt of my confidence in the loyalty and judgment of our people at home. The success of this trip led us to set aside two months of every year for a vacation. Last year we went from the heat of lower Manhattan to the cool shores of Nova Scotia, along the Bay of Fundy; this year our vacation during the early spring was spent in Havana.

"Our plan now is to spend four months of each year in our Park Avenue apartment, four months on our farm in the New Jersey hills, and four months traveling," said Mrs. Johnson. "We can keep in close touch with our business in this way, and while we may not make as much money as if we were at work down town every day, [Continued on page 126]

*Love, Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of  
Attractive and Reckless Young*

# A Gamble

*Illustrations by*  
W. K. STARRETT



**S**HORTLY before midnight, Kara Vania rose quietly from her place at a roulette table in the Salle Privé, tossed another thousand franc plaque toward the admiring croupier, and strolled with casual unconcern out of the Casino.

Behind her swirled an excited hum of conversation and speculation. Four times in as many hours she had broken the bank. For three weeks her run of luck had been nothing short of spectacular. Tonight's play had capped the climax.

Out in the open, electing to walk the short distance to Cecil's bar, Kara Vania was disinterestedly aware of the furor left in her wake. It was really just part of the game. In the mesh bag hanging from her arm, sending golden shimmers through the soft Riviera moonlight, were some seven hundred thousand francs in notes and the Casino's check for as many more. That, too, was but part of the game—a game that, somehow, didn't interest her. Not half as much as the glass of Chateau Yquem and the sandwich that shortly she intended to have.

She sighed softly as she entered Cecil's. She was, she told herself, becoming bored.

She felt sunk.

Dale Carruthers started doggedly on his twelfth highball since dinner. Wearily he attempted again the hopeless task of fixing his mind on nothing at all, of escaping, even momentarily, the turmoil of his own emotions. He had long since passed the point where he felt sorry for himself; had passed,

he assured himself, the point where he felt anything at all. Yet that he knew was a lie—another lie added to the many that had gone before.

Somewhere along the Riviera his wife was dining and dancing with another man. As she had done the night before—the week before—as doubtlessly she would continue to do in the weeks to come, and the weeks that lay beyond those.

And also somewhere along the Riviera—in the rooms of the Casino, to be exact—the last of his hopes had failed him.

He was aware dimly of a waiter standing over him.

"If Monsieur would not mind sharing his table," the man was saying—"the room, as you see, it is crowded."

Carruthers made a vague gesture of consent and looked up. Mechanically he rose.

"But certainly—"

A woman seated herself. Carruthers, looking at her briefly, was struck by the amazing beauty of her. Then his gaze returned to the glass before him.

He heard the waiter depart with her order and the faint click of her cigarette case as it was opened. Then—

"If I might bother Monsieur for a light—"

Her voice fell in cool, soft cadences. He thumbed his briquet into flame and, with a hand that trembled slightly, handed it across the table.

Conscious of her eyes resting speculatively upon him and upon his shaking hand, he murmured faintly, "I am sorry."

"Sorry?"

He gestured aimlessly toward his glass, avoiding her glance. "I shall be leaving in a moment," he said.

Kara Vania studied her companion silently. A rather fine face, she decided at length, despite the drawn, white features, despite the sunken eyes, bloodshot now in batik fashion. She looked again at the quivering fingers toying with the briquet.

"You are apologizing," she suggested at last, softly, "for having—how do you Americans say—having had one too many?"

He nodded.

"There is no need." He wasn't, Kara Vania reflected, much more than a boy.

He looked up suddenly.

"It won't happen again," he said, tonelessly.

Kara Vania sipped experimentally her wine and then, stirred by some vague impulse, said, "Why?"

**H**E SHRUGGED his shoulders, as if he regretted having spoken. "It just won't. That's all."

"I see."

Silence settled over the table.

Kara Vania finished her sandwich and her wine and signalled a passing waiter to refill her glass. Again she fitted a cigarette into the jade holder and again she said, "If I might bother, Monsieur—"

*Happiness—All of These Are Involved When Two  
People Get Together and Decide to Make*

# *in* Futures

*By*

PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

*and*

JOSEPH HILTON SMYTH

Her cigarette alight, she continued, "Is it that Monsieur is melancholy because he has lost—possibly—at the Casino?"

"No. I lost. But that was nothing. A last chance—"

His words trailed off.

Kara Vania waited patiently. She knew life. She knew men. And she knew, too, the effect of many whiskeys. And so, before he quite realized it himself, Dale Carruthers was pouring out to her his story—a poor man married to a rich woman—and a love that had become confused by the flood of gold.

"We thought the money wouldn't matter," he said. "She still thinks so. But it does."

"Always," said Kara Vania.

"She doesn't seem content with me alone as she was at first. She's lost her love for me—her respect—something."

"And you tried to forget with—" she indicated his glass—"that and the Casino."

"The Casino was a chance in a thousand. I hoped that I might, with the little I had, win enough to—"

"Yes?"

"—to take her and say, 'Here is what I have cost you. From now on, instead of you supporting me, I am going to support you.' It was a gamble—a last chance."

"And now?"

"I told her tonight that if she went out with the man she was with that she wouldn't find me when she got back."

"And she went?"

**H**E NODDED. Suddenly he looked at her as though he were seeing her for the first time.

"I'm sorry."

"Again?" She smiled.

"I didn't mean to bore you with all this."

He threw a hundred franc note on the table and rose unsteadily to his feet. "If you'll pardon me. Good night."

Kara Vania reached out her hand and rested it on his arm.

"You leave so quickly?"

"I must."

She looked at him steadily.

"Is there so great a need for haste?"

He remained standing, silent, unsteady. Gently she influenced him back toward his chair.

"I am very lonely," she said, softly. "You must be tired. And you must be kind to me." Again he was seated. "And have another drink with me? I do not like to drink alone."



"I am not a woman," said Kara Vania,  
"I am a thousand women in one"

When Dale Carruthers awakened he lay for a long time in bed trying to collect his scattered impressions of the night before. He remembered being at Cecil's and there was a foggy recollection of a strikingly beautiful woman. It amazed him vaguely that he was alive. He hadn't, as he recalled, intended to be.

Through the half light he looked around the room. An unfamiliar room. About everything there was a sense of unreality—about everything, that is, except his mouth. It was hot and dry. He reached for the water carafe by the bedside.

He fell into a light doze and awakened again to find sun-

light pouring into the room. For seconds he blinked rapidly in its dazzling brilliance and then, his eyes at last focusing, they remained open in round amazement, staring at the figure before him.

"Good morning," it said.

"Good morning," Dale heard his own voice answer, automatically. He closed his eyes for a moment, opened them again, and the vision was gone.

Abruptly he sat up. Swiftly he flung himself out of bed, and as swiftly back in again. In that brief instant he had had time to survey himself—to discover that he was clad in diaphanous pajamas of black silk, edged in burnt orange. In the same tone of burnt orange the name "Kara" was embroidered on a breast pocket.

Weakly he sank back on his pillow.

A door opened and there entered his lady of the night before. Now he remembered. And with a rush those last hours at Cecil's came back to him. After that, however, there was still a blank.

She paused at the foot of his bed, smiling down at him with lips that curved whimsically and eyes that were neither gray nor green but the color of the sea beneath clouds and deep with the wisdom of ages.

"You are feeling better this morning, *mon ami*?"

"Ever so much, thank you."

Her smile broadened slightly. She moved around the foot board and sat down. Dale saw with vague alarm that she was in negligée—a fragile cloud of sea green and orchid chiffon. He was conscious of the ivory curve of her slender arms as she moved them to light a cigarette. He set his gaze firmly on the ceiling.

With a soft ripple of a laugh, Kara Vania handed him a lighted cigarette.

"You are a funny boy," she said.

He looked at her blankly.

"But a nice boy."

She settled back and recrossed her legs, executing a perfect smoke ring. "I think," she said, slowly, "that I shall take you away today."

He sat up quickly.

TO Cagnes. It is pleasant there—a small place, and very quiet. I am quite bored with Monte Carlo."

"But look here!"

"I look."

"I can't go away with you!"

"No?"

"I'm a married man."

"We will not tell your wife."

"But—"

Kara Vania laughed.

"Last night," she said, "you had left your wife for good—or she had left you—or something of the sort."

"Please!"

"And you had failed in what you called your last gamble."

He said nothing.

"And then, my friend, you attempted so foolishly to end your life. Remember?"

There came back to him a dreamlike memory. He shuddered. Her hand fell on his shoulder.

"I was expecting it," she said simply.

"Why do you bother with me?"

"Why not? Well, will you get ready?"

"What?"

"We are going."

"But how can I and be honest?"

"To your wife?"

"To you. You must understand—"

"I do. Perfectly. It is you who fail to understand. You are much in love with your wife, are you not?"

"Yes."

"And you want her back again."

"If I could have her as she was once."



"I am very lonely," said Kara Vania, softly, "and you are very tired. . . And," she sighed, "you must be kind to me. I do not like to be alone. Do you?"

"It is worth, is it not, another gamble?"

"There is still a chance?"

"If you will do as I say. Well?"

"All right," he said.

Relaxed luxuriously in the warm fragrance of her bath, Kara Vania wondered if she herself quite understood.

She knew herself—knew only too well that she was a creature of moods and whims and wayward impulses. Yet that alone was not quite sufficient to explain her sudden interest in the tangled affairs of Dale Carruthers. Could it be that he had awakened some emotion long kept guarded within her? That he was the reincarnation of a buried romance? Or that she was simply bored.

Suddenly she remembered the time—seven—eight years before when she herself had stood at the brink from which she had caught him back. Then she had been—well, it didn't matter. Now, she was Kara Vania.

Once she had been—somebody else. And men had—but what did it matter? Now it was Kara Vania who played.

SHE found Dale Carruthers enjoying his *petite déjeuner* in the cool shade of the hotel gardens. It was their third morning at Cagnes.

"You look," she told him, sinking into the chair he arranged for her, "a thousand times better, my friend. Our little holiday has done you good."

"Thanks to you." He smiled at her, quickly. "Although it's all still pretty much of a mystery to me."

"Shall we solve a bit of it, then?" She concentrated for a moment on the blue haze of smoke rising from her cigarette, while he waited. "I told you, did I not, that I would help you. Well, I keep my promise. But first it is necessary that I teach you something about women and something about yourself."

"Myself?"

"C'est ça. About you I already know more than a little. For once, more years ago than I now care to think of, I had





a—a friend who was of a type with you. Very much like you.”  
 “Yes?” he prompted.

She looked back at him with eyes grown slightly misty. “Suppose,” she said, “that I speak of women, instead, for a moment. Later we will return to you. I—I had rather forgotten that one can remember so much.”

“There are, *mon ami*, two kinds of women. Natural and civilized. The first wants only to have, and to love, a man. We forget them. It is the second that interests us now. For it is one of these that is your wife.”

He nodded.

“And this—this woman of today is a strange creature. She wants many things and knows so little of the things she wants! She talks so much about so many things! And knows so little about any of them! You see,” she smiled, “I give away to you the secrets of my sex. She wants to be loved, this woman. That she knows. But she wants as well to love. And that is something that, often, she is unaware of. And that, *mon ami*, is why you—your type—is unfortunate.”

He looked at her with puzzled frown. “I will tell you another secret,” she went on. “It is easier to become a lover than to keep a wife. A perfect marriage is a far more difficult affair than the most difficult of seductions. And once you are married, nothing leads to the inconstancy of one so much as the utter constancy of the other—nothing promotes faithfulness so much as faithfulness.”

“That doesn’t sound very encouraging.”

“The truth so seldom does. Yet it is obvious enough, is it not? Take your case.”

“But my wife—”

“Is no longer interested in you. That you told me. Shall I tell you why?”

“You know?”

“I think I do. If you are as much like the one you remind me of as I believe, then I am sure that I do.”

Kara Vania lighted a fresh cigarette and leaned back, gazing at Dale through half-closed eyes.

“I shall embarrass you, perhaps. But it is necessary.” She paused. “You are, my friend, but one thing—first and last.”

“And that is?”

“A lover.”

He looked at her blankly.

“What?”

“A lover. I mean by that—when you love, you love heart and soul. It becomes to you the beginning of all things and the end. You love with passion—tenderness—understanding. The whims of the one you love become your law. You love blindly, devotedly, entirely—giving all, demanding nothing—nothing, that is, but that your love be desired and accepted. Am I not correct?”

AND, as Carruthers sat lost in emotions stirred by her words, she continued, “You needn’t answer. I know that I am. You, my friend, are what so many women long vaguely and hopelessly for throughout a lifetime. And what so few may ever hope to have—the perfect lover. And the few women who do get you—men like you—become so very stupid and careless with the priceless gift that *le bon Dieu* to them has given! Longing, they receive; receiving, they forget! It is too bad—so very too bad!”

Dale laughed uncertainly.

“You seem so sure about everything.”

“Why not? I am a woman. And I have lived—much.” Kara Vania’s lips curved in a smile that was not a smile and her slender fingers played with the stem of the empty glass before her. “And once I

knew a boy like you. So very like you! And to him there happened that which so nearly happened to you. The woman—she was not wise then.”

“But all women aren’t the same,” Dale protested.

“In many ways. They are so apt to forget the things they have in their interest in newer ones. From a familiar book, no matter how much it has meant to them, they turn to newer volumes. Some women must read much before they learn that one good book is worth more than a thousand poor ones.”

Kara Vania beckoned a passing garçon and ordered aperitifs. At length she went on, “Doesn’t that explain a little? How difficult it was for you to hold your wife or rather her interest? You had given her yourself—all that you had to give. She had become so sure of it that she had forgotten. You had become safely sure. And it is the unknown that fascinates.”

“It seems simple enough,” Carruthers admitted at length, “the way you explain it. Hopelessly inevitable, as well. But I can’t see how it helps me.”

“It would help you to have her [Continued on page 121]

# Wife or

## Which Has The Inside Track?



When a man talks at home, it's often the signal for yawns and an exodus

**T**HERE are two women in the life of every executive—his wife, and his secretary. From nine to five he is more or less continuously in company with the girl who makes his office an orderly and, sometimes, even a pleasant place to be. From five to nine he is more or less continuously in company with the woman who makes his home an orderly and, sometimes, even a pleasant place to be.

And more and more often he is selecting to preside over his home the girl who has presided over his office.

I have seen girls of mediocre intelligence, fair appearance, and no particular charm or personality marry into the twenty-thousand-a-year class. Many of these have been second marriages, after a first attempt at matrimony—usually with a girl of similar background—has failed.

What is the answer?—for there are too many of these marriages to call them coincidental. What attracts a man to his secretary—often a girl of infinitely less allure than his wife? And why does a man turn to his secretary as if by instinct—after his first marriage has ended disastrously—instead of to some one, perhaps, in his own set?

One asset the secretary has is admiration. It may be real, it may be false, but almost every secretary admires the man she works for. Because of her constant association with his plans, she comes to feel them partly her own. She shares his anxiety for their success. She is liable to suffer financially with him if they fail.

Loyalty and enthusiasm develop naturally in a business relation of this kind. The girl knows the work her employer is doing—feels its superiority to the work of those about him—

mainly because she herself is more intimately acquainted with its details. And the employer feels the atmosphere of her approval—which subtly ministers to his vanity seven or eight hours a day. A man may resolve to ignore the flattery, but he would be more—or less—than human if he were blind and deaf to it.

**F**ROM this atmosphere a business man goes home. Probably no man expects a brass band and flowers to greet him at the front door. He does not consider himself a hero, nor is the business world of today so much a battlefield as a piece of carefully calculated research work. Nevertheless, in no other phase of his life does a man take so much pride. In no other field is praise so valued by him. Perhaps on that very day he has worked out a system that will cut down production costs and save thousands of dollars for his firm. Perhaps he has developed a selling appeal that will double his salary in five years. He comes in victorious—and is reproached for being late for dinner—as if he were made for the dinner, instead of the dinner made for him.

It is a shock, jarring on every sensibility, to pass so quickly from one atmosphere to the other. Yet how many men feel that shock every week of their lives!

Even if a wife has the best intentions in the world, two hours of explanations would not give her the tang and exhilaration he felt when—after weeks of conferences and memos—he has just a line to say—“All right. Try your plan, and see how it works for the next six months.”

But his secretary knows. She has typed all the correspon-

# Secretary ~

By  
ALLISON  
BRYAN

Drawings  
by  
GEORGE  
SHANKS



Every boss is a knight  
errant to his secre-  
tary. His slightest  
business decision is  
a great adventure

dence. She has heard his plans, has watched him twist and turn them to the best advantage. More than any one else in the world she shares his exultation when he has won the right to test his pet theory and see if it will work.

Often one man and his secretary carry on a little private war against a whole great business organization—and ask any veteran the feeling he has for a Buddy who fought beside him Over There.

**I**T IS only natural for a man to think of his secretary after a first marriage has failed. He has tested her loyalty in a hundred battles. She has fought shoulder to shoulder with him in many a campaign. He argues that she will be equally loyal and admiring and partisan as a wife.

Usually he is right. The average secretary is sincere in looking up to her employer, for he is almost always her superior in birth, breeding, education and financial standing. For every college girl faithfully striving to conceal the illiteracy of a self-made executive, there are ten thousand girls who stepped directly into business school from the grades, and are fairly on their tiptoes to keep up with the vocabulary of their college-bred employers.

The fathers and brothers of these girls are usually skilled mechanics or small merchants. One secretary of my acquaint-

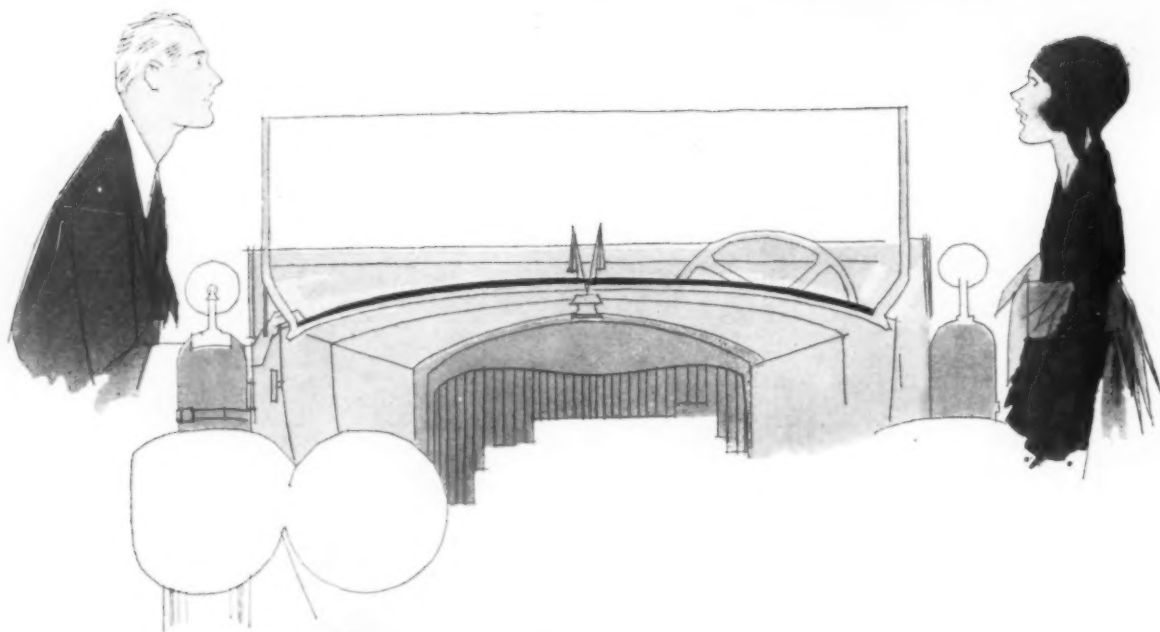
tance is the daughter of an engineer, another is the daughter of a chauffeur, another, the daughter of a small dry-goods store-keeper.

From the homes which are the best these men can afford, girls come into business offices where men wear a clean shirt every day, have their nails done every week, and practice strange refinements about removing hats in elevators, and saying please and thank you. They meet not only manners, but—what is far more important—a manner. Every woman instinctively appreciates superiority, and especially in the refinements of daily life.

A man may look down and like it. A woman never looks anywhere but up. If a census of marriages were to be taken, I should wager that for every woman who marries "beneath her," as the saying is, ten thousand better themselves financially and culturally.

Marrying her employer is an ambition to many a girl—a step upward. Place in competition with her a girl who condescends to accept a man as an equal—if not an inferior—and the result is amazing. More and more men are marrying girls who look up to them.

[Continued on page 101]



# The Demonstrator

*A Fellow Has to Prove That a Thing Is Worth  
Having—Even When It Is His Brand of Love*

By WALTER MARQUISS

Illustrations by RUSSELL PATTERSON

THE very pretty girl flounced out of the expensive-looking roadster and started with brisk strides down the road. Dick Halsted gaped after her and muttered, "Here, I say!" Then he maneuvered his tall frame out from under the steering-wheel, and caught up with her.

"'Pon my word, miss, the blinking car stopped of its own accord, you know!"

The girl whirled to face him, brown eyes snapping. She had to tilt her head to look at him, for she could have stood almost erect under his outstretched arm.

"Very likely," she retorted, clipping off the words in a husky, musical and yet sarcastic voice. "So reasonable that a brand new Bohn-Race would have a breakdown before it was driven twenty miles!" She tossed her exquisitely bobbed chestnut hair, and emitted a little sniff. "I've been out with you sheiks before!"

"I say," Dick exclaimed blankly as she turned away. He quickened his stride to keep pace with her, reached out timid fingers to touch her sleeve. Suddenly she stopped again. A trim little gray-gloved hand lashed upward and planted a stinging slap on his guileless countenance.

Flabbergasted, Dick stood rubbing the violated cheek, batting his eyes after the girl's smart, slender back as she strode with quick, sharp steps, on down the road. Dick's visage was hot and red, not from humiliation, but from embarrassment and a sort of dumb wonder. To have his face slapped as a

sheik—such was the outcome of the only daring thing he ever had done in his bashful young life!

It never would have happened if Dick had not traded in his year-old Bohn-Race roadster for a new one, not two hours before. Dick always rid himself of his old cars before they had a chance to develop mechanical groans in their mysterious internal organs. With amazing understanding of his own ignorance, Dick knew how helpless he would be if a wire came loose or the radiator boiled at any distance from a service station. As a driver he was unexcelled, but he didn't even know how to change the oil.

THE new roadster was parked at the curb after a brief demonstration, and the manager invited Dick into his office to wait while certain essential papers were prepared. And just inside the door, Dick's glance fell upon a girl working at a desk. She was a voluptuous blonde with a pretty face, and she looked up at him out of deep blue eyes which smiled with a bold come-hither look. Dick swallowed noisily, and red tinged his ears, spreading to his cheeks. He sidled through the door and out of sight of the come-hither eyes.

Bare-headed, his straw-colored hair a bit awry, he strolled in the midst of the group of sleek Bohn-Races, quite in his own element, now, and among friends. Motor cars never made him blush by giving him inviting, baby-faced looks. For automobiles he had an immediate fellow-feeling; a girl he must know



at least four years before he could be assured that she did not have designs upon him.

He wandered idly among the cars, alone in the big showroom. Turning abruptly from one to look at another, he found himself batting his eyes at the most radiantly lovely girl he had ever imagined.

No come-hither look did she give him, only a round stare, frank and impersonal. He blinked at her, powerless to shift his astonished gaze. Instead of running away, as usual, he stood as if nailed to the floor, swallowing, palpitating.

"I beg your pardon," she said, smiling, and he noted that her voice was low and soft and musical, like water murmuring over pebbles. "Could I arrange for a demonstration today?" There was something breathless in the way she spoke, which made Dick look at her more closely and mark the fine, deep-brown hair; the clear, healthy skin of brow and cheeks and throat, the vivid mouth. Her teeth reminded him of a dentifrice advertisement in a high-class magazine.

He was on the point of informing her that being hatless did not make him a motor salesman, when something checked him. Dick never could figure out why he behaved as he did then, or what it was that launched him for the first time in his life upon an actually daring venture. It was hard to believe that it was his own voice that sounded when he heard himself saying:

"Why, yes—er—I'll be glad to demonstrate the Bohn-Race for you!"

"Oh, thank you!" the girl cried.

Dick gulped again, looking as if he wondered what it was all about.

"There's a car at the curb," he remarked, gesturing. They fell into step and went out to Dick's new roadster, and a moment later it rolled silently away. Dick felt dazed. It was almost as if he were watching the action of some other individual, or perhaps performing in a dream.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked. He was sure that must be what automobile demonstrators always said first.

"It doesn't matter," she answered. "Just so I have a good demonstration. You see, I'm just trying to make up my mind what car I want, and I'm almost convinced I want a Bohn-Race. I mean it is a wonderful car, isn't it?"

**O**F AUTOMOBILES Dick could talk, even with a feminine stranger. There was an element of safety in conversation about motor cars. Dick comported himself with reasonable grace as a salesman, even if he did have a sense of guilt in the fact that he had nothing to sell. Nevertheless, some persistent mental undercurrent kept suggesting that motor-talk was dull, that it would be much more exciting to talk of the girl. He almost obeyed an impulse to ask her name, and the realization that he had skirted the edge of such a flagrant familiarity kicked up a storm of panic. He dove headlong into his conversational cyclone-cellar, and spoke with breathless enthusiasm about the virtues of the Bohn-Race.

They dipped through the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River and glided through Jersey City and Newark. Out in open country, it occurred to Dick that a demonstrator who knew his business would show off his product on other thoroughfares than those smoothly paved; so he turned into a road that was crooked and obviously little-used. He had not driven a half-mile from the main highway when the motor coughed, sighed, coughed again and quit working. Dick applied the brakes and turned to the girl with an embarrassed grin.

"Something's gone wrong," he remarked.

There was no humor in her answering look. He blinked and gulped, and turned to fiddle ineffectually with the starter.

"The same old stuff," the girl commented. Her tone probably would have been precisely the same if she had said, "All men are alike."

"But something is wrong, you know," Dick declared earnestly.

"So it seems," she retorted. And it was then that the very pretty girl got out of the expensive-looking roadster, and a



The policeman's heavy hand was descending upon Dick's arm. Dick looked, blinking, into an angry face—and panic arose in him. The delay of even a few minutes meant disaster

moment later that she raised her hand and slapped Dick's face.

He stared after her until she had disappeared around a slight bend. Then with a sigh he went back to the Bohn-Race and stood peering helplessly at the inert thing. He lifted the hood, and scowled at the clean new motor, realizing that he wouldn't know if half of it were missing. He stepped back and scratched his head. There was no reason in the world why a brand new \$7,500 Bohn-Race should stop like that after twenty miles. It was utter nonsense. Unless—With an inspiration, Dick went around to the rear and inspected the gasoline gauge. Then he felt foolish. The tank was empty.

ON THE seat which the girl had so unceremoniously vacated, Dick found a woman's purse of brown leather. He held it gingerly, turning it over, wondering what to do. To open it would be something like burglary, and yet he could not restore her property until he knew who she was. Dick looked in the purse, feeling guilty. Among the usual feminine trimmings, and a little money, he found a few cards, engraved with the name, "Miss Rosemary Parker," and a small snapshot of the girl. There was no sign of an address.

Dick closed the purse and at once reopened it. His innate honesty struggled briefly with a test and succumbed to temptation. Dick committed his first theft; he extracted the snapshot and hid it in his pocket.

Turning his thoughts to means of getting back to New York, Dick looked around. Up the road a way was a house, and toward it he trudged, hoping to find a telephone. His mind, never trained to an even course, drifted. And its drifting carried him through a series of speculations about the girl who had slapped his face.

Of course he was obligated to restore her purse. Besides, he had a right to think of himself; he owed it to himself to convince Rosemary Parker that it had been a wholly misguided impulse that led her to call him a sheik and slap his face! Dick's fingers caressed his cheek. But for his own stupidity in failing to make sure that the Bohn-Race agency had supplied his new car with ample fuel, the girl would still be with him, and he wouldn't be faced by the bother of hunting for her all over New York. Dick felt like kicking himself.

At the house he did find a telephone, and a man who was glad to call the nearest gasoline station for him. Soon the stranded Bohn-Race, refueled, was turned around and headed back toward New York. Dick had gone some distance before he discovered that the brown hand-bag had disappeared from the seat, where he had left it. This added embarrassment to the need of finding Rosemary Parker. He must tell her that he had lost her purse, and ask her pardon. There was a subconscious feeling that there must be another reason why finding Miss Parker was a vital and solemn duty, but he could not think what it was. A vagrant thought that he might never find her stirred up a sharp tingle of distress.

BEFORE considering ways and means, finding Rosemary Parker seemed a simple task. Within an hour, however, Dick had exhausted every method he could think of, short of appealing to the police. Her name was not in the phone book, and calling the numbers of the endless list of Parkers seemed entirely idiotic after the first dozen or so. Driving through streets, watching the sidewalks, was also impractical. Dick gave that up, retreated to his apartment, and spent a night and a day wishing that he were clever, so that he might have a few bright ideas. He was so engaged when the telephone summoned him.

The Bohn-Race agency was calling with a reminder that he had rushed off in his new car without waiting for the bill-of-sale. Should they mail it to him, or would he call? Dick said that he would call at once, and forthwith he went down to the street and got into his car. Rosemary's picture was in his pocket, and the glimmer of an idea was in his brain. It was at the agency that he had met Rosemary!

At the agency he braved the come-hither look in the eyes of the blonde, and remained heroically in the office, talking with the manager. He took out Rosemary's photograph.

"It occurred to me maybe you might know this young lady," he said. "I met her in here the day I got my new car."

The manager took the snapshot, looked at it, and pursed his lips.

"Well, I know her face. That's about all."

Dick's chair scraped on the floor as he leaned eagerly forward. "But really I don't know a thing about her," Dick next heard, "except that she's been in here half a dozen times, and we've demonstrated our car for her. She was in yesterday—"

"Yesterday!" Dick all but barked in his eagerness. "Did she leave an address?"

"No. She came in looking for a salesman—said she owed him an apology or something." Dick sat up straight. "But we haven't any salesman like the man she described. In fact, she might have been describing you, Mr. Halsted."

Dick slumped back in the chair. "I say!" Why hadn't he thought of coming in here yesterday?

"She seemed sort of upset," the manager went on. "When I asked her if she wanted another demonstration, she told me she'd never really intended to buy a Bohn-Race—didn't have the money. If she could get one for the price of a Ford, I suppose she'd buy one! Said she loved to ride in a Bohn-Race, and that was why she'd been getting us to demonstrate it." He smiled a little. "We burn up an awful lot of gas for people who can't afford Bohn-Race cars, but love to ride in them!"

Dick scarcely heard him. He pocketed his bill-of-sale and stowed away Rosemary's picture, and went out.

Returning home, he sprawled out in a big chair, trying to read. But nothing was interesting. Thoughts of the girl—Rosemary was a pretty name!—came and refused to leave. So she wanted to apologize for slapping his face! But how could she? She didn't know who he was, and he didn't know where she was. Life was a funny business. Let a man fall in love with a woman, and then make her disappear!

Dick jerked up blinking. In love! Why, of course he was! He got on his feet and paced the floor. His features were red and hot. He was bothered. Finally he left the apartment and got in his car and drove about the streets. For hours . . .

THE next day he saw her, in the throng of Fifth Avenue. At least he thought it was Rosemary, and by now Dick was convinced that he would be able to single her out among a million girls, even if they all looked like her! She was on the sidewalk, a little ahead of his roadster as it crawled northward in the thick of traffic around Forty-Second Street. He swung to the curb just as the light changed, stopped the car and hopped out.

A shrill whistle sounded from the center of the intersection, and was repeated even more shrilly. Over his shoulder, Dick saw a traffic policeman running toward the curb.

"Hey you!"

Eyes fast on Rosemary, Dick hurried on. The officer yelled again, "Hey! You, I mean!" A heavy hand descended on Dick's shoulder. Dick looked around, blinking, and encountered the irate glower of the policeman.

"Who do you think you are, hey? You can't park on the Avenue this time of day! Get that stone crusher out of there!"

Panic arose in Dick. He glanced after the trim figure of the girl.

"But officer, I've got to catch—"

"Don't talk back, you! Get that wagon out of there before I run you in!"

Dick was propelled powerfully toward his roadster, and by the time he had started up with traffic again, Rosemary was lost to sight. Dick was too upset even to see the violent motion which the traffic officer made as he drove by. For hours he shuttled back and forth in the Avenue, but he did not see her again.

Dick went home and sat in his big chair. He looked for a long time at Rosemary's picture, a deep depression upon him. There was one chance in a million that a person could be picked out of the New York crowd—and that one chance had passed. Damn policemen, any way!

Dick studied the picture. Her name he knew, and what she looked like; all he needed was her address. He might advertise—he had heard you could get almost anything you wanted by advertising. Suppose he had her photograph published in the newspapers, and under it a plea to her to communicate with him? Even as it formed, he knew it was a silly idea. Only a cad would submit her to such publicity.

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He stared after her until she had disappeared around a slight bend. Then with a sigh he went back to the Bohn-Race and stood peering helplessly at the inert thing. He lifted the hood, and scowled at the clean new motor, realizing that he wouldn't know if half of it were missing. He stepped back and scratched his head. There was no reason in the world why a brand new \$7,500 Bohn-Race should stop like that after twenty miles. It was utter nonsense. Unless—With an inspiration, Dick went around to the rear and inspected the gasoline gauge. Then he felt foolish. The tank was empty.

ON THE seat which the girl had so unceremoniously vacated, Dick found a woman's purse of brown leather. He held it gingerly, turning it over, wondering what to do. To open it would be something like burglary, and yet he could not restore her property until he knew who she was. Dick looked in the purse, feeling guilty. Among the usual feminine trimmings, and a little money, he found a few cards, engraved with the name, "Miss Rosemary Parker," and a small snapshot of the girl. There was no sign of an address.

Dick closed the purse and at once reopened it. His innate honesty struggled briefly with a test and succumbed to temptation. Dick committed his first theft; he extracted the snapshot and hid it in his pocket.

Turning his thoughts to means of getting back to New York, Dick looked around. Up the road a way was a house, and toward it he trudged, hoping to find a telephone. His mind, never trained to an even course, drifted. And its drifting carried him through a series of speculations about the girl who had slapped his face.

Of course he was obligated to restore her purse. Besides, he had a right to think of himself; he owed it to himself to convince Rosemary Parker that it had been a wholly misguided impulse that led her to call him a sheik and slap his face! Dick's fingers caressed his cheek. But for his own stupidity in failing to make sure that the Bohn-Race agency had supplied his new car with ample fuel, the girl would still be with him, and he wouldn't be faced by the bother of hunting for her all over New York. Dick felt like kicking himself.

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Dick jerked up blinking. In love! Why, of course he was! He got on his feet and paced the floor. His features were red and hot. He was bothered. Finally he left the apartment and got in his car and drove about the streets. For hours . . .

THE next day he saw her, in the throng of Fifth Avenue. At least he thought it was Rosemary, and by now Dick was convinced that he would be able to single her out among a million girls, even if they all looked like her! She was on the sidewalk, a little ahead of his roadster as it crawled northward in the thick of traffic around Forty-Second Street. He swung to the curb just as the light changed, stopped the car and hopped out.

A shrill whistle sounded from the center of the intersection, and was repeated even more shrilly. Over his shoulder, Dick saw a traffic policeman running toward the curb.

"Hey you!"

Eyes fast on Rosemary, Dick hurried on. The officer yelled again, "Hey! You, I mean!" A heavy hand descended on Dick's shoulder. Dick looked around, blinking, and encountered the irate glower of the policeman.

"Who do you think you are, hey? You can't park on the Avenue this time of day! Get that stone crusher out of there!"

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"But officer, I've got to catch—"

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# Teeing Off into Society

*Showing How Sports, instead of Silver Slippers, Aid  
the Modern Cinderella*

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN



The climax of any girl's social life is her presentation at England's court and to England's queen. It often costs a fortune, and requires many years of diplomatic planning. But Helen Wills achieved this honor through the medium of good tennis

SOME day universities will confer a special degree, I think, for distinguished achievement in athletics. A D.S. degree perhaps—"Doctor of Sports." When that day comes I expect to see girls figuring prominently in the new doctorhood. To me it would seem a well-deserved recognition. The Gertrude Ederles, the Helen Wills, Glenna Colletts and Amelia Earharts are doing more, I consider, to establish real equality for women than all the propaganda issued by the political boosters of feminism.

Not that that angle interests me most. What does interest me is that American girls, and girls all over the world, for that matter, are discovering that prowess in sports is the open door to social distinction and advancement.

Helen Wills, the daughter of a San Francisco physician, has made victory on the tennis courts carry her from California to a presentation to Queen Mary of England. Gertrude Ederle, the daughter of a butcher, in fourteen hours and thirty-one minutes of concentrated effort devoted to swimming the English Channel, attained a profit in dollars equal to ten years work at an ordinary commercial job and a fame that will last as long as she lives.

But we cannot all be celebrities. We can't all swim the Channel or fly across the Atlantic. Sport cannot be a profession to every girl. Yet every girl wants the health and grace derived from outdoor exercise. And every girl would like the social entrée success in sports can give.

In such circumstances how can a girl indulge in sports without sacrificing other necessities?

A BUSINESS girl recently showed me the entries she made in a little volume labelled "Personal Book-keeping." Along with the records of her earnings and savings, I found such items as these:

Saturday: Had hair waved—saw movie—walked hour in park—read three chapters "Elizabeth and Essex"—went to dance with Ted.

"What has all this to do with bookkeeping?" I asked. "Everything," she replied. "That's the way I feel about my leisure time. I work for it. I earn it. I want to spend it just as carefully as I spend my money.

"Since I want to get on in the world, this way I can really account for things—keeping fit, amusing myself, and improving my mind."

"You horrible little highbrow," I exclaimed.

"No, I'm not," she protested. "I'll tell you the secret. I'm really terribly weak-minded and lazy. This is the only way I can make myself do the things I should do. My sins of omission glare at me so when I read them here in my little book."

To me her idea was a new one, but the wisdom of it struck me at once. Her budget actually balanced. In nine cases out of ten, business girls spend all their spare time on purely mental occupations: reading, music, or the theater. For better or for worse, athletic enterprises are often neglected entirely.

Wide World



A certain amount of exercise out of doors is absolutely imperative for any girl who leads a sedentary life. But selecting the right sport to take up is not always easy. Sometimes initiation can be painful—and discouraging. Girls in business are seldom familiar with sports to begin with. Their first attempts are liable to be sadly overdone.

**I** KNOW one girl who profited curiously from such a mistake. Florence was a stenographer in the office of a New England manufacturing company which did quite a large and growing business with South America. She knew it would be to her advantage to learn Spanish. But she also yearned to ride horseback and there wasn't enough time or money to learn both. However, she "just saw herself" in a cute riding habit, and the vision was irresistible. She went riding. All one long Sunday afternoon. On Monday evening she took her first Spanish lesson—took it standing up! Her salary was raised to reward her when she began handling the firm's South American correspondence. Now she can afford to ride every Sunday.

**I**N SPORT attire, playing active outdoor games, a good looking girl has every chance to display her good looks to the best advantage. And though some of the athletic males she meets may appear rather dumb, she can count nearly always on meeting at least a few men she will like, to whom outdoor sport is one of the principal joys derived from the possession of money and leisure.

The quarrel between sports and cash may indeed be a serious one. To business girls the cost of playing some outdoor games is often prohibitive. Equipment and special clothes run into real sums. It seems to me that snobbishness adds to the expense not infrequently.

These sport dilemmas force numerous girls to find all their relaxation in non-athletic pursuits. Mrs. Marion T. Brockway is the "House Mother" at the New York headquarters of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company where seven thousand girls are employed. I asked her what uses she believed business girls might best make of their leisure time. Athletics, or intellectual diversions?

"So much depends on every girl's personal tastes and inclinations," she said. "Let me say this: To get the most out of her spare time, I believe every girl should take part in the life of her own community. All spare-time activities are so much more valuable when they build up lasting friendships and neighborhood feelings."

"Do girls who work in offices get enough exercise?" I wanted to know.

"Offices or no offices," Mrs. Brockway replied, "young girls who go around with girls and boys of their own age get plenty of exercise. They can't sit still. It isn't in their nature."

**F**ROM my own observation, I am led to believe that the problem does not take care of itself as automatically as that except where very young girls are concerned. Fostered by increased needs for intellectual stimulus and rest, with maturing years there comes a tendency to neglect physical exercise.

At the Carroll Vacation Club I was told that strenuous games are played almost entirely by girls around thirty who want to "catch up."

This trying to catch up, trying to make good too quickly for the effects caused by lack of exercise in earlier years, is a dangerous practice. I believe it may be due to the fact that non-strenuous sports are not popular enough—that too few young business people take their exercise casually yet pleasantly.

Among those with whom I talked while gathering this material, it seemed to be the fixed opinion that business girls go in for intellectual diversions much more than they go in for sports.

In the long run, charm is every woman's greatest insurance



© Helton Luther

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, distinguished daughter of the famous revolutionist and writer, Prince Peter Alexovitch Kropotkin, is a direct descendant of the first Emperor of Russia. Educated in England, Princess Kropotkin lived and traveled in Europe until three years ago when she came to America. She has made two very successful lecture tours in this country and is rapidly winning fame as a journalist. Her greatest interest, however, as she proves in this article, is the modern feminine viewpoint, particularly that of the American girl of today.

against age. And there is no surer way to cultivate charm than by training oneself to benefit from those treasures the mind can hoard. Books, music, current events, art, literature—all these are fresh air and sunshine to the mind. Even Cleopatra did not depend altogether upon her beauty and her blandishments. She learned five foreign languages—and used them in her work.

But for the cultivation of charm, the field of learning is no more reliable than the robust atmosphere of sport. It all depends on personal taste and inclination.

After all, this business of investing your leisure hours is just like any other form of investment. The question is this: Do you demand immediate returns, or are you willing to wait until your investments mature?

**T**HERE is frivolity in sport, and there is frivolity of the mind. Neither brings sound returns. Amusement, pure and simple amusement, always should have its place in our lives. But let it be worth while amusement. Let it lead to pleasant contacts and lasting memories, not the mere drug-like killing of time.

We hear so much these days about balanced diet. Why not balanced leisure? No city dweller can permanently withstand the narrowing, deadening influences of city life without some communion with nature. No devotee of sport can keep mental alertness and breadth of vision unless sport be supplemented by contact with the ideas of good thinkers.

But this active age measures feminine worth by what girls do as well as by what they are. And nowhere does the new scale of valuations offer better advantages than in the field of sport.

That is a game well worth the winning.

*Patty Lou Had  
No Substance nor  
Real Use. So  
They Called Her*

# WHIPPED

**T**OOTS had a nerve to keep her hung up on a Wednesday afternoon! The head waiter was beginning to stare at her and that nasty trap drummer was giving her the eye for the second time.

Patty Lou elevated her chin so that her eyes struck the wall a good four feet above the trap drummer's head.

"I can't give you aaaaa-nything but l-uuu-ve," bemoaned the orchestra. Love! That would do a girl a lot of good all by itself. Still, love must be nice if you could afford it. Zeta King and Don Richards had certainly been in love. Imagine going out to a date ranch and liking it!

"Tump-a tump-a tump-a lu-uuu-ve!" What did Toots think she was anyway? A triple zero? She was going to be good and mad when he did come. But not too mad, Patty Lou warned herself.

Toots was too valuable to mislay. In fact it wouldn't be at all sad to become Mrs. Toots Barbour. His folks would probably raise a terrible fuss—they wanted him to go to college and marry an Eastern debutante—Washington preferred.

Well, Patty Lou hailed from Maryland herself and had dozens of ancestors—genuine old colonials! But that was about all she did have.

**T**HE dining room was filling up now. The tables overlooking the bay were all taken. The college crowd. The Peninsula debs. The unclassified. Patty Lou scrutinized them all from under golden lashes. Thank heavens she'd bought the little black satin in spite of her mother's fussing.

But then, mother always fussed. As if a girl could make any impression without clothes. Pretty clothes! A girl *had* to have them! They paid dividends. Look at Dot Runyon, for instance. She had lived on Divisadero Street and was nobody. But she'd put every cent she had into perfect riding habits, and three months after the horse-show she was on her way to Europe as "Mrs. Crane Lewis, bride of the New York Crane Lewis, sportsman, polo player, millionaire."

But what could be keeping that pestilential Toots Barbour? Why didn't heaven send somebody to dance with her? Patty Lou lit a cigarette trying not to be over-nonchalant.

Heaven was kinder than its wont, however. It sent Dan Riordan. He danced divinely and made any girl seem popular. No hunting here, of course. Dan was going to marry a wealthy broker's daughter, some day. Dan was in bonds and believed in knowing the right people. He and Patty Lou had understood each other for a long time.

It was pretty nice dancing without having to make an impression, or angle for another meeting. Just to dance. There were co-eds all over the place. Stanford and Berkeley. If it weren't for the studying, college would be pretty hot.

No, on second thoughts being a co-ed, was almost as bad as

*Illustrations by*  
**DUDLEY G.  
SUMMERS**



Patty Lou spied the man first. His broad shoulders and easy carriage, as he stood in the entrance to the dining room, aroused her interest. She thrilled when she realized that he was headed for her table

being a working girl. Buried! Men didn't really care for girls who were "booky" or could do things better than they could. Secretaries. Teachers. Especially teachers. Silly old owls!

**T**HERE, at last, was Toots coming in the door! He was obviously breathless and angry. His mother had evidently been at it again. Patty Lou felt a surge of indignation, but

# CREAM GIRL

By

DUPONT MILLER



she decided it would never do to show sympathy at this point. He needed a good lesson. She wouldn't notice him for a while.

She looked up at Danny plaintively. "What's the matter, Danny. Won't even my best friend tell me?"

Danny pulled her to him, eyeing her appraisingly. Good old line! Toots, she felt, was watching them.

"Easy looking this afternoon, Pat. Easy looking! Who's the brave boy who left you all alone?"

"He's foaming at the mouth over by the door."

"Oh, Toots."

"Toots it is!" affirmed Patty Lou, making her voice say more than her words.

"You're a good kid, Pat," replied Danny. "And you'd certainly make me fall in love if it weren't against my principles."

There was no sense in Patty Lou making a reply to this. Under her lashes she could see Toots. As she had hoped, he was angry. It had taken only two minutes and very little effort on her part to punish him and put him in his place. And yet they sent girls to college!

PATTY LOU was dignified and quiet. She was lost in some dreamy reverie, her eyes following the dancers, while Toots, leaning across the table toward her, became frantic.

"Pat, give me a break. Gee—Pat, the mater kept me on the carpet. Didja think I wanted to let you down? Didja?"

Pat ate the cherry off her frappé. She was rather fond of maraschino cherries and considered ordering a plate of them alone.

Toots was getting desperate. "You wouldn't be so indifferent, old icicle, if you knew the big idea!"

"Well, who is she?" demanded Pat, each word heavy with the weight of her boredom.

"What do y'mean, 'she'?" Toots exploded an angry bombshell. "The mater had a ticket for some one cylinder town in Connecticut on tonight's Overland Limited. Had me all signed up, packed up, ready to deliver to Deam's Prep School. Untie

that one, Bright Light!"

Patty Lou powdered her nose because it helped to hide her face. She couldn't do without Toots. He knew everybody worth knowing and took her to all the right places. Why were parents such a nuisance? Toots' mother with the prep school bug. Her own mother wanting her to take a secretarial course and work.

Toots was pouring out his woes in a rush, now that he had caught her attention.

"Gregg is here in town on his way to Peru.

Mother has him to back her up while she pulls this fast one. Gregg's m' older brother."

"Really?" Pat raised a polite eyebrow.

"If you don't believe—"

Bliss Merode brushed by with a gay special smile for Toots. He caught at it avidly, returned it, grateful for this sign of feminine approval.

This was no time to let another woman cut her out, Pat saw. "Have you gone lame, Toots?" she inquired, humbly enough.

AS THEY danced Patty Lou decided all over again that Toots wasn't so bad. And he did take one to all the best places.

They were back at the table again, and she had shifted her chair a few degrees so that she could stare insolently through Bliss every now and then.

"You're really in luck that I'm here at all," confided Toots, the dancing having restored his aplomb.

"Of course, if I'd known they didn't let you out of the house by yourself as yet, I'd have waited a few years."

"Don't be humorous, little beazle," Toots retorted. "I go where I want and stay as long as I like."

"Right now I'll bet you couldn't make a dinner date. Mama's little pettiksins promised to be home by seven."

"Izzzzzat so?" hissed Toots through his teeth. But Pat had surprised the expression on his face first. He had, indeed, agreed to a seven o'clock dinner, en famille.

She blew a cloud of disdainful smoke across the table, smiling slowly at Dan Riordan two tables away. Patty Lou could, at will, make herself look like a disbelieving adolescent angel.



This expression was one of her major assets and she reserved it for a crisis. The situation between herself and Toots' mother had reached a climax, she felt. Toots, who was unaware of any climax, threw caution to the winds.

"Just for that, li'l Wise Egg, you 'n' me are going down the Peninsula for dinner," he said.

They danced two or three times more. Patty, properly hesitant at first, finally agreed to go to dinner. The tea crowd was beginning to thin out. Toots, with all his famous equanimity restored, was ordering some punch when his brother bore down upon them.

**P**ATTY Lou spied him first. His broad shoulders and easy carriage, as he stood at the entrance to the dining room, aroused her interest. When she realized that he was headed for their table, it was too late to powder her nose in preparation.

"S'm' brother Gregg, Patty. Miss Bankhead," mumbled Toots, as he hesitated before them. Toots' face was not agreeable. Nor was he particularly cordial toward this brother who would so soon be lost in the wilds of Peru. But—

"May I join you, Miss Bankhead?" the brother asked.

Patty Lou gave demure assent, raising her gentian eyes in the slow trustful way she had perfected.

**H**EAVENS, but he was good looking! Deep blue eyes with little wrinkles around them. Wind and sun wrinkles that made them perfectly heart-throbbing. Had she put on too much lipstick that last time?

"Makes me feel like an old man, Miss Bankhead. All this youthful gaiety. Lord, I haven't danced in the afternoon since I was a freshman!" said Gregg easily, genially, looking about him.

"He can't be true, not really true," thought Patty Lou. "They don't make them like him!" She wanted a cigarette but somehow her hands wouldn't go through the necessary process of lighting one.

Toots was neither genial nor thrilled. His face bore an infantile scowl. Seen with his brother, he became absurdly immature. Here was Gregg ten years ago. There was Toots—perhaps—ten years hence, after the world had left some imprint upon him.





The lady of Gregg's heart—whose name was Celia—paid no attention to the miserable Patty Lou. It was all too plain that she had no interest in any one but Gregg. Sitting neglected and alone, in the rumble seat of the roadster, Patty Lou tasted the bitterness of life

"He makes Toots look positively unripe!" thought Pat. She felt, suddenly, rather blue. Inconsequential.

But Gregg was speaking. "Mother is afraid you won't get home in time, kid. You'll have some last minute rushing around to do, as it is."

"Now look here," Toots muttered, "if you and mother think you can railroad me—"

"You get me exactly," interrupted Gregg, "Railroad" is right! *At ten o'clock this evening.*"

His eyes weren't blue; they were gray! Gray eyes that made Toots' pale ones falter before them. Pat shivered deliciously. It would be almost enjoyable to be ordered about by a man like Gregg. She thrilled when he said, suddenly, "Will you forgive me, Miss Bankhead, for the fuss, and give me a dance?"

She thrilled again as, over his shoulder, while they danced

away from Toots, Gregg shot back at his brother:

"Of course, if you haven't the nerve to go back to school alone say so. I wouldn't want you to go where you couldn't make the grade."

The first encore was over. It was time to start her "line." Time to raise her eyes the limpid way, whispering, "You must love to dance, Mr. Barbour. You've a wonderful sense of rhythm." Time to brush the little fluff of golden hair, hair fragrant with Beau Soir, against his cheek. But somehow she couldn't get started.

"I'm acting like a mummy," she wailed to her inner self. She felt small, delightfully small and helpless against his broad shoulders. She wanted to go on feeling that way without disturbing the mood with minor stratagems.

"Toots is a good kid. Only he needs managing. He's so infernally young. I'll take him home to his mother after this dance." Gregg was smiling down at her. She couldn't make out whether his eyes were mocking, or merely quizzical.

Suddenly she was furious. Exasperated with him, and with Toots, with this whole absurd mess called life. If they thought they could leave her in the lurch again! Seven o'clock in the evening and too late to make another date! What sort of a girl did they think she was?

When they returned to the table, Toots was sullen. Gregg summoned their waiter and prepared for departure. He ignored Toots!

"Honest, Gregg, I've got a date to take Pat to dinner. I can't let her down this late, can I?" Perhaps Gregg ignored him because there was no starch at all in the boy's tone.

GREGG'S gaze was on Patty Lou again, troubled this time. Pat had a flash of inspiration. She lifted her blue eyes to their most limpid, most appealing elevation. She allowed a mist to cloud them. She tried hard to choke back her tears. She was surprised to find that there were a few real tears to choke back, though she hadn't the slightest idea why. "Don't mind me, Toots. You go along and do what your brother says."

Gregg beamed at her. "You're a good sport," he announced uncomfortably. "Look here, you come and have dinner with me instead."

They took Toots home first. Gregg's motor was not flashy but it had a lovely roar. Gregg considerably put Toots and Pat in the rumble seat, feeling no doubt that they would want an opportunity for private farewells.

But Pat did not feel in the least sentimental about Toots' imminent departure. She discovered that it didn't matter so much, after all. Gregg had asked her to dinner! True, Gregg was leaving for some remote part of South America. But women could go to South America, too. Wives.

A vision of herself came with this thought. A white mantilla about her, and a scarlet rose in her hair. Or maybe an hibiscus. She was not clear in her mind as to whether hibiscus flowers grew in South America or not, but she knew that somewhere alluring women wore them in their hair.

A traffic signal halted them in front of Keener's Business College. Students were thronging in for the night classes. A banner across the door bore the legend, "The Gateway to Opportunity."

Patty Lou's mother was fond of reading the advertisements of this establishment aloud. Occasionally she placed their circulars upon her daughter's dresser. It was as far as she, a Bankhead and therefore a gentlewoman, felt she could go in urging her daughter to enter some gainful occupation.

Gaiety was running through [Continued on page 88]

# That Old PAL of Mine



My lot was a dam site

**H**UH? What's that, Doc? Let's get your question straight now. What you're driving at is this: You want to know what particular types of human greaseballs there are that, on first contact, tend to arouse in me immediate and unmistakable symptoms of a great leanness. Is that the idea?

Right! Well, sir, there's two distinct types that have me parking the wallet in the inside pocket on first sight.

Type number one consists of bozos that go around calling themselves "Captain" in civilian life and type number two consists of bozos with dyed moustaches. And this mugwump that I'm about to tip you off to was both of 'em combined, besides which he packed a trick cane, green spats and a Southern drawl that he'd taken a course in.

Of course, my missus told me it was just because I was so used to associating with rowdies that I didn't recognize a polished gentleman when I piped him off the first time—which was in a Palm Beach suit (on Hallowe'en eve) and he was talking big about the apartment houses he owned while he was swiping the meat out of the sandwiches on my table.

The other half of the combination (he had a partner) that's going to be featured in a Tabloid some day under the caption, "Pair of Sharpers Trapped at Last," was an unsavory specimen with a face that kept getting him picked up on suspicion whenever he took five steps off his own block. He just missed being a smart crook which I always figured was due to the

*A Left-Handed Lesson for  
Young Couples Who Contem-  
plate Investing in a Home*

Words and Pictures

By

MILT GROSS

shape of his dome where a section seemed to be missing off the back like a Subway door had shut on it too quick.

I'd concocted the pleasure of his acquaintance in the Army. From a general nuisance along with cooties and such like he festered into an after-math of the war, popping into my office about every week, each time in a different business such as smuggled furs—stolen watches—baseball pools—office chair cushions—smoker entertainments—inflating neckties—bootlegging—fires started—and anybody bumped off—and anything else that couldn't be mentioned on an income tax return.

Of course, my missus said I was just heartless and it would be just like me to mock the poor lad who was less fortunate than others. She could tell he was all right. She knew by his frank face, his straightforward manner. And she wants me to let her have her own checking account. Ha! Ha!

**W**ELL, with all her natural desires to help poor, honest, struggling lads you can readily see the chance I have one fine day when Squirt (that's his name) drops around with a real estate development swindle. He's accompanied by his boss—a big jellyfish with a beak and a belly and a blue chin and a set of table manners, (yes, they stayed for dinner) a set of table manners that didn't go by nature with the slope of his forehead. Need I detail?

My wife observes the table manners and misses entirely the phrenological warnings. Result? We become proprietors of nine hundred dollars' worth of something on a blue print, with a chance to double our dough if the weather gets cold enough to convert our property into an ice-skating rink. But my missus just takes our account books and each year she marks alongside the entry that shows how much we paid for the property some fancy figures like this:



I liked his honest face and long slender figure

Sept. 1926—Value \$ 900  
 Sept. 1927—Value 1800  
 Sept. 1928—Value 3600  
 Sept. 1929—Value 7200

And she laughs when my kid writes letters to Santa Claus.

Then one bright morning we get a tax bill. My missus is all pleased pointing out how respectable it is to feel like a property owner while I'm regarding the amount of the tax through a magnifying glass trying to make it look larger, because whereas we paid \$900 for the lot the amount of the tax bill was 4 cents, which, even computing the lightest valuation of a kind-hearted tax assessor, would make our land worth just about two United coupons and an old bottle.

I get Mister Squirt on the wire. "Hi, boy," I pipe in the breezy old familiar tone.

"Hi, pal!" he answers.

"Hi, buddy!"

"Hi, side-kick!"

"How's the little woman and the kiddies," I ask.

"Great, got two now," he brags. "Boy and a girl."

"Wife and two kiddies, huh? Good ol' Squirt. Well, how would you like to see their names in the paper?"

"Love it," he says.

"With the words 'survived by' in front of 'em?" I suggest.

"Huh?" he says.

You see it takes Squirt a little longer to get things: there's so much air to go through before any head is reached. Then I sail in and the sparrows just have to hop off the wires.

Comes letters the next day full of esquires and sirs, from his oily boss and hectic phone calls from Squirt guaranteeing me personally \$1000 for the lot and would I just mail him the deed because he's just a pal that is broken-hearted about the whole thing.

Why didn't I? Well, as you know, the next day, I had to leave for California. Why? Well, I'll tell you. It seems the Frisco Flyer was due to pass the Salinas, Cal., grade crossing 10:42 A. M. sharp, Tuesday, and, of course, I had to be there to crash into it!

SO AFTER getting enough stitches in my pan for Babe Ruth to autograph it, I ship my missus home East and four weeks later I hop off a train just in time to grab her wrist from signing a hunk of paper.

That was where the doughy Captain came into the picture. Directly had she arrived home than Mister Squirt was on the doorsteps two jumps ahead of the morning milk with profuse assurances that "that little matter is being taken care of and the lot is practically sold—in fact at a considerable profit."

In the meantime would she meet Captain Throckmorton, an eccentric millionaire—who—psst—this was strictly under the bonnet—had a strange hobby for making young married couples fabulously rich by the most unheard of bargains in real estate he owned—old family parcels—he wasn't really a real estate dealer y'know—that was just his pastime and (so Squirt tipped us off in the bathroom)—if he didn't take a liking to people they couldn't get a square inch of his land for love nor money.

"Yeah—that's fine, Squirt," I says, shaking the fountain pen out of my missus' hand—"but what's Lady Bountiful here in the horsehair toupee and his bargains got to do with the original swamp you're supposed to sell for me, huh?" I began to



I took a tip from the Yankee Stadium

see a sort of a whole colored revue in the woodpile all at once.

"Shush up with your rowdy ways," says my missus. "You think you're discussing with your lunch-wagon friends? Have respect for a sensible business man."

So before I have a chance to get the railroad cinders out of my ears it's high ho and over the heather in the Captain's square-wheeled 8, and compared to how I smelled rats, the Pied Piper merely had a bad cold in the head. We trek out to a track of forest and the Captain blandly proposes that I give him fifteen thousand dollars for it, agreeing to take my deed to my lot for part payment with Mister Squirt seconding the motion like anything.

My missus is passing out with mortification at the way I'm insulting the doughy Captain and his propositions right along, but he just smiles tolerantly with the weary tenderness of a mother trying to feed the baby spinach for its own good.

"You positively have no idea," he murmurs confidently to my missus, "of the almost unsurmountable difficulties and obstacles encountered in practically putting money in people's pockets for them. Prosperity must be literally forced upon some people."

"S RIGHT!" I agree. "You poor guys have a tough time at that—up against all sorts of gyps. Take us, for instance. Here we are, riding in your car, burning your gas, using your time and we really don't want to buy anything. We just come for the ride. Ain't we the dirty rotten low lifes, huh, darling?" to my missus.

Outside of a kick under the seat that almost broke my ankle, nothing more is said but by the time we get home the doughy Captain has half of the dye chewed out of his moustache.

Then they depart beaming like a couple of good will hyenas but a block up I notice the car stop for a minute and Squirt comes sailing out through the top on the end of a green-spatted

[Continued on page 113]



Things were never more prosperous

*Cruelty and Oppres-  
sion and Threats  
and False Charges!  
No Wonder Linda  
Was Forced to  
Defend Herself  
Against the Anger  
of Malachi Trent*



# MURDER Yet

By

ISABEL BRIGGS  
MYERS

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

PETER Jerningham, the playwright, and Carl Nilsson, crack man of the Philadelphia homicide squad, and I, Jerningham's secretary, were having dinner together.

While we were dining a man stepped out of a phone booth and introduced himself as Ryker. Without further ado, he plunged into the story that led us post-haste to the home of Malachi Trent.

Ryker had with him a marriage license for himself and Linda Marshall, Malachi Trent's seventeen-year-old niece, whom Ryker feared was in great danger. Mr. Trent had kept Linda virtually a prisoner almost all of her life, because her mother had dared defy him and marry the man of her choice. Mr. Trent's threats, which Ryker had said he had just made over the telephone, gave the latter reason to believe the girl should be rescued immediately. Ryker said that when Malachi Trent was opposed, he was aroused to insane fury and would

go any length to defeat whoever tried to cross him. In such a mood Ryker had once seen Malachi in India, when he caused the famous ruby, "The Wrath of Kali," to be stolen from the Temple of Kali in Assam.

Cairnstone house was dark when we arrived and no one answered our ring, although Ryker said Malachi, Linda, Mrs. Ketchem, the housekeeper, and Ram Singh, the hindu servant, were there. A terrific crash and a woman's scream drove us to force open the door.

In the library we found Linda and David Trent, Malachi's grandson. Between them lay Malachi Trent's body surrounded by books, a grandfather's clock, lying face down on the floor, and a ladder from which the man had apparently fallen to his death. Linda said she had been hiding in the window seat, but had seen nothing until the crash frightened her. She seemed dazed, and Ryker sent her upstairs and





Linda was standing very straight, her hands at her sides, and a hectic spot of color on each cheek. "You'll get the truth in the end," she said, slowly and clearly, "so you really might just as well have it now!"

through which, he said, he had seen no one enter or leave. He suggested that the murderer might have left the library by the other door. "But the other door was nailed shut," said Jerningham.

For a moment David stared at us wild-eyed—then he buried his face in his hands. His testimony, given in ignorance that the other door was nailed shut, meant that Linda had been alone with Malachi in the locked library when the murder occurred. David had told his story without knowing he was clearing himself at Linda's expense.

The rest of us could not help wondering whether or not David was telling the truth. Jerningham's theory was that the bolt on the library had been faked so that David could have feigned to force the door when he heard some one coming. At any rate Nilsson planned to find out all he could in New York about David Trent, the next day. With that we all went to bed.

Next morning we found out from Mrs. Ketchem that David had called several times during the past week at Cairnstone house to see Linda and that he had had a quarrel with his grandfather. Mrs. Ketchem confirmed the story that Linda was locked in her room on the night of the murder.

After this we wondered how Linda could have been in the library when Malachi was murdered, if she had been locked in her own room. We questioned Linda at breakfast and she said that she had climbed out of her window and walked the ledge around the third story and climbed into the house again through Mrs. Ketchem's room. Her errand to the library had been to retrieve her mother's locket which her uncle had snatched from her and thrown into the ashes.

"I had to have it before I ran away—" she said.

"Before you ran away!" said Jerningham. "Why were you running away?"

"I'd rather die than tell you," she said.

A croaking voice interrupted to call us to breakfast. We looked up and saw Mrs. Ketchem and David in the doorway. How long they had been listening I never knew.

called Dr. Lampton. Before the doctor left he certified that Mr. Trent's death had been accidental.

But Jerningham refused to believe this, because he discovered that everything in the room was covered with dust except the ladder where Malachi's footprints should have been, the edge of the desk where his head must have struck and a small table bearing a statue of Kali. Nor did the clock, which the man must have clutched to save himself, bear any fingerprints. On the desk was a blank sheet of paper on which were imprinted the opening words of a will, but the top sheet upon which they had been written had disappeared. A smear of ink on the dead man's face and a piece of his broken eye glasses seemed to prove that Malachi had received a blow from behind. Linda swore she had seen nothing until the crash startled her.

David Trent swore he had been waiting for Linda, whom the housekeeper told him was locked in her room, when we heard the crash. He forced open the locked library door

**A**S LINDA led the way down the long hall to the huge dining room, Jerningham and I loitered at the end of the procession.

"Was that my fault?" he asked under his breath.

"Was what your fault?"

"The way I bungled things with Linda. A more skillful man might have won her confidence and learned everything he wanted."

"Not on your life," I said. "She's made up her mind not to tell certain things. You got about five times as much as she meant to tell you."

Jerningham shook his head.

"I got fragments of facts. She knows, or dreads, something about Malachi's will. But what? She was away from Cairnstone House during Malachi's trip to India. But where? She made Malachi furious on Saturday by standing up to him. But what about? And Malachi's weapon, whatever it was, is still a living menace to her. But how?"

"I wish we knew," I admitted.

"We've got to know," Jerningham fumed. "And that child could tell us—and won't."

In that mood he took his place with the rest of us at the great table and ate the grapefruit which awaited him there. It was excellent grapefruit, but I knew he had not the slightest notion what he was eating.

HE SAT staring across the table at Nilsson's empty chair while Ram Singh brought our eggs and toast and coffee. Mechanically he poured the cream into his cup and reached for the sugar. And then, with a heaping spoonful poised in mid-air, he stopped. His eyes lit with the incredulous delight of a man who sees his beaten team snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

The instant breakfast was over, Jerningham made for the locked library. On the threshold he paused and turned to me.

"There are some telephone calls to be made before we start anything," he said. "Ask David to come in here for a minute, will you, Mac? He'll have to call an undertaker and notify the newspapers. When he's through, come back and I'll show you what I got out of my cup of coffee."

I found David with Linda and Ryker in the long hall, and gave him Jerningham's message. He went grudgingly, obviously hating to leave the other two together. Remembering Nilsson's advice to Ryker, I foresaw that Linda was going to have two cavaliers in unshakable attendance all day, and I withdrew a bit to give her a chance for a word with Ryker if she wanted to have such a chance.

She wanted it. And that word struck so straight to the heart of the mystery that I found it impossible to shut my ears as I honorably intended.

"Do you despise me?" she said. "Or can you forgive me what I did?"

"There's nothing to forgive," he answered gently. "You simply weren't yourself. But if it's any comfort to you to hear me say it—I shall never blame you for anything. Whatever you did, you had the right to do it."

Her voice shook.

"Oh," she cried, "you're so good to me! I don't deserve it."

"You mustn't talk like that," he said. "There can never be any question of deserving between you and me."

They drifted farther down the hall. Presently David reappeared, hurrying to rejoin them, and I went back to Jerningham in the library and told him what I had overheard.

"Remember it, Mac," he said. "Every word, as exactly as you can. It may mean more later than it does just now."

"All right. But, Jerningham, when David left the library a moment ago he had that statuette of Kali in his hand. What's the idea?"

"Oh, he asked for it," Jerningham returned. "Said he had promised it to Ram Singh."

HE STRODE over and locked the door.

"Now," he said, "prepare to grovel with me at the memory of how stupid we were last night. We had a fountain pen. We had a sheet of paper that showed Malachi had been exerting strong pressure as he wrote. We had an open ink bottle. And we missed the one obvious conclusion."

"As far as I'm concerned, we miss it still!" I confessed.

"Well, I'm not in a position to crow over you," he admitted. "But under what circumstances do you bear down hard on your fountain pen?"

"When it's going dry."

"And after you have struggled with it as long as your temper will stand, what do you do with it?"

"You fill it—from an ink bottle," I answered sheepishly. "I suppose the inference is that Malachi filled his pen and continued his writing, so that there was actually more to the

will than the first two lines. Only, since he no longer had to bear down, the words no longer printed through and showed on the under sheet of paper."

"Go to the head, sir," Jerningham said with elation. "It only remains to look at Malachi's pen and verify the guess."

He unscrewed the cap from the pen, drew from a desk drawer two sheets of thin paper, and proceeded to scrawl across the upper one the opening words of Malachi's last will, as Nilsson had read them to us the night before. He wrote rapidly, without pressure, and the words flowed wetly, inkily, from the point of the pen.

"You see!" he said with satisfaction. "When that pen is filled as it is now, you couldn't possibly bear down on it hard enough to print through the paper—without flooding the page with ink. So we know that he wrote the first two lines with his pen nearly empty, filled the pen, and wrote an unknown amount that didn't print through."

"That's interesting," I admitted, "but not very useful so long as we don't know the rest of what he wrote."

"The murderer knows the rest of it," Jerningham commented thoughtfully. "That might prove important—and I rather think we're going to get it too. What does the general look of this page suggest to you?"

"That it needs a blotter," I said, and noticed for the first time the absence of any small blotter on the desk.

"And the look of this desk pad?" Jerningham pursued.

The pad was covered with a fairly new sheet of fawn-colored blotting paper, crossed and recrossed by the traces of many a blotted line. I stood up and started for the door.

"Here! Where are you going?" Jerningham demanded.

"Going to get you the mirror from my shaving kit, so you can read that blotter," I rejoined. "No use losing any more time over it than we have already. We ought to have done it last night, of course."

"We were too clever to do it last night," Jerningham said ironically.

He gazed at the marks on the pad, that looked so much like words and yet were so completely illegible in their simple disguise of hind-side before.

I started with alacrity.

"And, oh, Mac," he added, "don't let anybody see what you're bringing. There may be some advantage in our not having thought of this last night."

I MADE record time up to my room and back. The mirror was small, and Jerningham could see reflected in it only a bit of the blotter at a time. He moved it back and forth, up and down, with maddening deliberation, and I could read nothing in his face except the completeness of his concentration on the task.

The suspense began to get on my nerves. It was preposterous that a mere sheet of blotting paper should hold—or withhold—the key to so much. If Jerningham found what he was looking for, we would know who stood to gain or lose by Malachi's death and the will's destruction.

"It's here," he said. "It's all here. And it's a lot worse even than I thought."

"What does it say?" I demanded.

He frowned into space for a tantalizing moment, then answered my question with another.

"Mac," he asked, "are you willing to tackle an awful job?"

"What sort of a job?"

"Will you stay on guard here for the rest of the day, and read over all the papers in Malachi's desk, and *not* look to see what's on the blotter?"

"Hang around the library here and see that nobody molests things? I'll leave you the key and you can lock the place when you aren't here, but that's not much use, for we know that the person who's most interested has some sort of duplicate or skeleton key. And, Mac, [Continued on page 126]



***“IT WAS*** on a Sunday afternoon, just before the supper hour. Malachi Trent came up to my room, in his blackest, most fiendish mood. He—” Linda shivered at the memory—“he told me that he wasn’t going to wait any longer—that I must obey him”

# Cleopatra's



**BOTH** of them drew back sharply. Larry was twisting a handkerchief tightly around his bleeding wrist, and a slim, bright dagger trembled in Rita's hand. "Why, you little devil," breathed Larry, "you beautiful little devil!"



# Bracelet

*Brought to Its Purchaser,  
in a Mysterious Way, a  
Heritage of Charm*

By  
FLORA  
MCDONALD

Illustrations  
by  
CLARK AGNEW



RITA ran a careless hand through the tray of bracelets, gay modern costume jewelry, heavy near-antiques, some pretty, none very expensive.

"They're very nice," she admitted. "But none exactly hits the spot. I don't really need a bracelet, you know. Just felt in the mood to pick up a souvenir, if I saw one. By the way, you didn't show me that one?"

The proprietress of the little shop, a round-bodied, sharp-eyed woman with a slight foreign accent, shrugged her shoulders as she brought out the little black velvet box that sat slightly apart from the others.

"That—ah, that is a special piece with a very special story. And its price—fifty dollars—perhaps, more than madame would care to spend."

"Fifty dollars!" Rita looked wonderingly at the bracelet, a chain of curiously wrought, dull silver links studded here and there with turquoise matrix. A graceful thing, with the vague suggestion of something old and far away in its workmanship, but—fifty dollars! Rita estimated that it would be expensive at fifteen. "Why so high, Madame Chanieff?"

"It is a long story," she said, with an appearance of hesitation. "I got it—oh, five or six years ago, soon after I first came to Stonebridge, from an actress. You would know the

name if I told you, but I promised not to. She was here for her health—the springs, you know—and used to come in my shop from time to time and chat. I grew rather to like her, though she never bought much. She had not much money, I thought.

"And then one day she came hurrying in, much excited. She was called away; she must raise some money at once; she had brought all her jewelry. There was not much—a few pearls—little of real value. Last, and with much sorrow—this bracelet. It seems she believed it to carry a charm of some sort. You know they of the theater are superstitious—"

"Be careful," interrupted Rita, smilingly. "I'm of the theater myself."

"Indeed?" Madame Chanieff beamed, showing a lavish expanse of gold-filled teeth. "My husband, he has the theater here—the moving pictures."

"That's interesting," murmured Rita. Stonebridge was getting metropolitan! "But tell me more about this bracelet. What was the charm it carried?"

"It seems there were many stories about it. You see it is very old," Madame Chanieff went on, almost apologetically. "It was said that it had once been a necklace, and had belonged to Cleopatra! But as to that, who can say? There are, you can see, some queer characters on it, and this actress of whom I speak, she had showed it once to a professor, a man of great learning, who said they meant—look, can you see?—one of them, 'to venture,' and the other, 'to charm.' Be that as it may, she claimed that it had never failed to bring its wearer the power to charm in any rôle."

"I offered fifteen dollars for it, being sorry for her, and she then tried to persuade me to hold it for her until she could buy it again. I would not do that. I do not run a pawn shop. But she was so sure she would be able to get it back, so determined not to create a new part without it, that I finally promised a foolish thing—that I would not sell it to any one else for less than fifty dollars."



Rita slipped the strange bracelet over her slender wrist. "I wonder if there's any difference in me," she asked. "Do you notice a fascination, Madame Chanieff? Am I More venturesome?"

"And so, here it is, and of the poor lady from whom I bought it, I have heard no more. Perhaps without it her luck would not return—perhaps she is dead—I do not know. The bracelet waits."

**R**ITA slipped it over one slim wrist and regarded it with interest.

"I wonder if there's any difference in me?" she remarked. "Do you notice any more—er—fascination, Madame Chanieff? Or more venturesome-ness?"

"I am sure you have need of neither," Madame assured her. "Oh, but I have," Rita sighed.

Audacity and charm! Could any two qualities be more

useful in her profession? Ever quick to deprecate her own good points, Rita felt at once that there were no two qualities she lacked more completely.

She walked across the shop and regarded herself in a mirror. "I don't see any outward change," she observed. "But I am beginning to feel reckless. For heaven's sake, put this away before I spend my hard-earned fifty dollars."

She slipped the bracelet off quickly. What was she thinking of? September almost here, and from the slim budget which was to buy her fall wardrobe she actually contemplated paying fifty good dollars for a bit of silver and a legend! Worse than recklessness—it was madness! And yet—

"A dash of Cleopatra's just what I need," she mused.



"High-handed and resourceful—that little trick of being rolled in a carpet might make a good way to get into a producer's office—and she was a real siren besides. I'm not really superstitious—and yet, I wonder if there could be anything about this bracelet?"

**S**HE TRIED it on again. It was indubitably becoming. Was it only imagination, or did her round young arm take on a little softer curves, taper a little more gracefully into the delicate contours of wrist and hand?

"But I probably haven't fifty dollars with me, anyhow," she said at last. She opened her bag to see, and her face lighted with a smile.

"It must be fate," she told Madame Chanieff with a sigh. "Just fifty dollars and seventy-five cents. No, thanks, I'll just keep it on. But you can wrap up the box for me, so I can have it properly enthroned when I'm not wearing it."

"Shall I not send it? My boy can take it. You are at the hotel, no?"

"No, I'm staying with my aunt on Rock Hill Road. No need of your boy going so far. I'll take it with me."

"Your first visit to Stonebridge?" asked Madame Chanieff as she wrapped up the box.

"No, indeed. I lived here for two or three years, when I was a child. But it's changed a lot, since then. That's been a long time, of course!"

"Then doubtless you remember Mr. Forsyth?" Madame Chanieff said as she handed her the package. "He also went to New York, and makes a big success, they say, producing plays. But he does not forget Stonebridge as you have. Only this morning I heard that he is having a party at his place here tonight. You know him, yes?"

"Yes, I've met him," Rita said, glancing at the clock hastily. "But how late it's getting! I must hurry on, or I'll be late for dinner. Good-by!"

**R**ITA went down the street, a swift confusion of thoughts racing through her mind. Larry Forsyth in Stonebridge over the week-end! She might meet him on any corner, as easily as not.

"And would he wonder where he'd seen me before?" she thought bitterly. "Or just not remember at all? Producers meet so many people!"

Vivid pictures came back to her of the shy, brief romance that had blossomed, in the spring of her last year in Stonebridge, between a dreamy-eyed high school freshman called Marguerite Lane and—wonder of wonders!—Larry Forsyth, prominent member of the senior class. And a clearer picture of the utter fizzle of their last meeting in New York only a week or so before.

A pride and reserve that she admitted were silly had kept her from looking him up on the strength of their old friendship—successful producers must have so many old sweethearts eager for notice! Sweethearts who wouldn't have to dig up a past buried ten years back. But it had been something of a thrill to find that the part an agent had thought "just cut out" for her was in the new Forsyth production then being cast.

"Rita Lanier," Larry Forsyth had repeated, fingering her card absently, and without a sign of recognition. She did not recall herself to him; it would be so much more fun to tell him after she had the part. And she felt somehow sure she would have it. A desert girl—her slim, dark beauty would surely get her a trial, and she knew that once she had the chance—

Then, incredibly, through her rosy dreams, the fatal words, "I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid you're not the type!"

"Why not?" she heard herself saying, in a tone of detached inquiry.

"You're too civilized. I need some one quite primitive."

And Rita recalled, with frankest self-contempt, her utter inadequacy at this turn of things. A girl with charm probably wouldn't have been forgotten in the first place! And a girl with even ordinary nerve would certainly have said, "Well, Larry, old dear, let me read the part—for old time's sake—and I'll show you how primitive I can be."

But she had not said that, nor any of the crushingly witty things that occurred to her later on the subject of barbarians in producers' offices. She had voiced nothing at all, in fact, except a murmured leave-taking in her most indifferent manner.

**R**ITA turned into Rock Hill Road. The high school was just over that hill, and here was the lane where Larry Forsyth had carried her books home from school on those glamorous spring afternoons so many eons ago. And Larry was in Stonebridge now! Unconsciously her steps lagged. By all the best traditions of fiction, he should be strolling down the old path, thinking of her.

And then Rita became aware that, instead of the half-amused sentimentality that for years had colored her thoughts whenever she saw his name, her imagination was drawing bold pictures of another sort of [Continued on page 123]



Miss Peters as an author. Her next article will tell of her trip abroad

# The First Taste of FAME

By

EDNA PETERS

(The Typical American Girl)

I SUPPOSE everybody in the world has wondered what it seems like to be suddenly thrust into the light of publicity. I've often wondered about it. And now—I know! And it isn't quite the way I thought it would be.

First of all—there was the awarding of the title of Typical American Girl. And the giving of the check for \$5,000. It happened so quietly and suddenly, in a sunny office, in the afternoon, that I hardly had the presence of mind to stammer my thanks. I sort of felt that I should have had on my best dress—and all that kind of thing! But SMART SET believes in simplicity—even when it comes to the presenting of a five thousand dollar check.

I was pretty tired, by the time the judges made their decision. So were all of the girls, I guess! We'd had such a visit in New York—shows, and trips and radio and motion picture studios—presents and dances and luncheons and dinners! My head was in a whirl—I was worn out. And so the first thing I wanted to do was go home. And the staff of SMART SET—understanding my tiredness and excitement and (most of all!) my desire to see my parents, let me hurry back to Miami. As I got on the train, in the big New York station, I tried to feel different than I had felt when I'd got off the train—in that same station—just a little while before. But I didn't. I was just the same girl—and I needed sleep! I went to my compartment almost at once—and it wasn't until the train was very far south that I awoke.

And then suddenly I realized that I, Edna Peters, was the Typical American Girl! For just outside my curtain I heard a man's very southern voice talking about me.

"Wal," the voice said, "reckon ahm glad th' leetle Florida girl made good. But I hope it won't be goin' to her head!"

I laughed to myself, lying in my narrow berth. It seemed so silly that any one should think such a lovely tribute would go to my head!

BUT when I got home, to Miami, I found that the conductor wasn't the only one who felt that way about me. I had expected—you can't blame me!—to be rather popular when I got home. I didn't expect the sort of thing that happened—banners and rose trimmed motor cars and a parade—but I did think I'd have plenty of dates and phone calls. But, somehow,

except for reporters, the 'phone didn't do much ringing. And I found that, afternoons, the man who took me swimming was my own father. And that, evenings, I went to the movies with my mother and my little sister. I was right sensitive about it, until I happened to run—one day—into an old friend.

"What's the matter with everybody?" I asked right off, "why is everybody cutting me?" And my friend said:

"Well, Edna, we all thought you'd be kind of conceited over all this—we all are sort of scared of you!"

After that it didn't take me long to let people know that my head was the same size, and that I was pretty lonely!

WHAT'S happened to me since I became Typical American Girl? Why, nothing terribly strange. Nice things—yes! Funny things. But nothing to throw a girl off her balance. I've had five proposals. One came from the state of Maine, and was written on lined, kiddie note paper with a clown and a circus lady printed on the top. And one—terribly serious—came from Germany. And one from Poland. And a little boy, in Spain, wrote and asked me to bring him a new lens for his camera when I made my trip abroad.

Letters? Oh, I've had thousands of them. And thousands of telegrams. And I could paper a twenty room house with my press clippings. And I had one cable of congratulation from as far away as Leningrad, in Russia!

The nicest thing about it all is that everybody—the people who write the letters and the papers who print the news stories—seems pleased and satisfied with me. But that doesn't make me feel puffed up. It only makes me feel kind of humble to realize what a big responsibility I have!

Ever and ever so many folks have asked me what seemed best—the fame or the name of Typical American Girl or the money, or the trip abroad. (I'm sailing, by the way, just a week from this time of writing) and when people have asked their questions I've answered—and I guess this will surprise you—that the trip abroad was more important to me than fame or the money. This is why:

I'm getting more of a thrill out of knowing that I'll be the one to represent all the girls of America, in Europe, than you can guess! I want the girls, in Europe, to like me. And to feel that I'm worthy to be called "typical" of my nation!



# Smart Set's Service Section



## Ugly Ducklings

by

Ruth Waterbury

**H**UNDREDS of girls write me every month worrying over their lack of beauty. They have ugly duckling complexes and fancy that a stubborn batch of freckles or a funny nose is going to ruin their whole future.

Fate, currently, is acting with its usual irony. The pursuit of beauty has become a leading American industry. Yet the ugly duckling today has a better chance than ever before in the history of the world.

Billions of dollars in purchases and millions of dollars in advertising are being spent to foster the cult of personal loveliness. But even in Hollywood, where beauty is god, a perfect face is no longer a guarantee of fortune.

The fascinating but by no means beautiful Garbo is our most potent professional charmer. The leading star of the talkies is Jeanne Eagles, sultry and magnetic, but neither very young nor very handsome. The box-office wonder child is Janet Gaynor, a freckle-faced little kid who looks as though she should be attending second year high, but who acts with the divine inspiration of a Duse.

When Lily Langtry died a few months ago, there was a lot of editorial sighing over the lack of contemporary Langtrys. Lily, in her day, certainly did demonstrate the power of beauty. Crowds stood for hours in Hyde Park just to watch her pass. Edward, the Seventh, adored her. When she toured this country, villages were named for her and many a young wife wept at sight of news-clipped photos of Lily surreptitiously hidden in their husband's billfolds.

"There are no beauties like that in these days," sigh the gray-beards.

Personally, I believe there are hundreds of beauties, greater than Langtry, alive today. The difference is that they go unnoticed. Our standards of beauty have changed.

When three of this country's most prominent young men lately chose their life partners, not one of them selected a girl with a

face like a pastel and a mind like a blanc mange. Gene Tunney married the aristocratic Polly Lauder. Lindbergh selected the retiring little Anne Morrow. Young John Coolidge, the ex-president's son, announced his betrothal to vivacious Florence Trumbull. Delightful girls, those three. Cultured, intelligent girls. But personalities, rather than the traditional beauties.

What has happened is this: As we learn the secret of attaining it, we have come to demand more than an exquisite surface. A flawless skin is no longer something to boast about nor a fine figure an exception. Both have become social necessities.

**O**UR modern goddesses are girls like Helen Wills, Glenna Collett, Amelia Earhart, the flyer, and Rosa Ponselle, the singer. All of these girls have the beauty of health, good grooming, enthusiasm and vitality. And each of them has the added charm of achievement.

The original ugly duckling, you will remember, was the little one that all the bigger and better ducks picked upon. The story books didn't tell us, but I've always had a private hunch that the little duckling finally made up its mind that, at least, it would amount to something. It was this resolution to be more than it was, to be a super duckling, that turned it into a beautiful swan.

Some few girls are born beautiful. Life is easy for them and they take it that way. So much so, usually, that at about twenty-five their spiritual emptiness begins to show through and they wonder why everything has lost its savor.

The born ugly duckling has to fight. Today she has the aid of our dominant beauty cult, and a very great aid that is. Being a wise duckling, she learns to adapt that to her purposes. But her greatest aid is a modern truth, which the clever Englishman, Aldous Huxley, has pointed out—the greatest source of beauty is the experiencing soul.



*Different Figures Need  
Different Exercise but  
Every Girl, Driven by the  
Strain of Modern Life,  
Needs to Relax and Learn  
the Important Secret of*

# Taking Out The Kinks

By Mary Lee

Drawings By EDWARD POUCHER

The only catty thing worth cultivating is grace. Study the tiger cat for lessons in poise

**T**HREE types of letters come in to me asking about exercise. One group of readers tells me that they've taken exercises, but they didn't do much good.

Another group says, "I don't want to take exercise because I haven't time," or, "I think it's too strenuous."

Still another, a smaller group writes, "I've been exercising for the past six months and it has helped a lot. These are the things I'm doing. Can you tell me if I'm on the right track?"

I'm not talking about those fortunate girls whose daily routine of living gives them just the right balance between exercise and rest, between nervous activity and relaxation. They're pretty rare, anyway. Even the most active of us—now that vacationing is over—find that the bulk of our activity is confined indoors, or that we can't relax after strenuous muscular exertion, or that we don't get enough sleep when the day is over.

The majority of girls simply don't exercise all the muscles of the body sufficiently. In fact, I could go further and say that there are some muscles that get practically no exercise at all. It's for those girls that I'm writing. For the others, whose outdoor play or household tasks give them enough muscular activity, I would say, "Learn how to relax and get enough rest after the tiring day."

Most of us don't know what the right kind of exercise for health means. And some very foolish people don't care. Those who care but don't know often think of exercise as military movements, quick, jerky, taken to the commands of a hard-voiced instructor.

That may be suitable for classes of children, but it's not the finest kind of exercise instruction for adults in this high-pressure age. We need to get away from tenseness, from tight, nervous awkwardness; we need to tease that slump from our shoulders with the most delicately persuasive grace we can find.

No two women need the same kind of exercise. Soldiers may profit by mass exercise and

military drill, but that isn't what the modern girl needs, if I know anything about her weaknesses and muscular lacks.

What she needs most of all is to strengthen the muscles that are weakened by disuse. These are usually back muscles, thigh muscles, abdominal muscles and chest muscles. Her whole nervous system is so attuned that the jerky, sharp movements of the military exercises may nullify any good which they can do. They don't really help us to be more graceful. Their main advantage lies in the deep breathing and limbering up which they provide.

**C**URIOSLY enough, all modern systems of exercises have developed along similar lines. Physical culture experts and doctors who have experimented in this field discovered that what women needed most was, first, the rhythmical stretching; second, the limbering for strength.

The old type of *right-left!* *One-two!* exercises began at the wrong end, by using the muscles hard—any muscles—and taking it for granted that this would revive the litherness of the body. Of course calisthenic exercises do some good things: send the blood racing all over the body, bring up the color and quicken the tempo of the whole system. The trouble is in the after affect. Naturally we aren't going through life on the *right-left!* *one-two!* basis. So we usually slump back immediately like a pulled string.

But from the old system has grown what seems to me to be a much finer and saner and infinitely more satisfying system of exercises for every girl who needs exercises, whether she be slim or fat, lethargic or quick, short or tall. My favorite exercise instructor said, "If we could only get the 'cat' feeling, we'd be on the right road to smooth, beautiful aliveness—and we'd have the atmosphere of beauty, which is built on gracefulness."

Surely you know the "cat" feeling. Next time you go to the zoo take a good look at the tigers. They've been penned up sometimes as long as ten years in a cage which is too



To your double chin,  
turn a cold shoulder.  
That'll get rid of it

small for running about—yet have you ever seen a slumping, awkward tiger? I really believe that tigers, and some other animals, are downright beauty-conscious. In their strong, smooth,\* free movements they are just a bit too self-confident to be languid.

ONE of the foremost students of exercise in the world told me that exercise should develop composure, and posture would take care of itself. You know as well as I do that stooping shoulders, choppy, jerky steps, heads held too far forward, describe a lazy, perhaps a frumpy, person. Would you go out of your way to know such a person? No, no more than you would some one who strikes an attitude in the other extreme.

Arrogance, swagger and boldness are just as objectionable. And, as the student of exercise mentioned above said, "I have had to develop exercises for all types of women—the aggressive and the timid. What most of us need, however, may be described as something to take out the kinks."

Taking out the kinks. Ironing out the tension or gawkiness which makes some girls too much like ramrods. Building up the down-pulling muscles—and spirits—of those whose abdomens and shoulders hang down, whose heads droop, those who don't pick up their feet when they walk.

Artists believe that the loveliest line in the world is that elusive outline which describes a woman's body. The humorous cartoonists make a great deal of the lines that aren't right. Any caricature, you know, just accentuates a bit of imperfection of a face or figure to show how utterly ridiculous bad lines can be.

If you have an extreme figure problem—too fat or too thin—a doctor or specialist should prescribe your exercise. But if you have a normal body which has fallen into bad habits—too tight or too careless, as it were, the following exercises as prescribed by an authority will work wonders. In a sense they are all relaxing; they are aimed to give one that easy, lax feeling in nerves and muscles which makes for perfect composure.

The first should be taken after a long hard period of tiresome sitting still: typing, reading, sewing. It is called the pinwheel exercise, and gives the movements for taking strain away. It is wonderful for taking out those tiresome kinks!



Try going as limp as a rag doll. It's exhilarating



Good form is often a matter of five minutes' pleasant exercise

Stand erect. By the way, you know how to stand erect, don't you? When you are really straight, a pole held at the ball of the foot will be on a line with your ear, will pass about one inch in front of your shoulder, and one-third of the way back from the front of your waist, and the front of your knee.

Well, stand erect, feet firmly planted on the floor. Now begin turning the torso, without moving the feet, halfway around, alternating left and right. Let the arms swing gently in rhythm with the body, and as you turn your upper body to and fro let your arms rise gradually level with the shoulders. Continue turning, allowing the arms to fall back to the sides. You will feel the tension leaving your body, if you do this slowly and rhythmically. Any good waltz on the radio or phonograph will keep you in time.

AFTER a hard day when you feel all tightened up and haven't time for a tiny nap, and you have to keep going, here is a simple and interesting relaxing exercise: Stand erect, chin in, arms at sides, and pretend you are a marionette. Drop the head loosely on the chest, keeping the rest of the body erect. Then loosen the shoulders, dropping them forward without bending. Then the trunk—bending from the waist. Finally, bend from the thighs as far forward as possible, loosening the whole spinal column, arms hanging straight and lax. You should feel the "pull" all down the muscles of the legs, which are straight throughout. When this exercise is done correctly the effect is that of an erect puppet slowly bending over because the supporting strings on head, shoulders and trunk are successively dropped. Learn to do this till you feel yourself imitating the flopping motions of a rag doll. Practising the whole exercise slowly two or three times should be enough to induce excellent relaxation.

THERE are many excellent exercises for girls, and I don't have to tell you how fine good old-fashioned stretching—in private—is, or plain deep breathing, for fatigue. I just want to suggest the little muscular dodges that help to restore calm in the middle of hurried routines of work and play. For instance, a simple way of taking the strain out of the neck muscles is to drop the head forward and back and at the same time turning the head from left to right, until your chin has touched your left and right shoulder several times. Don't jerk. Rather, sway the head slightly. Keep the rhythm slow, into a sort of [Continued on page 120]



Inexpensive and energizing—just a good old-fashioned stretch

## BARGAINS IN BEAUTY

TO HER beauty service—her answers to personal queries on care of the skin, the hair, the eyes, the right colors to wear, how to dress your hair and similar problems, Miss Mary Lee this month adds a booklet on dieting and reducing. If you would like to possess this booklet, or the answer to any other beauty queries, address Miss Lee, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York.

SMART  
LET'S  
SERVICE  
ECTION



Kanara

The outfit of the month for the clever shopper. A tailored suit in brown tweed with lynx-trimmed three-quarter-length jacket, separate eggshell crepe blouse, yoke-topped skirt. Ensembled with a brown satin toque, brown lizard pumps and bag

Entire Ensemble Courtesy of Stewart & Co.

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Let This Department Guide You to  
Style Warnings: The Lady Has Re-

# Fall Fashions

THERE'S a gleam of victory in the eye of the Back Bay dowagers. Probably you don't know these old-school ladies, but before we commence our shopping tour this month I am going to introduce you to them. Presently you will understand why.

In the history of modern fashion the Back Bay dowagers are known as the ladies who kept the faith regardless of the style turmoil which surrounded them and which attacked every one of the principles that was sacred before the war. There are plenty of dowagers in this young, old world of ours and most of them—in fact, nearly all of them—are willing to meet youth on its own battle-ground.

Let the younger generation wear short skirts and the older matrons are quite likely to wear them a little shorter. Let the debutantes fare forth in a willowy silhouette which enhances all the charm of their youthfulness, and you can depend upon it that the often too portly mesdames, who were in their heyday when croquet was the great social pastime, will immediately adapt the same mode, no matter how unbecoming.

But the Back Bay dowagers are made of sterner stuff. When the flappers opened wide their coats and turned down their galoshes, when they shortened their skirts to beyond the knees and made of themselves exact replicas of the species male, these doughty elegantes flatly declined to follow the lead. Their skirts stayed long and they continued to exude the gently fragrant spirit that was the essence of femininity in the younger days of Charles Dana Gibson and Harrison Fisher.

In their earlier years this stubbornness classified Boston's Back Bay Titans as reactionaries. Later they degenerated into



Gabor Eder

Fall footnotes. Atop, an afternoon model of brown suede trimmed with brown and gold; below, a three strap walking shoe of suede and snake-skin, a green suede opera pump with green and gold kid trim and a white crepe evening slipper

Courtesy of I. Miller



*Chic in Your Home-Town Shops. These Are Autumn's turned; Refinement Is in Every Line of the New Models and*

# Emphasize Coats And Suits

By

GEORGIA MASON

oddities, but still they kept the faith. To them graceful femininity was the quintessence of chic, and not all the Paris edicts of a decade could change that viewpoint.

It is no secret that the mode has sharply changed its course during the last few seasons. I have been pointing out to you since spring that girlishness, softness and some remnant of the old-time dignity were the desirable qualities in modern dress. But, although all of us have worked earnestly toward that goal, there is very frankly something lacking in our results. Somehow or other we fail to attain the spirit of the thing. We have all of the physical requirements—silhouette and dress details are clearly cultivating the eternal feminine. And yet we lack that lavender-and-old-lace effect which was femininity during the early nineteen hundreds. We cannot seem even vaguely to approach the soft, effulgent femininity of the radiant Gibson Girl.

Let me tell you why. There is no question but that the dressmakers and designers have done their parts. It is the usually infallible mesdames of the mode who have fallen short. And this is the reason—they lack the proper background. Never having known the *esprit féminin* as it existed in those halcyon days when ladies were ladies, you can scarcely blame them—and you and I belong to this company—if their technique and their instincts fail to guide them to genuine elegance. If you have never seen the divine Sarah Bernhardt, if you have never heard the golden tones of Enrico Caruso, it is not to be expected that you will be able to imagine what these two were like. There are some things which have to be experienced before they can be understood and the real feminine spirit in dress is evidently one of them.

SO I conceived the idea of taking one of these Back Bay dowagers along with me in an advisory capacity on my shopping tour this month. I wanted to get the touch of old-school elegance into my selections as much as possible, and I did not care to trust any judgment which was nurtured on modern styles. I am fortunate enough to know one of these splendid patricians—a woman whose mind is as young as her judgment is mature.

We had lots of debates before settling on our eventual choices. Very often we were in strict accord, but I must confess that occasionally we took diametrically opposite viewpoints. Of course, my friend was a little disappointed because there were no really *ancien regime* frocks for her to choose. She had to make her selections from



The smartest hats this fall have matching scarfs. Here, a soft knitted scarf in beige and brown combines with a turban tied like a gipsy's kerchief. The jacket, which is the new three-quarter length, may be purchased separately. Slick for gay, young things

Courtesy of Stern Bros.

Fore and aft of a chic chapeau. Of black felt this little cap has an off-the-face front, trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon and a shirred back. Flattering to the young

Courtesy of Bonwit Teller



Coker Eder





*Don Diego*

Evolved in a striped brown, beige and green mixture this wool jersey hat and scarf set provides a chic complement to the early autumn sports ensembles

*Courtesy of  
Henri Bendel*



Get reconciled to tweed, for the whole fashion world is favoring it. And why not? It tailors magnificently and wears indefinitely. Here a fringed brown tweed coat goes very autumnal in combination with a bright red wool crepe dress

*Courtesy of  
Franklin Simon*

*Gabor Eder*

costumes that were fundamentally modern, and her only duty was to pick out from those, the styles which best portrayed the spirit of feminine elegance as it existed when mother, and possibly grandma, were girls.

Hats were our first consideration. As you can very well imagine, my Boston consultant was extremely critical of our modern hats. It was her viewpoint that they were entirely too masculine. In fact she laid a great deal of our failure to reproduce the old spirit of elegance to the fact that the chapeau started the costume on the wrong track. We agreed that the principal lack of modern millinery was its complete devotion to the figure and lack of concern for the face.

In the olden days matters were different. Then, whenever milady fared forth to acquire a new bonnet she spent long and patient hours before a very small mirror to make certain that the line of her new hat would not collide with a perhaps retroussé nose. Her figure hardly entered into her selection—from the millinery viewpoint her face was her fortune. Of course the modern mode, with its vibrant, tense silhouette, absolutely demands a hat which will carry out the general line, and I certainly would not think of sacrificing that factor in the choice of any new autumn chapeaux. Yet on the other hand, I think you will agree that far too little attention is being paid to the features, and that has been one of the hindrances to our attainment of the old elegance which we are trying so hard to reclaim.



*Bradley*

The topcoat is always smart and particularly becoming to smaller women. This charming tweed, in many colors, has a deep shawl collar of krimmer fur cut in mannish revers. Excellent for town and country wear

*Courtesy of Best & Co.*

And so, in my hat selections for this month, I have deliberately emphasized those models which show the face at its feminine best. I feel that the off-the-forehead effect is the one which shows the feminine features at their finest advantage. It is a splendid idea to have this forehead line conform in a general way with the oval of the face, and the fact that the major portion of the face itself is not screened by some cloche effect also enhances the total effect of femininity.

**Y**OU will find every one of the new models which I have adopted this month particularly suitable for autumn wear. And you will find as well that this type of chapeau will give you a splendid start on the road to pre-war elegance.

Our next thought was for coats, and when I say coats these days I mean not only the separate coat but the ensemble coat as well. Our problem here was not too difficult. A year ago, what with sparse fur trimmings and an utter lack of decoration, it would not have been easy to pick out daytime models which reflected anything even remotely resembling the old spirit. But for autumn our task is much simpler.

The shops have listened carefully to the shouts and murmurs which have been emanating from Paris and they have given us lavish fur collars which rival anything that might have been worn even in the heydays of Berry Wall and Ward McAllister. When you consider the new hats, which reveal so much of the face, and the rich, fur collars which provide such a splendid setting for it, you will begin to [Continued on page 100]



Even dresses are coats this fall but sometimes, as here, the coat effect is merely a cape which, when detached, reveals one of those very useful, flattering simple tailored frocks. A wise investment for the thrifty girl

*Courtesy of Lord and Taylor*



*Brooklyn*

Girls with short necks and narrow shoulders will find their most becoming model in a coat with a deep collar bordered with blue fox and a skirt designed to flare slightly below the hips

*Courtesy of Best & Co.*



*Cohen Elder*

Patou's contribution to the autumn headwear is this saucy hat of felt with the new shallow crown and an upturned brim. A narrow strip of felt held with a tiny nickel buckle serves as trimming

*Courtesy of Stern Bros.*

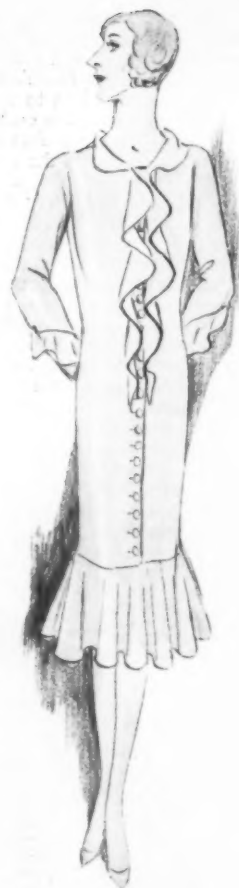
## Thrift Tips from an American Girl in France to American Girls at Home



Buy second. A broad brimmed hat for that formal feeling. Example, this delightful beige felt banded in almond green velvet ribbon



Third item. The dominant dress coat. Chosen as one chooses friends, to add variety and for the ability to go with everything. This model uses blue kasha and very soft gray fox



Fourth investment. A princess dress of green crepe de chine with jabots on sleeves and bodice and a frill about the hem. A gown as satisfying as is a very crowded date book



First buy. The all-important suit. Preferably as distinctive as this honey-beige homespun with three-quarter length coat, sleeve capes and tiered skirt

*S* MART  
ET'S  
SERVICE  
ECTION

## Practical Ideas

**P**ARIS, the hub of the universe; Paris, the home of fashion; Paris, the city of light; Paris, the city of enchantment; Paris, the creator of perfume and make-up, or just gay Paris.

These and a dozen other sides of this most versatile and engaging and glamorous city are presented to us, but somehow no one ever suggests or hints, let alone actually talks out loud about practical Paris.

And while I, as your personal Paris representative, proudly admit that each of the titles describes Paris and the Parisienne in one mood or another, I insist that the last is more true than any and all the others and is responsible for most of the other charming qualities which this city possesses and all of which make it alluring to women.

Paris is a jewel, if you like, cut in many facets, and presenting the one that appeals to each individual in turn, but the center of all of these charms, like the center of a fine diamond, is the fine center of practicality. And as every true daughter of Paris reflects her charm, her chic, her beguiling individuality, she is also a true representative of this other and, to me, chiefest virtue, practicality. Nowhere is it more in evidence than in planning her clothes, and in talking about your winter wardrobe this month, I want to bring to you something of the true Parisienne's attitude.

That is why I went to see the best dressed Frenchwoman I know, and asked if I might go with her when she selected her winter clothes. She agreed, and then added her permission that I tell you about what we bought and why she selected it.

The morning of our rendezvous I expected to find her with





**Fifth expenditure.** A subtle, practical dress of beige wool jersey with a square, frill-finished neckline and a softly flared skirt. Good from dawn until the dark



**Sixth buy.** A dress in which to go places and do things. Of the ever-elegant black satin, it has only a strass buckle to relieve its sophisticated severity

## *A French Shopping Plan plus Eight Purchases Equal a Perfect Wardrobe*



**Seventh item.** The necessary other hat. Brimless and brief. Of beige jersey embroidered with waves of darker beige. Be sure it fits flawlessly

## From PARIS

By  
**DORA  
LOUES  
MILLER**

Sketches by  
**FANNY FERN  
FITZWATER**



**Eighth and last.** The evening coat, a thing of beauty and a joy for winter. Of red biege velvet and red fox fur. Providing color and a shopping tour's happy ending

her hat and gloves on, waiting to go out. But I was wrong. She said, "You told me you wanted to see me 'in action,' planning my winter wardrobe. All right, here is where we start, right in my salon.

"I have spared you the two days' time I have spent looking over the clothes that I already have, the things I bought for this summer, the new suit I added late in the season for early fall wear, and the clothes that I wore last winter. I have looked them over separately, and then together to find what I own that will be useful for next winter.

"Then I made a list of what I like to think of as the skeleton of my winter wardrobe. The things that I must buy. For you know that to be well dressed is not only every woman's greatest pleasure and satisfaction, but to me it is also my business. And I must count the cost of these things carefully. That is why I must know what my purse must cover before I make a single purchase. Then each of my new things will have their fair share and none of them be the sort of thing that I really don't like but am simply forced to buy because I have no more money left."

**T**HE problem sounded so much like a statement of my own, and of every SMART SET girl that I was more than ever sure that we were going to have a truly illuminating experience.

My French friend continued, "This is my list. You will think it a very long one, I fear, but remember that I have bought few really important things [Continued on page 92]

# WHICH GIRL ARE

**T**HERE are a good many people in the world who seem to be losing sleep over the plight of the girl who is "too busy having fun to succeed." It's no use trying to soothe these heavy-hearted people because, as a matter of fact, they like to be worried. They like to think that gay young people are coming to a bad end. Let them go on and enjoy their worries. But I'm afraid that there may be some young people who take all this talk seriously. And perhaps these need a little reassurance.

I never yet, in my years of contact with business, have had any proof that having a gay time conflicted with getting along in the world. As far as I can see it doesn't make any difference one way or the other. It neither helps nor does it hurt. It's a matter that is definitely aside from making a living or making money or climbing up the business ladder.

There are some people in the world who are so constituted that they like to be gay and there are others who like to be serious. And if you'll think over your acquaintances, you'll be able to find just as many of one kind who manage to do pretty well as you will of the other kind.

When I was a young girl I was a serious sort of person, indeed, rather solemn. Partly because of circumstances and partly because of conscience, there wasn't much gaiety in my life. I used to console myself for the lack by the thought that this seriousness helped me to get along better in the business world, that it made my work better. And so on.

But later on when there was more fun in my life I found that I got on even better with my work. I don't suppose this was due to the increased gaiety any more than the earlier experience had been due to lack of it. As I came to know more about my business I naturally made more money at it.



Courtesy of Universal



**H**ELEN WOODWARD—whose monthly talks to the readers of *SMART SET*, are not only helpful but stimulating—writes from first hand experience. Her path led upward through the business world; she rose, from the tiniest sort of job, to the position of highest paid woman advertising writer. And then came her book, "Through Many Windows"—bringing with it both fame and fortune.

That's all. So all that proves nothing at all, one way or the other.

People have made huge fortunes and have reached high places in the arts or professions who, in the eyes of serious people, take things too lightly.

I know a woman who has a pretty big job and a difficult one. Apparently she spends most of her time away from her office at some party or other. She lunches with amusing people and she dines with them and she goes to late parties; her hour for arriving home is between two and four in the morning. And the next day she is at her office at ten o'clock full of energy and blooming with health.

How long that health will last under such demands is her business. But that's not the point in this story. She would tell you, if you asked her, that this going to parties is necessary to her job and accounts for her doing so well at it.

It really has nothing to do with her job. It doesn't help her any more than my old solemnity helped me. She just naturally likes to be gay and have people about her. But we are so foolish about having fun in this country that she thinks she has to make some excuse for herself before she can be amused with a clear conscience.

**W**E CANNOT seem to learn that the whole idea of amusement should be kept in one compartment and work in another. If you're naturally a gay person, if you like to dance, if you like to wear gay clothes and use make-up on your face, that's one part of you. It has nothing to do with your work.

If you prefer, however, to read or to sit quietly by yourself, that's all right too. It has nothing to do with your work either. If we could just

Many a girl tells herself that seriousness is a business asset. This may be the truth, and it may be only an alibi. As a matter of fact, it doesn't much matter whether you have a good time—or spend the evening at home with a copy book. If you know your job you're almost certain to get ahead regardless!

# You ?

**HELEN WOODWARD Says**

*That the Life of the Party and the  
Studious Girl Have Equal Chances  
of Making a Success in Business*

have the courage to follow our temperament, to do what we like to do and let the business part of our lives take care of itself, it would be so much better.

To be so tired in the morning that you can't do your work seems foolish. But contrary to general belief, there are people in the world who are not ambitious, who don't want to make a successful career, whose main object in life is to be amused from day to day and who cannot find any amusement in business. If you are one of those people, if you'd rather be tired and not do your work well, if you don't want to get on particularly well, have the courage to live that kind of a life. But if you do have that attitude, don't pretend that the thing that keeps you from getting ahead is the little amusement you get in your life both in and out of the office. That won't be the truth.

The truth will be that you really don't want the responsibility and trouble of a worth while job. Not everybody is fitted for an ambitious career and the people in the world who are amiable and amusing and nothing else, are often a wonderful delight to others.

**F**OR some years a national correspondence school has been running an advertisement which shows two people—one earnestly reading and the other amusing himself at a party. The caption is: "Which of These Two Will Succeed?"

This piece of copy has been the source of a good deal of amusement to advertising men because it is assumed by the advertiser that you will choose the earnest reader as the success, whereas most men in offices will tell you that it's the good mixer who will succeed. Both the advertisement and the advertising men are wrong. One answer is just as erroneous as the other. As a matter of fact, one of these men in the picture is just as likely to get on as the other. The qualities needed for making money or making a career have no connection with either reading books or going to parties. Obviously, if your job is that of selling goods where nothing is involved except making friends, being a good mixer will help you in the job. And obviously if your work requires material out of books, you will be helped along by spending many hours with books. But except for such special instances, books won't help you make money, and neither will parties. And books won't keep you from making money, nor will parties.

**Y**EARS ago I knew well a man who used to arrive at his office about an hour late every morning. He usually walked in about half-past ten with a joyous air of well-being. This buoyant manner was unbearably irritating to the careful and rather dyspeptic head of the office—a man who seldom smiled and then only for good business reasons. Both men read a good deal. The man who came late preferred philosophy and books that were beautifully written. The office chief liked more popular magazines and fiction.

As you might imagine, the man who was so full of high spirits spent a good deal of his time having a good time. The grave office chief, on the other hand, had very little amusement outside his work. There's the picture. And now let's draw the moral. Which of these two [Continued on page 108]

MART  
ET'S  
ERVICE  
ECTION



Courtesy of Fox Films

Sometimes a party—with lots of music and gaiety and laughter—irons out the mental kinks and makes for office efficiency. We all need a certain amount of escape from the work-a-day world, and those of us who are wise seek that escape sanely and openly. Rouge doesn't come off on typewriter paper—and a glad heart makes the hardest work seem easier

# Your Own Room



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Yellow organdy curtains against cream and green wall paper give the effect of sunshine where it's not! The linoleum floor creates neatness, and a chair by the butterfly table adds comfort

Margery Sill Wickware,  
Decorator

**W**HEN ladies wore trailing skirts and puffy sleeves, they read novels about little country girls going to the big wicked city in search of fame and fortune. After the innocent little heroine reached the metropolis she walked wearily up one street and down another hunting for respectable lodgings. And according to tradition she always found a hall bedroom.

Evidently nothing smaller or meaner could be thought of. But that was in the by-gone days, and now these self-same hall bedrooms are often as smart, as colorful, as charming and livable as the most palatial bedroom on Park Avenue.

You know what the once-despised room is, don't you? The space on the second floor or third floor, or as high as you can go, that is directly over the front



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

Walls of pale orchid and woodwork of jade green. Semi-glazed percale over-draperies of blue-green, with a design of calla lilies in white with pink and orchid. The green desk adds a final lovely touch to this unusual room

E. Helen Dunbar, Decorator

**H**AVE you a dollar to spend on your home—or a hundred dollars? Do you want to know how to make the money go farthest? Do you want to redecorate or to buy your first furnishings? Do you want advice? If so, write to Ethel Lewis, in care of SMART SET Magazine. She'll give it to you.

*Can Make Up in Charm What  
It Lacks in Spaciousness*

BY  
ETHEL LEWIS

entrance hall. Such a hall usually is narrow with a wide living room at the side facing the street. After you ascend the stairs you find another large room at the front of the house and snuggled in next to it that narrow and sometimes long room dubbed the hall bedroom. Nowadays that name seems to be applied to any and all small bedrooms, that is if they are smaller than their neighbors and obviously designed for but one occupant.

This small room is really one of the best in the house to seize for your own, for it's such a cozy intimate sort of room, one that by no trick of Fate could belong to any one but you. So if you have one don't blame your hard luck, but thank your lucky stars, and set about decorating it to make it so definitely your own room that it will always be a haven of refuge.

**T**HERE is one tiny room I know that is the untouched, unentered private room of the very busy mother of five children. She has a lovely big bedroom which she shares with her husband, the children, the dogs, the maid, the seamstress—in fact, it is mother's office. But the tiny hall bedroom is her own and a dainty and delightful place it is, despite its size, about five feet by eight feet. There she has used only the colors she likes best—pale blue and peach. There is a tiny desk, a lovely chaise longue with many soft frilly little cushions, and a table close by that is well-laden with books. Of course there is a good lamp to read by, to sew by; even to rest under its mellow light is a pleasure. There is one other comfortable chair, for despite its being her own room she often wants some one person there with her for a quiet talk. I've never known a room that so thoroughly reflected the character of the owner, or was so helpful to a busy life.

But when the hall bedroom belongs to you or to me it has to serve many purposes. First there must be the bed, and in any small room that is a problem. Let it be a bed that is really wide enough and long enough to be comfortable for you and yet does not look large. Remember that there's nothing can so destroy your happiness as a poor bed.

It can be just a couch-bed without head-board or foot-board, with a tightly tailored cover, or it can [Continued on page 115]



Dos and Don'ts for Train Travelers

# ALL ABOARD!

By  
HELEN  
HATHAWAY

SMART  
LET'S  
SERVICE  
SECTION



**H**ALF the fun of going any place is the fun of getting there, however the journey may be made: by motor, by rail, by water, or air. What traveler is so blasé that she would choose to cross the continent by swallowing a transportation pill in New York at night to awaken in San Francisco the next morning?

What opportunities for adventure she might miss; what possibilities for romance in new scenes and among new people! To escape from the monotony of the every day grind into ways that are unexplored and feel the joy of the open road, who can fail to get a thrill from this?

When any woman tells you she hates to travel, you may be sure it is because she has not learned the art of doing it well. She does not know how to make herself comfortable during the journey, how to make the least of annoyances and how to enjoy the courtesy of the road, the most important of all.

Unfortunately the traveling public is discourteous. Too many people wave *au revoir* to their manners as they wave *au revoir* to the family and pick them up only when they greet their friends at the end of the journey. But the truly well-bred person takes her manners with her. They are quite as important as her purse.

**T**HE acid test of good breeding lies in behavior shown "off guard," under discomforts and among people in whose welfare we have no personal interest. And because courtesy is as rare as it is delightful, a little scattered along the way where we least expect to find it can contribute more to the journey than a gleaming trail of silver pieces.

Thus, the first rule for the good traveler becomes consideration for fellow passengers. Remember that when you buy a ticket you merely rent space from the railroad company. You are not sole possessor of the entire train but one of many tenants with whom you share the aisles, the vestibule, the dressing room,

the observation car—perhaps the very seat you occupy. Instinctively you dislike the officious person who takes possession of the entire seat, puts her baggage "all over the place" and glares at you rudely when you timidly ask:

"Pardon me. Is this seat taken?"

The begrudging manner in which she clears the minimum space for you and your belongings makes you feel like an intruder.

It is this disagreeable type of person who shoves her way into the train, elbowing her fellow passengers right and left, bent on getting a seat at all costs. Manners never enter her mind. She grabs the best place, raises or lowers the window, pulls the shade up or down without so much as "by your leave." It isn't the open or closed window you mind. The thing you resent is her flagrant discourtesy in disregarding your wishes in the matter. After all, you have paid for half this seat. You should have equal voice in these matters.

**O**N A Pullman car the person who buys the lower berth of the section is entitled to the forward facing seat before the berths are made up. The occupant of the upper berth, having paid a lesser sum, takes the opposite and supposedly less desirable seat. That is, she rides backward. But a discussion of which seat belongs to whom is never entered into by the well-bred traveler.

If the occupant of the lower berth is a man and he is courteous enough to offer the preferable seat to the lady, she need not hesitate to accept it with a gracious "thank you" and a smile.

The Pullman porter makes up the berths any time after dinner. If one of the occupants of the section wishes it made up early, it is courteous to consult the other occupant before giving the order to the porter. While the berth is being made up, a man usually goes to the smoking room or club car. A woman sits in any near-by seat or takes her toilet case to the [Continued on page 109]

**Take your place in line at the ticket window. Don't expect the man in front of you to step aside just because you are a woman. The rule is, "First come, first served."**

**Don't open or close the window without consulting the preference of the person who is sharing your seat.**

**Don't put your suitcase in the aisle. The trainman will ask you to remove it.**

**Don't monopolize the entire seat when a car is filling up.**

**Don't turn over a seat and put your belongings on it. It is a mark of greediness.**

**Don't monopolize the observation platform the entire length of the journey.**

**Don't be a restless traveler forever pacing the aisle.**

**When trying to talk above the noise of the train, keep your voice low pitched. A loud voice calls forth a most condemning attention.**

*When a Girl Meets  
Sudden Disillusionment  
How Can She Feel  
That Even the Man of  
Her Choice Is Really*

# *The Loyal*



*Illustrations by*  
JOHN ALONZO  
WILLIAMS

Ranulf's back had very nearly disappeared into the room Mildred indicated, but at the sound of Janet's footsteps he turned about. He gave her a cool, purposely long stare before he shut the door, and Mildred laughed to herself. Janet's training had begun

# Lover

By  
MARGARET WIDDEMER



WHEN Mildred Putnam started to America her heart was filled with misgivings. For the trip was being taken in fulfillment of a promise made to her Uncle Martin, just before his death at the old manor house in Devon. The promise concerned the distribution of his fortune, half of which was to go to Mildred. The other half was to be divided between her cousins, Janet and Mac Holliday, if Mildred found these Americans worthy of it. If they were not, the money was to go to Ranulf Wycombe, a young English nobleman, who was in love with Mildred.

Louise Bartine, another relative, was to receive a bequest if she were deserving, but Uncle Martin had doubts of her worthiness. On the ship to America, Mildred met a Lola Redding and her daughter, Billy. This Lola, she later discovered to be one and the same as Louise Bartine. Mildred's thoughts of Lola were distracted when she met Hugh Bannard, a friend of the Hollidays. When Hugh was taken ill, suddenly, the Hollidays insisted that he should stay with them. It was not strange

that Mildred grew interested in this young man, but she did not realize that the interest was turning into love until it was brought home to her that Lola apparently had a prior claim upon him.

This tangle was not the only one at the Holliday camp. Janet, who was an objectionable, ultra modern young woman, was having a love affair with an equally unpleasant young man. And Mac, the fine son of the family, was hopelessly in love with Billy, Lola's daughter. In fact the course of true love, at the Holliday camp, was far from smooth.

NO MATTER what happened, no matter what you had said to a man or he to you; no matter how much lay between you, if you were living in the same house you had to face each other—lightly, pleasantly, as if nothing mattered—sooner or later.

Mildred made herself go down to breakfast. She smiled more brilliantly than usual at the group at the table. Hugh was there, of course. And he looked up and spoke to her as if nothing much had happened, and she hated him for a moment, till she saw how pallid he was under the tan.

There was, happily, little need for conversation. Uncle Robert was intent on his arrangement for a short fishing trip farther in the woods, to another lake, which he, with Dr. King of the neighboring camp, and Mac and Hugh, planned. Mac, dear plucky Mac, was laughing and talking more than usual. He was for making it a longer trip than his father thought necessary or advisable.

It was Janet, drifting in late and sleepy-eyed, who called attention to the fact that Hugh and Mildred were both silent.

"You aren't saying a word, either of you!" she said. "I hate people who gloom at breakfast. Except artists, of course. They have to. Mildred, aren't you ever going to get that wonderful friend of yours over here? You must. I want him."

"I wrote last night, asking him to come," Mildred said. She was conscious as she spoke of Hugh's eyes burning on hers. She could feel them turned away, as if they were determined to focus on other things.

"How's he getting away from Mr. Garstin? Won't he lose his job?" inquired Uncle Robert. "Mustn't let his devotion to you—or is it American lecturing—smash his future!"

"Mr. Garstin is an old friend of the Wycombes," Mildred said. "He would take on a temporary secretary and find another place for him when Ran came back."

"It doesn't sound like much for a young man to be just a secretary," said Aunt Ethel, looking concerned.

"It's different in England, Mother," said Uncle Robert, with that affectionate indulgence his voice always held for his womenfolk. "There, being a secretary, is a step to a political career. It isn't stenography and typewriting and 'chewing-gum, as it is in America."

"Oh, I see," Aunt Ethel said. Instantly satisfied, as she always was, by her husband, she turned her attention to her guests. "Oh, Mildred dear, I'm afraid this coffee is cold. Ring for more."

"It's just right, Aunt Ethel!" Mildred said, but the under current of her thoughts ran, "Lola really loves him, I suppose. And she hasn't even told Billy. It's like a maze. I wish I'd never come here."

There was no need to guard herself from Janet's eyes. They were rolled up too high over the rapturous excitement of Ranulf's coming. The real Janet, the fluffy fourteen-year-old who had stayed fourteen till she was twenty, emerged with a shriek.

"Oh, goody, goody! We'll have him first! We'll give dinners for him! I'll have it all over Molly, with her old columnist that she knows. I'll—"

She caught Wally's scornful eyes, turned scarlet, clutched

for her poise, and subsided with an apologetic, "Molly hasn't an idea of real art, you know. Wally . . ."

"You haven't any too much," said Wally with that brutal frankness which kept Janet in her place.

Their banter continuing until breakfast was over left Mildred free to think her own thoughts.

"What have you been doing to poor old Hugh?" Mac demanded of her in a whisper on his way out. "He has a horrible case on you, and he's one of the best. You're treating him like a hound-pup if I ever saw it done."

"I'm not. He's interested in some one else. He says so himself. He can take good care of himself," Mildred flung back at him. "He doesn't need me to worry about him at all."

"Oh, all right. Sorry. I—oh, Lord!" he burst out, "I do want somebody to be happy!"

"I'm perfectly happy. And when Ranulf comes I'll be happier still. And, Mac dear, I know things will straighten out for you and Billy."

"Not unless I can lie myself black in the face, which I won't," said Mac, bitterly, diving for his rod in a tangle of nets and rifles and golf sticks which inhabited a dark closet.

"I think I'll come," said Hugh, following the others out of the dining room.

"Indeed you won't, young man," said Uncle Robert behind him. "I won't have sudden death on my hands. Get one of the girls to take you on the lake, or go fishing near-by. We have a climb ahead of us. That's it—trout." He brightened at this clever thought. "Go over to Wind Lake and bring us a string of trout. See what those Silver Doctors you think so much of can do for you. Mildred can paddle you."

They seemed in a conspiracy to force him on her!

"You've forgotten you have an engagement down the lake. Hugh," she said coldly and slipped away before any one could ask with whom.

RANULF'S cable came. It would be followed as soon as possible by Ranulf himself. The intervening weeks passed for Mildred in an alternation of keeping away from Hugh and—when she could not do that—tormenting him in a perfectly legitimate way. He was engaged to Lola. The assumption was that he loved Lola, and she held him to it. Indeed, everything held him to it. Some of the time Mildred believed that it was really his sense of honor that held him to his word. And some of the time, she told herself that if he really wanted her more than Lola he would break with Lola under any circumstances. And again she would have spells of being bitterly certain that he did not care for her; he never did; he was merely one of those men who try to make every girl believe their love, and go as far as they can without committing themselves. He hadn't committed himself in words. He had only made it plain that he would have asked Mildred to marry him if Lola were not holding him fast. Or perhaps her vanity made her think that, even though it weren't so.

"And I'm bound here! It's intolerable!" she thought.

The second day after they had met Lola, Mildred deliberately asked Hugh to go off alone with her.

"Do you know that you should ask Mrs. Redding to let you make your engagement to her, public?" she told him, point-blank. "It isn't fair to my uncle under the circumstances that you don't."

"Don't you suppose I know that?" he said. "I wish Lola hadn't come up here. It's hard on Mac, and hard on Billy in a way Lola can't understand."

"Why can't she?" inquired Mildred.

Hugh frowned a little, as if he were puzzled at that.

"I suppose it's because she's so feminine. She says that when she loves any one as she loves Billy, she thinks of nothing else but their welfare—that theoretic considerations of right

or wrong mean absolutely nothing to her. She is like a tigress."

"Oh, yes, that tigress in defense of her young. I've read about her."

Mildred could not help letting a little note of scorn seep into the voice she was trying to hold detached.

Hugh did not answer her angrily. He only looked at her helplessly, with a tacit plea for mercy which, though she could not quite understand, she granted.

WHATEVER Hugh's arguments with Lola were, they were effectual. At any rate, he had it out with the elder Hollidays, before Mac and Mildred—Wally and Janet being, as usual, absent somewhere.

Hugh said that in view of their disapproval of Lola he felt that they should know of his engagement to her. That he had wished to tell them before but had only just won Lola over to his way of thinking. And that, also under the circumstances, he didn't think it was fair of him to remain their guest.

The elders took this with obvious distress. They didn't like his being engaged though their politeness concealed it, but they liked his leaving still less. Neither of them thought him as well as he thought himself.

"He hasn't any people, you know, dear," Aunt Ethel explained after Hugh had gone, "and no man is really fit to look after himself. If he would go down where it's low, it would be all right. But the alternative, I suppose, is that little shack of Jim's, or staying with Mrs. Redding."

Now, under the circumstances he would have to stay with the Hollidays and Mildred would have to be pleasant to him.

But after all Ranulf was coming soon, thank heaven!

Ranulf sauntered into camp one afternoon as if he had just strolled up the lane from the New Manor with a message from his mother to Uncle Martin. Mac must have gone for him in the Ford, though Mildred didn't think of that at the time, she was so glad to see him. She ran forward to greet him, and he kissed her.

That was nothing, of course. But the way he did it was a good deal. It was not the brother's kiss she had always known. It was possessive, deliberate, pleased. He held her in his arms a long moment before he let her go and looked at her, but his words were, as always with Ranulf, unemotional.

"Well, Milly, it's good to see you. Looking well. Like it here?"

"All the better for seeing the young squire's bonny face, bless it!" she answered, lightly, in a phrase of Mrs. Hawkins' which she knew teased him always.

HE LAUGHED, putting his hands on her shoulders and pushing her off to look her over. She had forgotten how handsome he was.

"They haven't broken your spirit at least, Mildred."

"Broken my spirit! My dear Ranulf, if you mean my uncle and aunt, it would be easier for me to break theirs. They are the most docile elders I have ever seen."

"Well, it's nothing new. Bill Yeo's father used to let Bill beat him," he replied leisurely. "I say, Milly, where has the man put my luggage? And isn't your young cousin uncannily like Mr. Putnam, though?"

"I'm glad you think so too. I thought I imagined it because I wanted to. I wonder what you'll think of Janet. Your luggage? In the second room to the left."

"That's the girl, isn't it? Do I have to? I want to think about you, you know."

Mildred ignored that.

"I think she'll make you! She and her fiancé have talked of nothing else but the visiting baronet for two weeks."

"Snobs, eh?"

Mildred shook her head.

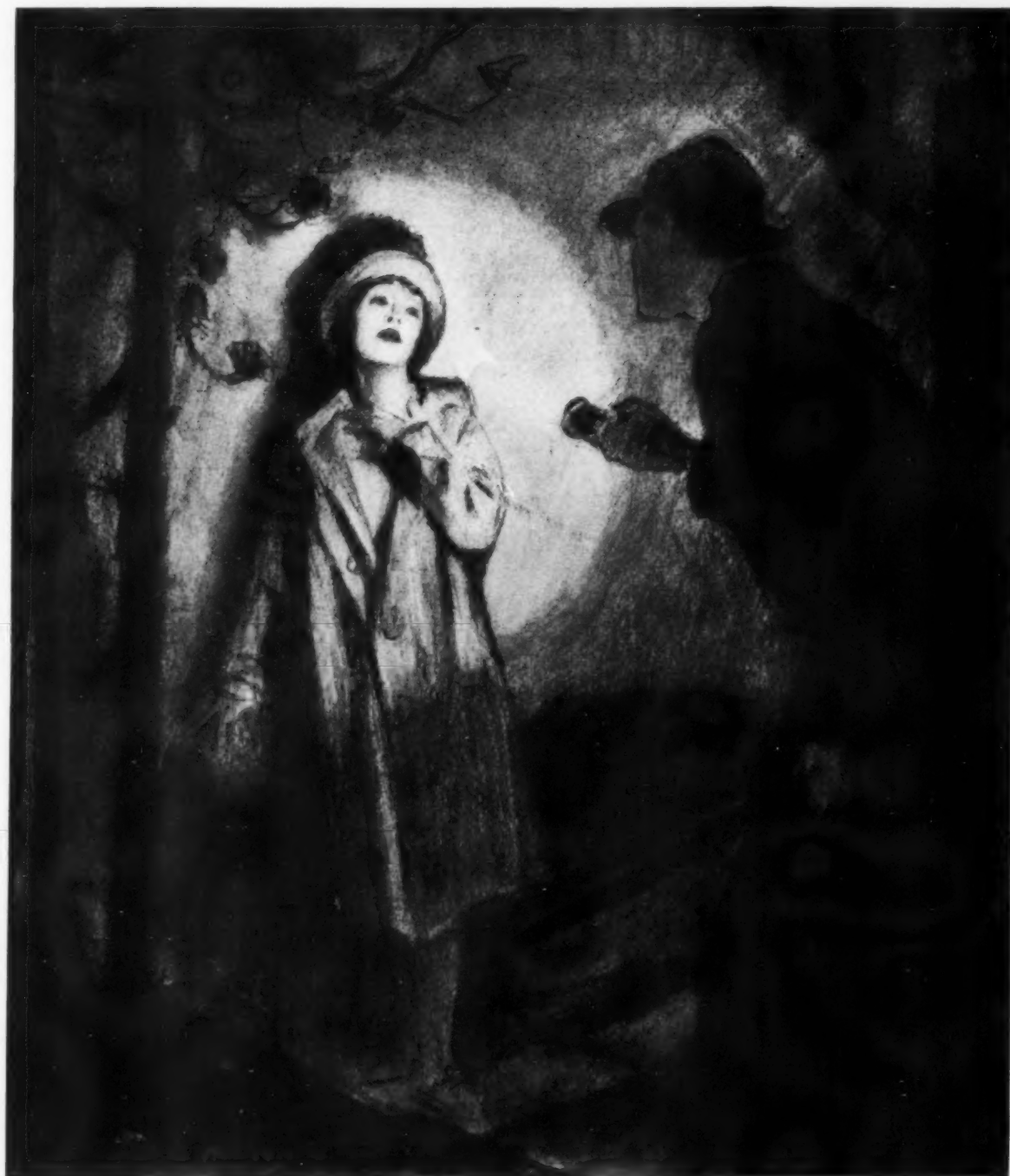
"No. Nothing quite as sophisticated as that. Though they strive pathetically for sophistication, and Janet tried at first to put me in my place."

"She did?" said Ranulf in the voice—that he used when he

## *They Sent Caryl Away from College*

**Because they found her lying unconscious in the road, all tangled up with a wrecked automobile and broken bottles. They sent her away in disgrace, but they couldn't make her stay away, for she had the courage to fight back. Read how she did it in "Second Dreaming", in the November issue of SMART SET Magazine.**





Mildred stood up, as Hugh turned his flashlight in the direction of her voice. As he came crashing toward her, through the underbrush, she heard him speak. "Mildred," he was saying, huskily, "Mildred! Thank God I've found you!"

felt people were taking liberties with his own possessions. She counted that way, then? Well, she had expected to when she let him come. Then he smiled. "Have to train her a bit. Train the fiancé too, what?"

"He'd love it! He is looking forward to the author of his precious first edition of 'Oxford Fields'."

Ranulf looked alarmed.

"Oh, I say, I tied up with a lecture bureau as I came through, but I thought I could call it a day till October. Play around

in the wilds and shoot grizzlies in peace, you know. Are the rest like that?"

"See for yourself. I love them."

"Who's the dark Johnny I saw cleaning a rifle on the back veranda as I came through?"

"A guest," Mildred said in a colorless voice. This was bound to come. "His name is Hugh Bannard. He is engaged to—oh, Ran, when you get settled I have such a lot to tell you—to the Louise Bartine Uncle [Continued on page 102]

# You Can Get Away With Anything

[Continued from page 23]

puppy. He expects life to go on being ideal without the faintest effort from him."

Gradually, as traffic cleared, Greville put his foot down a little harder, ran up to fifty, fifty-five, occasionally sixty on bits of straight going.

The thoughtful mood lifted from Ann; at any rate this was movement and life; the unsatisfactory compromise of being a daughter, however independent, in her father's house had gone forever. Her mouth curved into a faint smile at the idea of having an immortal soul to play with.

A strange light flickered into Greville's eyes, then flickered out. He dropped the speed to forty-five, stretched out his hand and took hers. Somehow those linked hands seemed to her symbolic.

"All that life has to offer and it's all mine to do as I like with," Ann told herself. Then, as the pressure on her hand grew she pressed his in return and drew hers away. They had come to a particularly beautiful spot along the road which ran along the edge of a cliff. Greville stopped the car and they had gotten out for a moment until Ann said, at last:

"Get on with it, Greville, there's an angel. You promised me the first cup of tea of my married life in Maidstone."

THEY fled along a wide and splendid road, attained Maidstone, edged into the narrow haven of the "Star's" yard, climbed the staircase of that ancient inn. Ann came back from doing her face to find tea waiting. They sat and laughed into each other's eyes.

"So unusual and yet so different," he said. "Heaven knows how many pubs you've had tea with me in, and yet we shall always remember this tea at the 'Star'."

Then the car again and the flying miles to Dover.

Greville picked his way soberly through that ancient tram-ridden gateway of England to where, isolated among quays and railway tracks, the Lord Warden Hotel looks seaward to the French coast.

IN HER room Ann dragged off her hat, threw it on the dressing table and smoothed the thick masses of her hair.

"I look rather as if I'd survived a perfect day," she heard her voice saying. She heard Greville's answer as it seemed from a long way off. "Shall I unlock your trunk for you?"

"Oh, will you? The keys—"

She opened her handbag and began groping among its contents. Then suddenly his arms were around her, her face tilted, his mouth against hers.

For a second she lay relaxed against his shoulder and the whole of life seemed blurred into one kiss. At last she put a hand under his chin and pushed him away.

She held out a steady hand containing two keys.

"Do unlock my trunk for me—it's the fatter key of the two—then run along. I won't be more than twenty minutes."

Alone, she made up her face with intense care, brushed out her shingle, paused a moment in thought, and put on the green masterpiece of Monsieur Audoux and the green brocade shoes that went with it.

Then she crossed the room and tapped on the communicating door.

Greville opened it, and stood worshipping. His arms went out and she retreated frantically.

"Please don't lay a finger on me, or you'll spoil twenty minutes' concentrated effort. Let's go down, shall we? I'm starving."

In the dining room a tactful head waiter, recognizing the prettiest girl and the most inspired frock in the hotel, led them to the most attractive table. Ann had survived victoriously the first moment of solitude; now perfectly gowned and very lovely, with the familiar setting of glittering lights, a dinner table, the background of other people, a respectful head waiter and an admiring companion, she felt all life and triumph flowing through her veins.

"Fun to be a pretty girl," she told herself. "You can get away with anything if you're a pretty girl. The world's a plaything and men are toys. I can do what I please with Greville."

Coincidentally she listened to a kind of



running rhapsody of praise from Greville.

"Ann, darling, I love you. You look perfectly adorable. That frock was simply created for you. People must think I'm a lucky devil. I'd love to kiss you, only of course I can't. Isn't it marvelous to be us, and in love? Shall I ask them to do something special for you—a rum omelette, or a pêche Melba?"

"I don't think so, thanks. Can I have mushrooms on toast instead?"

"Of course you can. Shall we have coffee here or in the lounge? Here? Splendid! Waiter, mushrooms on toast for two and we'll have coffee here."

Till the last moment she drew out the pleasant dalliance with coffee, liqueurs and cigarettes. The hour grew late; the table waiter began to fidget tactfully in the background.

Ann looked dreamily round the room, discovered they were the last couple left.

"Greville, do you know, I think I'll go up now. What with the fresh air and the champagne and the Cointreau I'm the least bit sleepy."

"Right ho, old thing."

He rose and arranged her ermine wrap gently about her shoulders. They went out past the bowing table waiter.

ANN awoke at seven-thirty, opened her eyes on a strange room, lived through a moment of uncertainty, and remembered. "This is a room in the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover. Yesterday I was married to Greville."

She propped herself on one elbow and looked across at the other twin bed. Greville still slept.

A little smile crept round Ann's mouth. She turned away, collected a comb, a powder puff and a mirror from her bedside table, arranged her shingle in its customary smooth waves and began to powder her face. All the time her mind was busy.

"This marriage will arrange itself very conveniently. I can do absolutely as I please with Greville. It will be a great improvement on living at home. Father I could always manage, but mother was a problem at times."

She put down the comb, powder puff and mirror, and called:

"Greville! Wake up, darling! The maid will be here with tea in a minute and you haven't unlocked the door."

He opened his eyes vaguely, and gazed across the room in a blank stare. Then he also remembered, sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Gosh!" he said. "Is that really you, Ann? You look far too beautiful to be respectably married."

He swung out of bed, thrust his feet into scarlet morocco slippers, went over to Ann and kissed her good morning. She suffered him for a moment and then put up a protecting hand.

"Your beard's positively like wire, my dear. That will do until you've had a shave. Unlock the door and go back to bed or you'll embarrass the maid with the tea."

"I don't think so," he answered. "Chambermaids are exceedingly hard boiled. They give evidence in divorce cases."

In due time the allegedly hard-boiled maid brought tea, placed it on the bedside table and swished back the curtains and left. Greville sat on Ann's bed to drink his tea. At last he looked at his wrist watch again, and shook his head.

"Time I got dressed, my angel. Have to drain the tank and get the car ready to be slung on board. Shall we say breakfast at nine?"

He wandered away to his dressing room and closed the door. There before him lay all the familiar things of his life, his dress clothes where he had hung them over a chair the night before, his hair brushes, razor, and pet toilet accessories. But with a faint sinking sensation he realized for one frightful moment that his freedom had disappeared. It had passed into the slim hands of the lovely girl in the next room.

"Oh, well," murmured Greville, "one will get one's nerve back. A man isn't tied to his wife's apron strings nowadays. Only somehow one never realizes how free one is till one isn't—well, quite so free as one used to be, perhaps."

ANN went down to breakfast with him. They were young and in vivid health and they ate porridge and eggs and bacon and quantities of toast and marmalade. Greville paid the first hotel bill of his married life.

When the cross-channel steamer edged away from the quay, Ann was standing beside Greville for'ard of the bridge. Far ahead the cliffs of France gleamed in the sunshine, just one hour's passage away. There was nothing fresh to her in the crossing; she had endured it a dozen times before. But this time she saw in it a land of promise, romance and adventure, the arena where her marriage would be made or marred.

SHE and Greville, breakfasting in her bedroom next morning, ate their crisp rolls and butter, drank fragrant coffee and grinned at one another disarmingly. Paris, who has known so many loves, seemed to be taking theirs with commendable calm.

"Pretty good, isn't it?" inquired Greville. "Good enough. The Tuileries Gardens and the Seine in front of us and the rue de la Paix just around the corner. I expect

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I'll pick up a frock or two and a few odds and ends."

"I thought a trousseau included twelve of everything. I must see about finding a temporary chauffeur for night work. Promise me one thing, Ann?"

"Depends what you want."

He picked up one of her hands and slapped it gently.

"Hedging already! Promise not to ring anybody up or make any dates just yet. I want you quite to myself for a day or two."

"You've had me to yourself for a day and a half."

"Almost enough, but not quite. What about hiring a couple of horses and riding in the Bois?"

She seemed eager to go and he took her face between his hands and kissed her, then went away to consult about horses. She sat a moment dreaming.

"Shall I give him his two days, or shall I forget, and ring up some of the people at the Embassy?"

At this point Greville returned.

"Horses at the entrance of the Avenue du Bois in an hour, and I've borrowed a chauffeur. Run and get dressed, angel. The car's coming in twenty minutes, or so."

**I**N TEN minutes two slim young people in exemplary riding kit emerged from the car, mounted respectively a bay and a chestnut, and moved off at a walk. All the smart world seemed to be cantering along that sun-dappled ride.

They quickened to a trot, broke into a canter; Ann began to thrill to the thud of hoofs, and the rush of air whipped the blood into her cheeks. Greville, glancing down at her, swelled with masculine possessiveness.

"Perfectly lovely," he told himself, "and all mine, every bit mine. Lucky dog, Greville, lucky dog!"

That afternoon Ann spent picking up a frock or two.

As some compensation for Greville's benevolence regarding the frocks and their prices, Ann gave him his desired few days in which he could keep her quite to himself. He took her motoring in the Forest of St. Germain, to the races at Maisons-Lafitte, to the Perroquet for supper and dancing.

At the end of the prescribed two days, when Greville's kisses had indeed become the least shade repetitive, she went joyfully to the telephone and rang up Sonia Colquhoun, married to one of the Secretaries at the British Embassy.

**S**ONIA at nine-thirty A. M. in her smart flat off the Place de l'Etoile, Sonia four years older than Ann, friend of a lifetime, five years married, very much a woman of the world, picked up her bedside telephone.

"Hello, Sonia! How's the world? This is Ann speaking from the Meurice—what used to be Ann Cosway and is now Ann Chard. We're on our honeymoon, darling, and I'm the least bit bored."

"My dear!" Sonia answered. "This is splendid. So you're tired of the good-looking Greville's enthusiasm. I sympathize. Men are always too keen or not keen enough. But what an unearthly hour. I'm still in my little bed. Late night and feeling peevish. Why not come over and talk to me? Make Greville bring you. He can wait in Alastair's study, or in the car. Does them good. Keeps them in their place."

"I'd love to. In twenty minutes then? Thanks awfully! 'Bye."

Sonia put down the telephone and shrugged resignedly.

"Thrilling, I don't think! There's always something exasperating about a bride."

She pressed the bell and in a moment her maid entered.

"Victorine, for heaven's sake clear up this room and make me presentable. I've got a friend coming to see me; she's at the Meurice,

just been here a few days on her honeymoon."

"Heavens!" observed Victorine. "A bride! Madame ought to be well amused. It will be good for the young lady to consult a little with Madame who is so ravishing. I will arrange everything instantly."

**N**EVERTHELESS when Ann arrived positively radiant she made her impression even on Victorine, who reflected, "She will go far, that one, when she has learned a little more." She caused Sonia to feel not only envious but positively annoyed, and therefore Sonia exclaimed:

"Ann, you're simply a tearing young beauty and I really daren't let you go near my husband." She then embraced the visitor and went on:

"Sit in that chair and tell me everything."

Ann sat down and giggled.

"Well, it's ancient history now. The honeymoon is nearly four days old and I've got Greville very well trained. He adores me and wants nothing better than to keep ourselves to ourselves, but I can't stand that any longer. I wish to be launched by your skillful hands on the rapids of Paris society."

"Nothing simpler, specially if all your clothes are like what you've got on. Why not dine with us here tonight, quite simply? You'd better not fling your young man headlong into a big dinner party just yet. I'll ask Sir Julius Bruce, who turned up yesterday, and Mrs. Gossard, who's perfectly sweet, verging on the forties, and a great pal of his. Alastair will go crazy about you."

"Jolly nice of you," Ann declared. "Of course we'll love it."

**B**ELOW in the car Greville waited smoking cigarette after cigarette. An hour passed before Ann came down and broke to him her news of the dinner party.

"But, Ann, you promised to go somewhere and dance with me—"

Ann for the first time in her married life put down her foot, a charming foot, very sweetly.

"Darling, we can't be hermits forever and ever. Besides, Sonia was my very best friend and wants to meet you most frightfully. It's only ourselves and Sir Julius Bruce and another woman."

**F**OR Ann it was a perfect party from beginning to end. She sat between Alastair and Sir Julius Bruce, the fatherly friend of her brilliant teens now evidently to be the discreet admirer of her married splendor.

"I must make him want to come to my home from the first she succeeded very well. merely as a friend of the family."

From the first she succeeded very well.

"Do please let me ask you and your husband to dine with me before I go home," Sir Julius insisted. "I have to be in London the day after tomorrow. I'm staying at the Ritz; could you spare me tomorrow night—just ourselves and Mary to make the fourth?" By a slight inclination of the head he indicated Mrs. Gossard.

Ann, who knew all about Mrs. Gossard, accepted very prettily. "And, oh, Sir Julius, I've been so discreet and respectable ever since I've been married. Couldn't we go somewhere afterwards—the Folies Bergère, or the Casino de Paris? Don't tell Greville, he might be shocked, but do arrange it."

Sir Julius smiled. "Certainly, Ann, you shall do exactly as you please. I'll get a box at the Folies Bergère."

Drifting back to their hotel in the green and beige coupé that contrasted so happily with her tawny hair, Ann found Greville unusually remote. The best defense being attack she said after a while:

"You seemed to be having a pretty good time with Sonia and Mrs. Gossard."



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Photo by E. A. Bachrach, Hollywood

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Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

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*Louise Brooks*

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"Excellent women, both of them," he answered. "They understand men so well. They realize the desirability of making a man feel wanted and appreciated. The young girls of today are a bit crude. They think shoving an automatic in your face and telling you to come across is the limit of finesse. I should think they'd make abominable grandmothers; far too much lipstick and far too little repose."

"Oh, really!"

"By the way, Ann, do you knit? I always think knitting's so good for a girl. Rhythmic and restful, gives her a chance to meditate, and reminds her that sooner or later in life we all come to woolly undies. You've got rather a crêpe-de-chine complex. "But here we are. Notice how Alphonse leaps to open the door for you. It isn't your wild beauty as you might suppose, but because I started him with a two hundred franc tip and promised him another at the end of his servitude if he behaved himself."

They went up in silence to their suite. Ann let her cloak fall into his waiting hands, stifled a yawn and glanced at her jewelled wrist watch.

Then she perched on his knees, put an arm round his neck and laid her cheek against his.

"Greville, you're being awfully cynical and cross and scariying. At this rate you won't make at all a good grandfather. The sentence of the court is that you come and brush my hair for me."

She got up, linked her arm in his and led him into her bedroom.

**W**HEN he had finished she leaned back her head and looked up at him where he stood behind her.

"Still cross about your nice dinner party?"

"No, you little devil."

"Ever going to be cross again?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Don't you want to do something to make up for being perfectly unspeakable to me?"

"Perhaps."

Ann gave a little gurgle of laughter.

"Then promise to be very sweet and well behaved tomorrow, 'cause we're dining with Julius Bruce at the Ritz. And you must amuse yourself, respectfully please, alone a good deal because Sonia lunches here with us and takes me on to tea at the Embassy. My dear father would never forgive me if I missed the opportunity of being presented to Her Excellency. It will rather interfere with my knitting, of course."

Then after a moment:

"So you still like kissing me even if I don't make you feel wanted and appreciated, and the chauffeur only opens the door for me because you tipped him?"

**S**IR JULIUS provided them with an exceedingly good dinner.

Mary Gossard, surveying the polite drama being played before her eyes, set herself to distract Greville's attention from it.

"In a way, Mr. Chard," said she, "you're almost good enough for your extremely charming wife to be married to. You have a kind heart; you disguise with complete success how it must bore you to be talking to mere me when you'd rather be holding her hand in the dimmest alcove of the most intimate restaurant in Paris."

"I assure you, Mrs. Gossard, the pleasure's all mine."

The foyer of the Folies Bergère is like nowhere else in the world. Ann took it in greedily. Sir Julius led her impassively to his box, faintly amused at her frank interest.

For two hours she sat by his side, watching a delirious riot of color.

Then again the cool dark night after all that glare and clamor, the limousine gliding swiftly back to the Meurice, and farewells. She and Greville left Sir Julius who was dropping Mary Gossard at her sister's flat, and the lift bore them silently to their quiet suite.

"Well, did you like it?" Greville asked. "It's quaint. It must be funny to be a man. Frankly I was rather amused."

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Well, we're off in the morning. I can't let you stay in Paris any longer. The devilish side of the place seems to be getting hold of you. It's time we packed and went."

Ann, who had had all she wanted from Paris, answered very meekly:

"Just as you like, Greville. I'll be ready immediately after breakfast."

**S**O, AFTER breakfast, she sat beside him in the car and they set out on their pilgrimage through certain jewel cities of France, to Juan-les-Pins, ten kilometres from Cannes, and two from Antibes. They stayed in the Avenue Guy de Maupassant, and they made the excursion round the peninsula. They soaked in the scented Mediterranean sunshine, by a sea incredibly blue, and motored here and there, and golfed a little, and kissed a little and gambled a little, and made love. They lived in a fairy-land of paradise, and to Greville Ann was the loveliest and most adored, but behind the role of the Perfect Girl she made plans.

She represented for him a divinity in Paris sports clothes, but heaven is only obtained at a price. While he dwelt in heaven, episode by episode, she constructed the future, and item by item, she assessed the price.

Peggy Dangerfield, reading between the lines of the only letter Ann troubled to write on her honeymoon, guessed more of Ann's future than Ann would have cared to have her guess.

"Juan-les-Pins,  
June 10.

"Peggy darling, thank you ever so much for the letter I got in Paris. I haven't had a minute till now in which to answer it. Paris was simply divine, and then we came here by road; most attractive, and my new car's a dream.

"You don't ask in so many words, but I feel you want to know what marriage is like. Frankly, my dear, it's very fascinating but hardly in the way you imagine. You're a romanticist, like all creative people, and I'm a realist, like all lazy, greedy, ambitious women. And this is just the difference between you and me; by now if you were in my shoes you'd probably be at Greville's feet, but as it is he's at mine and long will he remain there.

"The peculiar charm of life with a man for a girl like me is to sway him so easily. It's just a series of tricks if you're good looking, but fortunately, although the man has a vague idea he's being tricked, he likes it. He respects your capacity to trick him, and his vanity's flattered because if you can trick him, or make him willing to be tricked the inference is you must be pretty marvelous.

"We'll be back in about a week. You've got to come to my house-warming party for the flat in Seamore Place, and bring a man. I'll bet he'll be Flint, but you wouldn't be happy with any one else, poor angel.

"You were the most attractive bridesmaid in the world, and I'm eternally grateful.

"Cheerio, and luck, Ann."

Peggy folded the letter and sat a long time in thought. At last she shook her head.

"The girl's wrong and doesn't know it," she concluded. "Heads, she wins; tails, he loses, won't work forever. Greville has brains and sooner or later they'll take notice."

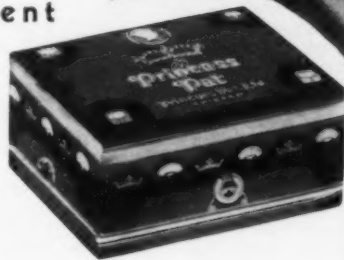
(TO BE CONTINUED)

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up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings—longer than you'd dare hope.

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## Whipped Cream Girl

[Continued from page 53]

Patty Lou in swift currents that made her eyes sparkle, her toes tingle. Business College indeed! She was moved to bestow a derisive glance upon this Prison for Young Girls as they whirled away from it.

Some day her mother would laugh at the idea, too. When little Patty Lou had been successful, and had given her mother everything she wanted. Restored the old place back in Maryland. Become a somebody. She never analyzed her idea of success too closely. It was some splendid, chimerical achievement along matrimonial lines, of which she was certainly worthy by right of being Patty Lou Bankhead.

Toots was deposited in front of his house. Pat didn't even turn around to see if he was waving to her from the high wall of Presidio Place, as they drove down the street. Toots was a sweet youngster, but a thing of the past. She turned to Gregg who wanted to know where she preferred to dine. She wished, inwardly, that he wouldn't be so infernally polite and impersonal.

AFOG was wreathing in, veiling street lights, weaving spells about them, studding Gregg's rough tweed coat with moonstones that were captured drops of moisture. It enclosed them in a cozy world of their own. It was while Gregg tucked a robe about her, that Patty Lou decided she was in love. That love which had always seemed to her merely the hors d'œuvre at the feast of life. Nice, if one could afford it.

The evening took on the hazy softness of a lovely dream. The café they chose ceased to be just one of the places where the crowd hung out. Enchantment invaded a common-place haunt. She didn't even bother to see if Bliss Merode or Dan, or any of the others were about. She wanted to absorb indelibly every movement of Gregg, every word, expression and look.

"Stupid, stupid," she warned herself. "I've gone flat tonight. Dumb as a rubber door-knob."

Somehow she couldn't start any of her program. The little devices a poor girl employs to amuse a rich crowd. They had suddenly become futile, silly. Worst of all, she was talking about herself, instead of encouraging Gregg to talk about himself.

Once or twice she fancied she caught twinkles of amusement in his eyes. Once, oh, faint but sure, the shadow of pity. Otherwise he kept on being deferential. Kindly and a bit pre-occupied.

Twice during dinner he had excused himself to put in long distance phone calls. Pat had not minded these excursions. She wanted to be a successful man's wife, and as such must not complain about business distractions. It rather thrilled Pat, in fact, to be with a man of affairs. Besides she liked to watch Gregg coming toward her. His easy walk, his tanned good looks amongst the bleached city denizens.

Evidently the phone calls had not been pleasing. She caught him stealing glances at his wrist watch now and then. No doubt the business was important. Most men were in the habit of ignoring time when they dated with Pat. No doubt it all had something to do with his journey to Peru. Or—and Pat was a bit breathless at the thought—perhaps he was impatient because he wanted to be alone with her in the roadster, the fog wrapping a curtain about them.

The return home after the first date with a man was so important. It was then one classified a man. Gauged the height of his interest. Sometimes one secured a very desirable advance date such as the Beaux Arts ball, or the Yacht Club dance. An achievement which stamped the evening a

success, sending Patty to her couch-bed with a delight almost akin to rhapsody.

But tonight there was no light skirmishing of forces. Defensive on Patty's—offensive on the part of her escort. There was no exhilarating drive through the leafy dark arches of Golden Gate Park at a breathless speed. No final delicious scene somewhere along the wind-swept Beach Drive. A miniature drama in which, from careful study, Pat knew to a nicety when to snub and humble; when to encourage or tantalize the boy at her side.

This night she traveled through the downtown streets at a purposeful speed. Gregg had promptly at midnight called for his check. Having concluded his engagement, he was getting Pat home. With a flutter of dismay she saw the familiar blocks drop behind them. Gregg's profile was set in a frown, his eyes intent on driving, the girl at his side was obviously of the least possible concern.

"That's what love does to a girl. Brains completely absent!" raged Pat to herself. "The only man I ever gave a rap about, and I haven't made a dent. Not a nick!"

Maybe he'd just say when he was coming again.

But when they reached her apartment house, Pat found her hopes were in vain. He was silent as they went up the imitation marble stairway to the little reception hall with its tapestry hangings that looked too new and too gaudy for any tapestry of reputed lineage.

Pat gathered all her forces. She put her hand in his, trying to make her eyes voice the invitation she was too wise to utter. But he merely patted the hand in somewhat fatherly fashion.

"You're a sweet youngster," he announced abstractedly. But his tone, to Pat's ears, had but one interpretation—"You're not so bad after all." Not as bad as reports he had heard of her. Things his mother had no doubt told him.

Fury held her tongue-tied, breathless. Gregg, half-turning to call good-by caught sight of a lighted window part way down the opposite block.

"I say, do you suppose that drug store has a public telephone?"

"Yes, it has," affirmed Pat, faintly. Humiliation scorched through her. If she could only say, "Come up and use our phone." But that was out of the question. Her mother she knew would have made up the day bed in the living room. She would have laid out her daughter's night clothes with solicitude. They must, they simply had to move to a bigger place or a studio apartment. Mother could stretch things somehow.

PAT watched Gregg's figure blur into the fog, disappear into the drug store. Never, in her brief, inconsequential life had she experienced such a medley of feelings. She yearned for something that had touched her in passing with bright wings. A revelation that had found her inadequate and was leaving her shaken, uncertain. The girl who had always known her way around before! "Come back, wonderful! Come back," she was whispering, her cheeks pressed against the glass of the door.

She felt something damp roll between her cheeks and the glass. A darn tear! Patty Lou crying. Crying after a man who didn't know she was alive. Who was completely preoccupied with business. Who had hardly spared the time to say good-by to her. Who had dropped her flat as a pan-cake at the end of a big evening!

Anger surged through her. With it came resolution. Daring. He would notice her!





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She'd wake him up, and then make him suffer a bit himself. She spied the rumble seat of the car still open—a challenge impossible to ignore. On winged feet she flew down the marble staircase. Up on the running board, the little step, and into the rumble seat. She sank out of sight amongst the lap robes just as the sound of Gregg's returning steps echoed through the empty block.

As he geared the car into high and they sped up Russian Hill, Pat felt a breath of panic. She laughed it away, her heart beating very fast. Men loved a girl to have a touch of devilry about her. Real men. She would wait until he stopped the car in the Barbour garage. Then she would surprise him. She'd make him sorry for his preoccupation, his indifference.

They seemed to be going further than the Barbour house.

It seemed to Pat on the cramped floor of the rumble seat that years passed before they came to a stop. There was a confusion of sounds. Men shouting. A deep-throated whistle that could not by any chance issue from the Barbour garage.

Feminine curiosity could stand it no longer. Pat raised her head out of her hiding place feeling absurdly like a turtle rearing its head above its shell. Her eyes met the astonished eyes of Gregg who was standing on the running board, preparatory to closing down the rumble seat.

"Good Lord!" He was surprised beyond Pat's wildest hopes. He was also dismayed.

GREGG'S reaction took most of the wind out of Pat's sails. So did the miserable fact that she was caught from her neck to her knees between the back of the car and the seat. Instead of the debonair and dramatic coup she had planned here was she, nothing but a little girl tagging along where it was painfully obvious she wasn't wanted.

"I—I thought I'd surprise you."

"You have." Dismay was giving way to anger. The steely anger that Pat remembered so well from earlier in the evening. She had rather enjoyed it then.

"You gave me such a wonderful evening," she stammered lamely. She longed for the rumble seat to close down and annihilate her.

"Charmed, I'm sure. Do you always 'surprise' the fortunate men who give you wonderful evenings?"

"I thought you had a sense of humor." Dignity was difficult for any one in her position, but she gathered a few shreds of her pride to tell him. "I felt that you could appreciate a harmless joke. You must have, oh—fallen a little bit, or you wouldn't have asked me to go out with you, so soon."

"Fallen? For you? You're nothing but a child, a baby. I promised mother to keep you busy while she hustled Toots on to the train."

"I'm not a child. You're a brute and a boor."

"You know," replied Gregg testily, "I'm beginning to think mother was right when she called you a 'little blob of whipped cream'." It was evident that he was not only angry, but also worried. Exasperation impelled him to frankness.

Pat's small world crashed about her ears. "Please take me home," said she in a flat little voice.

"Take you home! Good Lord, that's just what I can't do," groaned Gregg. "Do you know where we are?"

With Gregg's help she pulled herself up to the rumble seat and looked around her. They were on a boat, an automobile ferry.

"This is the last boat to Sausalito tonight," Gregg told her, "I must reach Santa Rosa before morning and get back to the city by four o'clock in the afternoon. My boat leaves for South America then."

"I won't be any trouble," Pat promised meekly.

"Oh, won't you! I'm not so sure of that.

I'm going up to Santa Rosa to make the girl I love marry me."

As they whirled northward along the deserted highways Pat was more utterly miserable than she had hitherto believed could be possible. She had steadfastly refused to leave the rumble seat and ride with Gregg. He had finally shrugged his shoulders and enveloped her in robes. A lonely atom under a wide night sky she huddled down in the seat. They had left the fog belt behind and the stars were exceedingly bright. Each star seemed to have its separate leer, its jocose wink for the tortured girl who had been the very wise Miss Bankhead.

So Toots' mother had considered her a "blob of whipped cream." Whipped cream! The cloying decoration on the sweets of life. No substance, no shape. No real use. Not even spice or flavor to redeem it. A whipped-cream girl!

Patty Lou shared abundantly the greatest virtue of her generation. She was honest with herself. In the dark stretches of that ride she admitted that the accusation had been fair. In the essential battle of life she was as unimportant as a whorl of whipped cream on a slice of cake.

With Gregg's dark head dimly visible ahead, Pat came to grips with life. She had tasted of love and disillusionment all in one night. Somewhere on that open highway, fragrant with vineyards, Patty Lou grew up.

They finally reached Santa Rosa in the first flush of dawn. Gregg aroused the lady of his heart. It developed that her name was Celia. She taught school. Patty Lou took this last blow standing. She had learned a bitter amount of truth in a short time.

Celia accepted Gregg's embarrassed introduction of Pat as "Toots' girl friend," calmly. It was plain she had eyes only for Gregg who was leaving shortly for distant fields of endeavor.

"Gregg, darling, how can I?" she questioned. "They're depending on me to stay until June. How can I desert them, break a trust?"

"Celia, it means all our lives," Gregg answered.

WHISPERS drifted from the rose garden to Patty Lou slumped down in the rumble seat, trying not to hear, chivalrously trying to keep her eyes closed. Only once she heard "I know it isn't much to offer, girl. Heat and dirt and a howling wilderness. But, just as I told you over the phone, it's our chance."

So Celia had been the object of his phone calls, his preoccupation. Patty Lou had reached the point where she could even smile a bit at her assumptions of the dinner hour. What a quaint fish she had been!

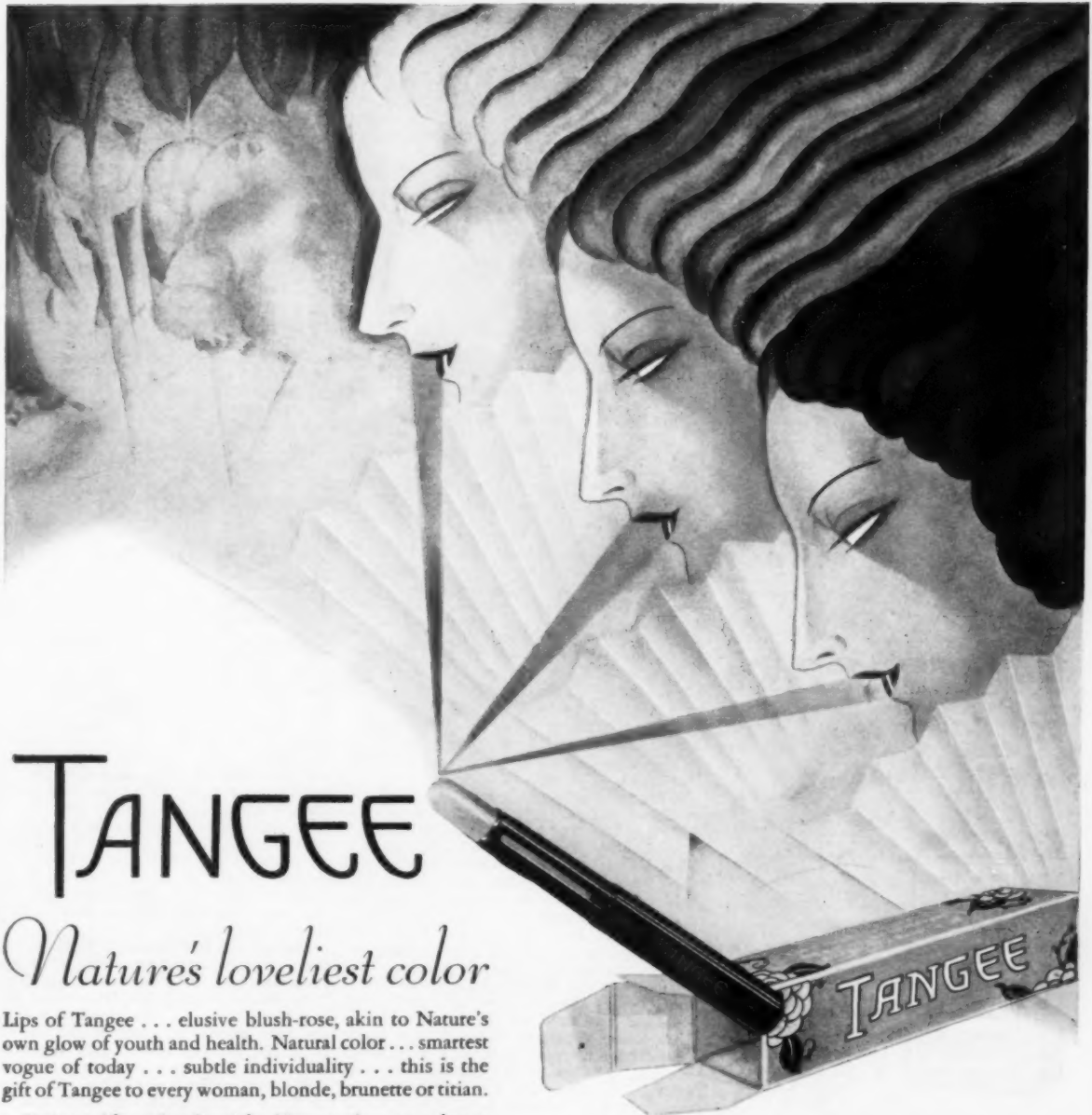
"You know I'm not thinking about those things," it was Celia's voice, "I want to go through them with you. Oh, Gregg, I don't know what to do!"

The man of affairs, Gregg, answered. "Listen to me, Celia. They'll find somebody else—we might lose each other forever if we waited!"

Through the rose trees Patty Lou saw them drawn into each other's arms. Oh, if Gregg hadn't been so perfect! So hard to forget. She found there were more tears running down her cheeks. The second time in one day. But somehow, this time, she didn't care.

Perhaps, now that Celia had surrendered so soon they would get back to San Francisco before noon. There would be time to go home and change her dress. She would put on her blue suit. Most of the girls who went to Keener's Business College wore suits. She reflected with satisfaction that she looked well in a tailored costume. Later on, when she was a successful woman she would buy imported suits. Swanky little suits and hats to match.

Later on—there must be other men like Gregg who liked successful women—



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## Practical Ideas from Paris

[Continued from page 73]

this last year, with the exception of the suit.

"I must have two dresses for daytime wear, in silk or wool; a dinner dress that will also do for evening, a day coat, an evening coat, two hats.

"And because I have bought the suit, just now, and it really forms the rest of my winter wardrobe I want you to look at it. You see I bought it and am wearing it now without the fur collar of brown skunk which I shall have put on just as soon as the leaves start falling so that one realizes that winter is here."

AND then she showed it to me. A three-quarter length coat of beige homespun with a tiny cape effect over each sleeve that came from the all-around yoke, and with a skirt made in two deep tucks. I could realize just why she had bought it instead of some of the more tailored sorts that we see.

First of all it was distinctive. Then the little capelets offered the possibility of wearing it many times when a strictly tailored garment would have been quite out of the scene. With a change of blouses and of hats, she really could feel well dressed from morning to night, even if she were going to the theater. Moreover the three-quarter coat made a heavy enough wrap, with its big fur collar for actually cold weather, and on account of its length, would be serviceable over separate cloth or silk dresses. That is, indeed, an item worth considering in these days when we must have a wrap that blends with each frock.

With our list of purchases to be made in hand, and the suit very clearly in mind, we started out to do our shopping. And it was on account of the suit coat, I think, that my Parisienne friend finally decided on a beige wool jersey for one of her street dresses.

Made very simply but with all the touches of the new silhouette, it was a perfect accompaniment to the coat, and made the ensemble a perfect thing that seemed to have been designed to create a picture. The square neck was finished with a descending frill of the jersey at the right side; the waistline was fixed at the actual normal. This is an important thing if you want your clothes not only to be good style now, but also next spring and perhaps next fall again. The skirt was cut straight in the back, but with the most evasive flare across the front, and lengthening just enough over the left side to re-emphasize the line of the descending frill on the right.

BOTH the belt and cuffs of brown suede were finished with a loop effect, and the belt buckle was cleverly adjusted at the left side to again emphasize the dip of the skirt. My friend liked the brown suede belt and cuffs for themselves, and because they were easily removable. The sort of thing which she could change when she wanted to freshen and change the frock by changing the dark brown turban for another shade when winter became extremely dull and gloomy.

For the second street dress her selection fell on a dark green crepe de chine frock cut in princess fashion buttoned all down the front to a decidedly shallow but full circular flounce. The new widened line with the slimness which is such a feature of our new 1929-30 figures. The jabots, both on the front of the frock and those that wound around the arm to the elbow, were of the same material lined with a light green crepe

de chine which made a pleasing contrast.

The dinner dress, which was to serve for evening also, was in black. After a long search, selection was finally made of an alluring model from Germaine Lecomte in black satin. The dress depended for its distinction on line and quality of material alone—and there is no better measuring stick by which to decide on the effectiveness of a frock. The Parisienne's theory that black is always flattering in the evening, that it can be worn oftener than any other color without being remarked, and is always elegant, are all real reasons to be considered. The dress we chose had just one relieving note in a handsome strass buckle, placed also at the normal waistline. But with a gay evening purse, a bright fan or scarf to strike a dominant note the black frock will seem to many who see it, when our French friend is going out this winter, to be a costume in crimson, in green or bright blue, according to the color of her accessories.

THEN we came to the serious question of her two coats, one for daytime and one for evening wear. After much discussion, she chose her day coat in dark blue with a gray fox collar and just a hint of the same fur at the wide sleeves. And her reasons were logical and practical, living up to the true French standards. First of all it would add variety to her wardrobe. She could wear it well over not only navy blue, but dark green, gray and grege, and the cut was such that it would be acceptable over a satin or georgette frock as well as the more tailored kasha, jersey or crepe de chine. I had not realized how wise was her reasoning until we saw one of the newest of the fall ensembles at a famous couturière's on the rue de la Paix which was composed of a dark green frock and navy coat, the hat binding the two into an indissoluble whole.

Because she had chosen a black evening dress, and because an evening wrap must bring the joie de vivre to the whole costume, the coat was a red beige velvet with a rich red fox fur. Its slender shoulders, and long sleeves, widening as did the coat itself into foaming fullness gave the richest effect and the sense of being party bent that would insure a good time. One would be a joy to look at in the lovely wrap.

Now there were only the two hats left to buy, and we selected both of these at Gaby Monos. You have only to look at the sketches, one large and one small, to see how well they balance and lend variety and finish to our choice of clothes. And when I tell you that the small one was in beige jersey, with the tiny waves that covered it hand embroidered in a shade one tone darker than the hat, while the large one was of felt with the band and bow of almond green velvet ribbon you will see that our Parisienne had solved the hat problem for her entire wardrobe with these two hats.

I'll wager that you thought as I did, when the list was presented to me, that it was really most modest and could not hope to cover the range of all occasions. And that you are as surprised as I was when I found how fully my friend had covered the need of the suitable dress for every occasion with this modest list. Do you wonder that I cry the virtue of Parisienne practicality and suggest that we all make a brand new resolution to go and do likewise?





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## The Cloak of Desire

[Continued from page 29]

"Yes, Señora. I am a musician at home." She smiled at that. "You are not of Mazatlan, surely? All the artistas here have played for me."

"I am not of the city, Your Grace, I come from the mountains, a small, far pueblito called Alba."

"Ah? And your name?"

"Don Pedro José de Santiago, Your Grace, very much at your orders."

"Don Pedro?" she repeated. "Then you are not an Indio? You are Spanish?"

"Señora," he replied with simple dignity, "I am an Indio. There is no Spanish blood in me. My name was bequeathed me by my father. He had it from his father. And the first Don Pedro José was a prince of Tlaxcala, who fought at the side of the Señor Cortez, and later, being converted was baptized and given a Christian name."

With deft fingers she rearranged the mantilla that had fallen from her hair. She drew the cloak of blue and gold about her shoulders. And it did not escape her notice that Pedro José drew in his breath suddenly as one who is smitten deeply with love; at least so did the Dona Carmen Dolores interpret it.

"Well, then," she said at last, in a tone that many a caballero would have given a bag of jewels to have heard in his ears, "you shall sing for me—today, at my name day fiesta. And after that you shall enter my service if you like. Your pay—"

He fell on his knees before her. "Oh, gracious lady, I wish no pay in money. I wish only for one thing—"

A delicate tint as of roses stained her cream white face, and her lips parted slightly. Her long lashes fell upon her cheeks.

"Nay—speak not of payment here. You may be sure—" she leaned toward him, shutting out the impatience of the crowding caballeros—"that Carmen Dolores de la Luz pays her debts well. Whatever it is you wish—you shall have!"

Her eyes held his for a long time. The tone of her voice was unmistakable. But Pedro José heard only the words themselves. He saw only the shimmering blue and gold of the wonderful, miraculous robe.

NOW in the little pueblo of Alba, high and remote on the mountainside, came news to Irena from an Indian driver who had gone down to Mazatlan with a mule train of silver bullion from the mines.

"But surely it was he, I know him at once, even though he is dressed most grandly now, like an hidalgo. And he sat by the side of a lady who rode in a carriage of white and silver, a most beautiful lady who smiled as she looked at him, as if he had pleased her well."

Irena was very still. Her dark eyes stared out across the mountain slope.

"He cannot have forgotten me," she said at last, very slowly. "We loved each other so much. And it was because of me that he went. And yet—"

She thought of the grand lady sitting in her carriage of white and silver. Could any man sit beside such a one and remember the love of humbler times?

"I will go to Mazatlan," she said suddenly. "I will see for myself."

And so it was that after a long, arduous journey of many days and nights, Irena came to the gay, crowded city of Mazatlan upon the sea. For the first time in her life she saw the blue of the ocean. Its roar terrified her; the narrow streets seemed to threaten her with long, squeezing tenacles.

Of every one who would listen to her, she asked, "Can you tell me of Don Pedro José? Where he is? I do so much desire

to see him! I've come from Alba to find him."

And they would stare at her curiously. "Have you lost your lover?" They would laugh. "Forget him, Chinita, little one from the mountains. If he is a Don, his faith is not for such as you!"

At night she slept in a doorway, wrapped in a faded blue rebozo. And with the coming of the dawn she was on the streets again, searching the faces of the passersby, asking of any who would listen to her, "Have you seen Don Pedro José? I do so much desire to see him!"

Her scanty supplies of tortillas and parched corn were soon gone. She was hungry. And she did not know how to beg. On the fourth day she crouched wearily beside the fountain in the plaza. It was the hour of the afternoon paseo, when the gentry paraded on foot and in carriages. An old woman near-by, a vender of sweetmeats, gossiped with her neighbor, a seller of love charms and potencies to ward off the evil eye.

"They say that the Dona Carmen will ride in the paseo this afternoon—she and her musician."

"Ah, then, she has recovered from her illness? It is freely said that the sickness was sent from heaven as a punishment for her sacrilege in riding in the procession of Santa Carmen."

The first old woman shrugged.

"Nay, more like she received a letter from Don Carlos, saying that he is returning from Spain. There will be a reckoning—you will see. Don Carlos is not one to have his property tampered with."

The other woman laughed cynically. "Well, but if he leaves it unguarded—" The two whispered and tittered.

"But look—there she comes now! See, she is wearing the robe again!"

Through the crowding lane of people, Irena caught the glint of the coach. A sudden nausea caught her, turned her dizzy. Ruthlessly she tugged and scrambled her way between arms and impeding bodies. The carriage had gone by. But the woman in it looked back, smiling at some admirer. For an instant, Irena's straining gaze was filled by the milk-white face with its long, lazy eyes, and its wine-red mouth, the almost unearthly beauty of the blue robe, sprinkled with golden stars.

Then the man who sat beside her, moved. He was dressed after the Spanish fashion, in bolero and close-fitting trousers laced with silver. Irena saw his face under the broad brim of the black velvet hat he wore. She cried out, a single heart-broken cry, that was drowned by acclaiming shouts and greetings. She stumbled forward, sobbing his name. But a man caught her roughly and flung her back.

"You little fool, what would you do?" She fought, panting and sobbing.

"Let me go! Let me go! He is mine, not hers; she is a thief! She has everything, I have nothing but his love!"

The man still held her firmly.

"Listen, little wild one; if Dona Carmen Dolores has taken your lover, give him up with good grace. What the lady wants, she takes, and what she takes, she keeps."

THE season of the Pascuas was approaching. There was gaiety and merrymaking in Mazatlan, in the great houses of the rich and the hovels of the poor.

But Pedro José, in the sumptuous chamber assigned to him, had no heart for the gaieties of Dona Carmen Dolores and her friends. He was sick at soul with longing for the hill country, for the tiny village of Alba.

Irena! Pedro José closed his eyes in an agony of longing. How much longer, he wondered, would it be before the Dona Carmen would give him the robe for which he had labored so that he could take it to his village for the Pascuas?

He opened his eyes, and Dona Carmen Dolores was standing there in the open doorway, watching him. She entered with the languorous, swaying step so characteristic of her, her head a little to one side, her long dark eyes half closed. A lace fan dangled from her fingers.

"Pedro, thou dreamest?" Her voice was a caress, her smile an invitation.

It was with difficulty that he answered her. She had been kind to him, and yet he always feared her a little.

"Señora," he said, "I dream of my home. I would return there for the Pascuas. And I was wondering if—if—Your Grace would give me now what Your Grace promised me, many months ago—"

A strange gleam leaped into the eyes of Carmen Dolores. Of this one man she had never been sure. He must love her, of course—all men did. And yet—she had never been certain. She came closer to him.

"Ah, you speak at last? Pedro, thou hast been a laggard. Dost thou know that Don Carlos returns from Spain within the month?"

He stared down at her uncomprehendingly.

"Señora," he stammered, "I have nothing to do with his Excellency, Don Carlos. I only speak of that which Your Grace promised me—the robe—the robe of blue and gold—"

For a long, unsteady moment there was silence in the great chamber. Dona Carmen's eyes contracted into unbelieving slits of black light. There was a slow, hissing sound as she drew in her breath.

"You speak—of a robe—my robe—you mean that that was your desire?"

Before the gathering fury in her face he drew back, bewildered, abashed.

"But—but yes, Señora! Is it possible that I have been so stupid as not to say it in words? It has been so much a part of me, so much in my heart and mind that it seems to me I have spoken of nothing else. But yes, it is that which I desire above all things. I have served Your Grace according to the best of my humble talents—will Your Grace give me the robe—now?"

"You—you dare!" She struck him full across the face, a sharp, savage blow with her fan. "You—ah, you savage, you barbarian! And you want my robe do you? To give to some dirty Indian girl, and boast that you had it as a love gift of Carmen Dolores de la Luz? Get out!"

She went raging across the tiled floor, her voluminous skirts swishing like angry waves about her ankles. But at the door she turned. Her bosom was heaving tumultuously, there was a spot of red in each livid cheek, her eyes were wide and hate filled.

"Your pardon, Don Pedro, I forgot that gentlemen like you must be paid. Well, you shall have your wages. My major-domo shall bring you a bag of gold. Carmen Dolores de la Luz pays her debts! Wait here until my steward brings it. And then, away with you, and may she to whom you sing your next song die of a blight!"

The great door slammed shut behind her. And Pedro José stood alone once more.

He was still standing there when the major-domo came, and put into his hand a bag of gold pieces. It was a heavy bag, as befitted the insulting generosity of a woman's scorn. And still Pedro José stood motionless; his mind, accustomed to the simplicities of a primitive existence, strove in vain to understand the fury of the Dona who had befriended him. He understood only that the robe—the robe of blue and



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gold for which he had labored, was not to be his. She had promised it and had broken her word. She had given him gold but it was not gold he wanted. The robe—how could he go back without it? He could not—he would not!

He looked down at the leather bag in his hands. How much was contained therein he did not know. Neither could he even surmise the value of the precious robe. But surely it would be fair—Dona Carmen Dolores loved gold, and his desire was the robe. He knew the chest where it was kept folded away. She had promised it to him. His eyes grew blank and secretive—Indian eyes of a thousand years ago.

DONA CARMEN awoke early the next morning after a restless night. Her first thought was for Pedro José to sing to her, as had been the custom. Then a wave of fury swept over her. That she should have offered her love to an Indian—and been refused!

She lay for some moments, thinking. Then gathering about her a gown of silk and ermine, she arose. She wanted to see the robe he had coveted. To look at the thing that had been her rival—the thing that he had desired instead of her love. In the adjoining room were ranged the great carved chests of scented wood in which her shawls and robes and silks were laid away.

She lifted up the lid of the one nearest the door. A confusion of sandalwood and rose petals smote her nostrils. She peered over the edge—and drew back, stifling a cry. Her face went as white as the silken gown she wore. For the robe of azure and gold—the priceless gift of Don Carlos Jimenez—was gone! In its place lay a leather bag, that clinked heavily to theouch.

She sank back, drawing the silken folds about her throat. Gone! The precious gift of the man whose sternness and jealousy were proverbial in Spain and Mexico. There was nothing she could say to him that he would credit—the truth was so fantastic, so shameful, so unbelievable. And Don Carlos was even then on the seas. What was to be done?

She sprang to her feet, trembling as if with cold. There was but one thing she could do, and that speedily and secretly—go after the Indian and get back the precious robe before Don Carlos came.

THAT year the season of the Pascuas was not a happy one. In the lowlands there were floods. And in the hill country there were earthquakes. Alba had felt the trembling of the earth, and there had been rock slides. But although some tiles had been loosened from the roofs of houses by the tremors, no actual damage had been done.

In a village so small as to be almost a family group the change in Irena was a matter of grave concern. She had come back from Mazatlan dragging herself along the steep mountain trail like a hurt animal. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyes glazed and expressionless. She said little, only that she had not found Pedro José.

It was the first day of the "Posada." The rains had come down in passionate torrents,

and the mountain streams were swollen and dangerous. But the dawn of the day was radiant and clear. The sky was a deep, lavish blue, and the air was fragrant with the scent of pine trees breathing through wet, shining branches.

The early morning Mass had just been celebrated, and the Plaza outside the church was filled with a throng of merry-makers, dark-faced Indians rebounding from the solemnity of worship as quickly and naturally as children. The women and young girls were bringing out the statue of the

Virgin of the Mountains. And although the garment she wore was faded and dingy there were fresh flowers banked about her feet, and her fair, gentle head was crowned with jasmine.

Padre Luis had just come out on the steps, when a peon raced breathlessly along the streets crying out, "Pedro José is coming! Pedro José is coming back!"

Some one hurried off to tell Irena, who was so ill that she had not gone to the Mass that morning. And a din of tongues cried out his name as a tall, gaunt, weary young Indian, clad

still in the black and scarlet of Spain, limped slowly along the sunlit way. One hand clutched a long staff, on which he leaned painfully. But under his other arm was something which shimmered with the blueness of a freshly washed sky, and glinted with golden darts of fire where the sunshine struck. He seemed not to see any one else. His intense gaze was fastened on Padre Luis standing on the steps of the church, and upon the statue behind him.

"Padre," he said in a voice that was hoarse with fatigue, "I have brought the gift I promised so long ago. I have been long in coming, Padre mio, for all the evil spirits of storm and flood tried to bar my way. Once there came an avalanche, and a tree in falling, dragged me, tangled in its branches, down the mountainside. But I would not release my hold upon the gift. Take it, Padre Luis, take it quickly for now I must go to Irena."

Like a man in a dream, the old priest reached out his hands for the precious thing. Like a man in a dream he unfurled it, and held it for a long moment at arm's length. A gasp of wonder swelled up into a cry of amazement, of adoration.

With one accord the people fell upon their knees. Padre Luis turned slowly, holding up the star-strewn robe like a votive offering.

But in that moment, a wild cry checked him. And across the plaza came Irena, running, staggering, her hands spread out before her, her eyes wide with horror. Pedro José sprang to meet her. But she thrust him aside. She stumbled up the steps, and clutched at Padre Luis's cassock.

"Ask him whence he got the robe! Ask him whence came the robe he would give the Blessed Virgin as a gift!"

Pedro José stood as one stricken by a terrible blow. The blood ebbed out of his tired face, then came careening back again. The old priest spoke his name, sternly.

"Tell us, Pedro José, speak, my son!"

With a sickening wrench, Pedro José's voice came back to him. Of Dona Carmen

## OCTOBER ROAD

By Edgar Daniel Kramer

I WALK October's rainbow road,  
Where withered leaves are blowing,  
But fragrantly the ghost of May  
Along with me is going.

The trees and dying grasses sigh,  
Where goldenrod is gleaming  
But May is living in my heart,  
A breath of joyous dreaming.

A cold wind steals across the hill,  
A mockery of laughter,  
But he who finds his love in May  
Knows springtime ever after.



Dolores he did not think. Only of his own guilt. He had stolen the robe—taken it in the night. He was a thief! He sank down upon his knees. His clenched hands came up upon his breast.

"Padre, forgive me! It is true—I have sinned deeply!"

Irena swayed forward, and crumpled up in a sobbing heap upon the church steps. The dark faces of the people had grown menacing, wolfish. But Padre Luis's imperative hand lifted high. His voice rang out like a sonorous bell.

"Pedro José! What is this you have done? How have you found in it your heart to sully a holy gift with the sin of sacrilege?"

The kneeling man flung out his arms. He lifted his agonized face to the skies. "I meant no evil! I thought only of the robe. It was so beautiful. I took it as a thief would take it, and yet, oh, believe me, Padre mio, I left the gold there for it. It had been promised me—before God and all the Saints, I speak the truth!"

The muttering voice of the throng grew to a clamor.

"He lies! He lies! It is sacrilege!"

But there came a flash of scarlet and green. A woman pushing her way imperiously through the dark, crowding faces as one who has the right.

"Let me through, you imbeciles, you pelados!"

She gained the church steps and stood facing them. Her long thick hair was unplaited, her garments were disarranged and torn. Her black eyes snapped fury at them. "He speaks the truth; the robe is his by right!"

Padre Luis spoke.

"My daughter, who are you?"

The woman drew herself up to a queenly height. Her wine-red mouth was a curve of hauteur.

"I am Dona Carmen Dolores de la Luz!"

They knew it even there. Who did not? A gasp went up. And then a fierce muttering that swelled to a roar.

"She gave him the robe! He had it of her as a love token! And that is the gift he brings."

Pedro José got stumbingly to his feet. His eyes were those of a bewildered animal. Irena was suddenly beside him, her arms about his neck.

"No! No! You shall not kill him! He speaks the truth. I believe him!" Padre Luis still stood with the precious robe of blue and gold hanging from his arms like a banner. His voice rang out strong and commanding.

"Quiet! Let there be no evil committed here upon holy ground!" He turned abruptly to the woman beside him. "My daughter, tell me of this robe!"

For an instant, Dona Carmen Dolores stared at him defiantly. But there was fear in the pallor of her face. Twice she opened her lips falteringly. Then suddenly her voice came with passionate clarity.

"I came to recover the robe because it was a gift to me from—from—one who would think as these Indios do—that I had given it away as a token of love. But that is not true—do you hear me, all of you? I never had love from this man, Pedro José! Nay, he did not even know that he might have had my love!"

"I came along the steepness of the way hating him, for I thought he had taken the robe to give to some one who had won his heart as I could not. But when I saw that he had served me all these months so that he might offer a thing of beauty to the Virgin of the Mountain my very soul was ashamed. Who are you to judge him or me? Pedro José did not judge me. I tell you his heart was pure! I tell you that, who have seen the evil of men's souls! And shame be to you who find evil where there was naught but purity!"



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For the space of a breath there was silence. Then suddenly, there came a deep, ominous rumble from the earth. A sickening tremor shook the ground, and from a nearby roof a tile clattered and fell crashing. To the fierce, primitive Indians, the violence of the subterranean forces was an echo of the smouldering fury within their hearts. It burst forth with a wild, threatening roar of voices.

"She lies! They are both guilty! It is the judgment of heaven against them!"

A jagged stone struck Dona Carmen Dolores a stunning blow upon the shoulder. She reeled, and Pedro José caught her and thrust her behind him.

"Do you see? He shields her! Kill them! Or we will all perish for their sin!"

Padre Luis was trying frantically to make his voice heard above the tumult.

"No! My children, no!"

They were back against the pedestal of the statue now. With shrill, murderous cries, the Indians came swarming up the steps.

And in that moment, the earth shook again. The ground swelled up in coarse heavy waves that cracked apart with a dreadful grinding roar. Vengeance was forgotten. The people fled aimlessly, crying and screaming.

Then above the violence of the roaring and grinding, the panic of human terror and fear maddened voices, came another sound. This one more awful, more terrible than all—the rolling, crashing, thundering roar of the avalanche!

A new and frightful convulsion shook the earth. The front wall of the church spread apart with fearful, deliberate intent. The red tiles sprayed like heavy sparks from a rocket.

There was a moment of horror, of awful pandemonium swirling into chaos—a long, dwindling rumble as of thunder—and then—silence. A long silence, like that of death. Then—

Men and women lifted themselves weakly from the ground and stared about them with dazed, incredulous eyes. Was this death? Was it life? Could it be that the demoniac carnage of the mountains had passed them by?

Stumblingly, they made their way through the debris that covered the church steps. Across a mountainous litter of tiles and sundried bricks the interior of the little shabby church stood revealed to the sunlight. A cry of wonder sounded then. For the front wall had collapsed—inward! There stood the statue of the Virgin of the Mountains, calm and pale in her worn, dusty robe, untouched, unscathed by the violence of the earth forces. And at her feet, huddled beneath the gentle, protecting smile of her lips and the promised comfort of the tapering, outward spread hands, were those who had looked into the face of death—Padre Luis, the priest; Pedro José, holding Irena's head pressed tightly against his breast; and Dona Carmen Dolores!

THEY still tell the story in Alba today; how the avalanche, miraculously deflected in its course, passed by the village doing it no hurt. How the earthquake spared the lives of the people.

The story is a legend now, and so has become invested with much embroidery of fact and fancy. For they say that those who first looked up from the ground, amazed at finding themselves alive, saw beyond the pile of broken stones that was the fallen wall of the church, a light like white fire upon the pedestal of the statue. And there, for the instant, stood no inanimate figure of plaster, but a living radiant being. A maiden woman with a crown of stars upon her head, a scepter tipped with stars in her outstretched hand. And from her shoulders there hung a robe—a robe of azure and gold, scintillating with ethereal, transcendent beauty. The scepter in her hand was held in a gesture of command.

That Christmas time in Alba, at the time of the Pascuas, Pedro José and Irena were married by Padre Luis.

And in that same joyous season of giving, she who had been Dona Carmen Dolores de la Luz, resigned her earthly queenship, and dedicated her life to the service of the church. She who had been color, and joy, and sorrow, took a name that she bore with deep humility and tranquility through the rest of her life—Maria del Salvacion—Mary of the Salvation. And those who had scorned her, lived to bless her name. For in the remote places of those mountains, she went from village to village like an angel of mercy. No task was too difficult, no journey of aid too long and arduous for her intrepid spirit.

Upon the last night of the Posada, came the procession of young girls and youths to the house of Irena and Pedro José. Outside the closed doors they sang their song.

The doors were flung open wide, and the outer darkness was illuminated by the golden light of many candles. Full, reverent voices came in a response that was like the swelling ecstasy of a mighty organ.

Oh, never had those simple, dark-eyed Indians of Alba known such awe and devotion as they knew that night. Padre Luis uttered a benediction over the clasped hands of Pedro José and Irena, his wife. And then, lifting his wrinkled gentle face, he put his hand upon Pedro José's bowed head. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God! And blessed be the name of God, who looks deep into the hearts of His children and searches out the inner thoughts and motives that mankind may never know. To the pure, all things are pure. And God's blessing will be upon the gift thou hast brought, a gift consecrated and worthy because of that which was in thy heart!"

## New Careers for Young Women

[Continued from page 31]

already," I exclaim. "Why, it hasn't seemed like any time at all."

She smiles regretfully.

"It's been just too slicko," she agrees. "I'd take you up again but I think that this wall is going to collapse in a few minutes."

"But I want terribly to know what you think about Joyce," I argue.

"I tell you," she says. "We'll go over and sit on that hose cart."

So over we go and she takes off her fireman's coat and hat.

"Joyce," she says, wiping her brow, "has undoubtedly done an amazing piece of work. But—"

And so it goes. What an improvement on the uncouth fireman of today!

NO, GIRLS—the world is yours, if you want it. Already you have entered many professions but, as I have indicated above, there are many fields still untouched. There are still many occupations at whose door the hand of womanhood has not yet knocked. I have named three, but there are many others. And then, of course, if everything else fails, you can always try matrimony. There are always vacancies for a bright girl there. Not too bright, but—you know.

## The Demonstrator

[Continued from page 46]

subtly that she couldn't be offended. Some reference to the Bohn-Race—the agency had said she loved Bohn-Races; she'd buy one if it cost no more than a Ford.

Suddenly Dick sat up straight, a gleam in his eye. He got up and walked, the gleam intensifying into an inspired smile. The clever idea! It had come at last!

Throwing off his lounging-robe, and putting on his coat, Dick hurried down to the street and into his car. Fuming with impatience at every traffic delay, he drove around the corner of Central Park, and headed southward toward Times Square . . .

**E**ARLY in the morning, before Dick was out of bed, he searched through the "Automobiles For Sale" column of the *Times*, soon locating what he sought. With a happy grin, he read the notice through:

**FOR SALE—MUST SACRIFICE** 1929 Bohn-Race Car, driven less than 1000 miles. Will sell for \$150. 98 East 63. Apt 14L.

He phoned the garage to bring his car around at once, and rang for Higgins, his man.

"Higgins," he said, "some people will be here today asking about a Bohn-Race for sale. You're to tell everybody it's been sold, unless"—he exhibited the snapshot of Rosemary Parker—"unless this young lady calls. Understand?"

Higgins said, "Quite so, sir," and went out. Dick dressed and sat down to await developments.

But Higgins' eyesight proved to be nothing to boast about. Perhaps there is an age at which all women look alike to English valets, and Higgins was at that age. Any way, shortly before noon he ushered in a pretty young woman who might have looked a little like Rosemary Parker from a distance of a half-mile or so. Dick, of course, knew at first glance that she bore no resemblance to the beautiful girl he sought.

"Er—er—" said Dick.

"I saw your ad," the visitor gushed. "Is that the car down in front?"

"Er—yes," Dick admitted, trying to formulate some plan of getting rid of this vivid creature without going to the length of selling his \$7500 car to her for a fiftieth of its value.

"My husband is looking at it," the young woman said. "Could we have a demonstration?"

True to form, Dick's brain refused to function in the presence of a beautiful woman who smiled at him. He blinked, and gulped, and finally wound up by following her from the apartment and into the elevator. In the street, slowly walking around the Bohn-Race, inspecting it from every angle and making little clucking sounds of mingled approval and puzzlement, he found a stocky, efficient-looking man who had a strong resemblance to pictures of the late President Roosevelt.

"This is Mr. Reeser, my husband," the young woman said.

Dick shook hands with Mr. Reeser, and batted his eyes.

"This the car?" Reeser demanded in a sort of bark.

"Er—yes," Dick admitted. He opened his mouth to add that the car already had been sold, but Mrs. Reeser's big-eyed smile seemed to get in the way of his words. Dick swallowed heavily. Reeser pursed his lips and peered at the Bohn-Race for a moment. Then he turned stern eyes back to Dick.

"Why, this car's in perfect condition. What's the idea wanting to sell a seventy-five hundred dollar auto for a hundred and



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Name \_\_\_\_\_

(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

fifty? It sounds darned queer to me."

Dick stammered, and Reeser snapped:

"Did you steal it?"

Dick blinked, and noisily gulped. Mrs. Reeser's eyes got bigger than ever and her mouth formed a little letter O.

Reeser said, "Well, I won't take chances on a deal like this. I can't afford to buy any stolen automobiles." He gave Dick a hard glassy stare, motioned to his wife, and they hurried away.

Dick went back up to his big chair, considerably less certain of the cleverness of his scheme to attract the attention of the mystery girl. Indeed, he was now afraid of the plan, and wondering if, perhaps, one could possibly make himself comfortable in jail.

THROUGHOUT the day a line of prospective purchasers came to Dick's door to ask about the advertised Bohn-Race. Much repetition resulted in a sort of formula with Higgins. He opened the door, said, "The car has been sold," without looking, and shut it again. And so doing he nearly lost his job.

It was only by chance that Dick heard her voice, saying—"Oh, I'm so sorry," before the door closed. He leaped forward, and not seeing him, Higgins got in his way. They went down in a heap together, while Dick yapped: "That's her, you blinking idiot!"

Before he could get on his feet and out in the hall, Rosemary was in the elevator, and the door clanged shut. Dick rang for the other lift so frantically that the operator brought it post-haste to the fourteenth floor, thinking the house must be on fire. The girl was just leaving the lobby when Dick reached the ground floor, and running after her, caught her arm.

She turned about enquiringly, and gave a tiny start when she saw him. Almost at once her expression changed to a smile, and she held out her hand.

"Well!" she said. Then, with an incredulous look!

"Surely you're not the one that advertised the Bohn-Race for sale?"

He replied breathlessly, "Yes, I am!"

At the curb before them stood the roadster in its gleaming newness. The girl's eyes sparkled as she looked at it, longingly. And a shade crossed her features.

"I've always wanted a Bohn-Race," she murmured, "but I couldn't afford one. And now I'm too late for this—this adorable bargain. It's already sold!"

"That was a mistake," Dick returned eagerly. "It hasn't been sold—yet."

Her countenance brightened, and her glance flew up to his face. She ran out to the roadster and rubbed a hand lovingly about its glossy black fender.

"Would you—like a demonstration?" he asked.

She threw him a roguish smile.

"You're sure we wouldn't break down again?"

His cheeks flamed, and she put a sympathetic hand on his sleeve.

"I was too hot-headed—that day," she said softly. "I mean after I left you I missed my purse and when I went back for it, you'd gone. I mean I knew the car really was stalled when I found you'd left it."

"I was out of gas," Dick explained.

"Oh. You see, I'm a dress-model in a Fifth Avenue shop, and—well, I get a lot of chances to go out. Some of the men look—well, decent and—well, I mean that wasn't the first time I've walked back from a ride."

She climbed into the roadster, and smiled at him as he followed. At that instant a short, thick-set man and a tall, sour-looking man, came across the street, their shoes padding heavily on the pavement.

"This the car that's for sale?" the short man snapped, with steely eyes prodding at

Dick as if to annihilate him on the spot.

Dick nodded, batting his eyes at one and at the other.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Why—er—"

"Speak up! Speak up!" the tall one cut in. "You stole it, didn't you?"

"That's how you can sell Bohn-Races for a hundred and fifty bucks," Shorty commented. "We had a complaint this morning about this business!"

Rosemary looked at Dick, with the tip of her fingers to her lips. She seemed to be saying "Oh!" silently.

The thick-set man took her arm.

"Come on, sister, get out," he commanded. Rosemary obeyed quickly.

Dick said, "Here, I say!"

"No back talk," the tall man snapped, as he and the other squeezed themselves into the place vacated by the girl. "Now drive around to the police station."

Dick glanced back with a wave of anguish as he drove away from the curb and out toward Fifth Avenue. Rosemary stood looking after the car, a pathetic little figure, and Dick moaned. Again he had been with her, and had failed to learn her address. This was the second time the blinking police had put in their two-cents-worth, spoiling everything.

At the station-house he launched into a passionate explanation to the lieutenant in charge, giving all the romantic details of his quest, and his reason for advertising a \$7500 roadster for \$150. The manager of the Bohn-Race agency was summoned, and readily confirmed Dick's ownership of the car. The officer scratched his head and looked puzzled, muttered something about the observation ward, and told Dick to get out. He went home and sat in his big chair, depression weighing upon her. He got out Rosemary's picture and stared at it.

HE spent the next few days cruising up and down Fifth Avenue in his car, at first with hope, but gradually comprehending the futility of this loose search. To find one girl among New York's six millions—even if she were the loveliest of them all! It was an impossible task.

"Higgins," he said hopelessly on the sixth night "pack my bags and ship my trunk to Los Angeles."

"Going on another tour, sir?" Higgins asked.

It was a silly question, which Dick did not deign to answer.

He was dressed early the next morning, all ready to go. But he dallied around, debating whether or not he should make one last journey down Fifth Avenue. Noon came and passed, and still he was undecided. Several times he had taken up the bags and started for the door, only to put them down again and resume his solo-debate.

He was stretched out in his big chair when the bell rang and Higgins went to answer it.

"A Miss Parker to see you, sir," the man announced, on returning. Dick bounced from his seat and sprang to the door. He blinked and swallowed, then rushed forward with outstretched hands.

"I seem to be doomed to get the wrong impression of you, Mr. Halsted," she said with a smile, shaking his hand. "I mean first I took you for a sheik and then I thought you were an—automobile thief!"

Dick tried to laugh, but he was trembling too much for success. He half expected the floor to open up and swallow her, or that she would vanish upward in a puff of golden smoke.

"I say, where do you live?" he inquired breathlessly, as if afraid he could not get the words out fast enough.

She gave him her address. Not until then did Dick breathe easily. A beatific smile broke over his features, and he sighed.

"Now you can't get away from me again," he said.



She looked at him in utter amazement. "Why? Have you been trying to find me?"

Dick seldom used slang, but now he cried with feeling, "And how!"

"I suppose," Rosemary said, "I'd have gone on thinking you stole that car, though it was hard to believe. But I read that piece in the paper about you this morning."

"Piece? Paper?"

"Yes. Didn't you see it?" From the familiar brown hand-bag, she produced a folded page of a tabloid newspaper, containing one of the daily stories written by a Broadway columnist who found out, sooner or later, everything that happened on Manhattan Island. Dick read it. No names were mentioned, but there could be no questioning the identity of the hero, who was described as "a certain young millionaire motor car enthusiast who is to shy to be well known." It was Dick's story, precisely as he had told it to the police lieutenant.

"Of course I knew I was the girl, and—" Rosemary's voice trailed off in a low murmur, her eyes widened, and flew to and from Dick's face. A wave of glorious red tinted her throat and cheeks.

Then Dick did the second daring act of his girl-shy career. He caught Rosemary's hand and pressed his lips to it.

"Do you suppose I could—you could—could—do you sup—"

Her tinkling little laugh interrupted him.

"Why don't you," she murmured, "come around and take me for a ride in the Bohn-Race—and find out?"

## Wife or Secretary

*(Continued from page 43)*

What chance has the wife, then, against the secretary in her husband's office?

An equal chance—at worst. A better chance, more often than not. For seldom does a man attempt to live his love-life with his secretary until after his love-life at home has failed him. A wife can make her home, her children, an interest as vital to her husband as his business.

**S**HE can take, too, a real and intelligent interest in the work he is doing every day to finance that home and those children. Not merely in the money that work brings, but in the doing of it, which means so much. With half a chance a man will pour out his ideas and his anxieties, his triumphs and his defeats—all she can "get" of them. It is her affair to invite those confidences so often that she will get more and more of them as time goes by, so that she will understand and appreciate all the more vivid and dramatic incidents even if the detailed routine remains a mystery.

But how many wives are anything but bored by shop talk? How many dismiss every reference to business brusquely—even brutally? I know, for I have heard them. Sometimes I have heard myself.

And then it is a wife's part to see that the home which costs a man forty-five hundred a year, gives him at least as good service as the girl who costs him forty-five a week. Barring the necessities of the children, a home can and should revolve about the man who makes that home possible. His comfort, his hobbies, his ideas, even his whims, should receive surely as much attention as they do in the office he directs.

**M**ANY a wife may well ask herself if she contributes directly to her husband's comfort, to his ease of mind, to his personal service, half as much as the little girl in his office. She may as well ask herself—for some day—sometime—a man is bound to ask himself. And sometimes the answer breaks up a home.



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## The Loyal Lover

[Continued from page 81]

Martin sent me over to America to investigate!"

"The devil he is! A man must not marry his grandmother!"

"She's only two years older than he is, and looks a lot less," said Mildred constrainedly.

"Been having a bad time about it? Poor kid! It hasn't been easy for you off here alone with strangers. Let me handle her if she gives trouble."

"She hasn't given trouble exactly. Indeed, so far we haven't even talked about anything. Run along, Ran, get washed and changed, and I'll be here when you come back."

But Janet had rushed in on the news that the long-expected Sir Ranulf was really there.

His back had nearly disappeared into the room Mildred indicated, but at Janet's footstep he turned about. He gave her a cool, purposely long stare, and shut the door. Mildred laughed to herself. The training had begun.

"Oh, isn't he dazzling!" gasped Janet.

"Why did you keep it from me?"

"I never thought he was dazzling," Mildred explained. "You get used to even the most fatal beauty when you see it from the age of eight. I think Ran was eight when I first knew him."

Janet wasted no more words on such an unappreciative person. She ran like a deer to find Ito and order tea.

"Every afternoon after this, Ito," Mildred heard her explaining. "Thin bread and butter, and cakes and jam. And—"

"I know, I know, Missy," Ito tried to say, "I know English tea—"

But Janet did not trust him. She continued to pile orders on him as Mildred strolled out of earshot.

JANET had her family staged and grouped about the tea table by the time Ranulf emerged. Ito, with as much of a look of protest on his face as was possible to its impassive Japaneseness, bore out a tray.

"I say, are we going to have family prayers?" whispered Mac loudly at her elbow. "Or is this just a heavy supper, and I've lost track of time? My watch says four-thirty daylight saving."

Mildred looked at the tea table, and at Janet behind it with a look of earnest endeavor on her face. Wally, too, had an expression as if some one had told him to sit up and act like a little gentleman. Mr. Holliday, who never drank tea under any pretext, lifted a humorous eyebrow at his son, then sat quite still and polite.

Janet had—to be moderate—a little overdone things. Ito had, under her instructions, covered the table with various kinds of cake and sandwiches, made chocolate, set out a huge box of bon-bons and—final charming touch which may or may not have originated in a satirical Japanese mind—after rolling the thin bread and butter, tied it with narrow ribbon. Nothing was lacking to the kind of tea one gives as a formal afternoon affair except salad and ice cream.

Ranulf looked about with a flicker of utter astonishment which he quickly covered with British calm. But Mac—who never missed anything—got that look.

"I like your baronet," he whispered to his cousin. "No one will ever know from him that this isn't what he's used to in the dear old castle at home!"

Ranulf heard him, as he may have intended, and their eyes met. They lit, both young pairs, with intelligence.

"Do have some rolled bread with pink ribbon, and some chocolate cake," Mac of-

fered outrageously, after catching that look.

"Thanks, I'll have some of the other too, the kind with yellow icing, and a few sweets," said Ranulf with solemn courtesy, and Mac as solemnly passed him everything he asked for.

"Tea, Sir Ranulf?" Janet asked with her most gracious intonation.

Ranulf accepted that, though he looked at the amber liquid, with its slice of lemon, with more horror than he knew he showed. He and Mac ranged everything on their plates, and making decorous conversation as they did so, solemnly worked through everything.

"Wonderful appetite the mountain air gives one, doesn't it?" inquired Mac. "Do have another stuffed olive?"

At this neither Hugh nor Mildred, heavy-hearted as they both secretly were, could keep from laughing. They caught each other's eyes and everything was lost. In another moment every one, except the startled and offended Janet, was off, and Ranulf, all in a moment was one of the Holliday family.

"No use, Janet," said her father. "This boy's a regular fellow. He doesn't want pink ribbons on his lunch any more than the rest of us."

Janet cast a horrified look at this crude American father, saw that Ranulf was evidently only keeping a steady face again for a moment by an effort of good manners, and ran into the house, the door crashing angrily behind her.

"Could I have some more tea?" Ranulf inquired impassively. He slipped into a chair nearer Mrs. Holliday, began to talk to her about his mother, and things felt suddenly easy.

"We might as well break it to you that afternoon tea isn't a universal American custom except when there are callers," smiled Mrs. Holliday. "We'll see that you have it every afternoon at the proper time, though."

Wally looked as if he would contradict this terrible confession, but Ranulf only thanked her, and took another cup. Presently he went fishing with the Hollidays and Hugh, and Janet crept out on the porch again.

"Your friend is a nice boy, Mildred," said Aunt Ethel placidly.

"A nice boy," burst out Janet. "Mother, he's a poet, and he has a title!"

"He's a nice boy in spite of that, dear," said her mother.

"I'm simply crazy over him," said Janet impressively. "Mildred, he's wonderful. He has soul."

"I hope so," said Mildred vaguely. She was wondering when she could take him off and talk to him.

SHE managed to get a while alone with him in the evening. He came back with a longer string of trout than the others, and talked sport to the men, in spite of Wally's efforts to make him discuss "Oxford Fields" as he should. But he managed to slip away with Mildred presently.

"So Bannard is marrying her and Mac wants to marry the daughter, and Mr. Holliday and his wife disapprove of them entirely," he said. "It sounds like a family with charm!"

"It is. That's why I can't judge. I distrust Lola, and everything makes it easy for me to distrust her more, even her daughter's unbridled loyalty. I'm afraid of being unfair."

"Have you said anything to her about it?" "There hasn't been much chance—no, that's unfair. I suppose I could have gone to see her, but I've shirked it so far."

"Afraid you're for it, Mildred. Want me to go too?"

"Will you?"

He nodded.

"Tomorrow, bright and early." He grinned. "Or we might wait, and spare the cousins another afternoon tea fight. By the way, I don't get your Lola's dark concealment—first of who she was, next of who she was engaged to. Seems reasonable."

"She is. Or rather, she has schemes and moods and then forgets them. Or—oh, I don't know. See what you think."

"And charmer number two?"

"Oh, she isn't a charmer, poor child! She's a little girl with freckles and cropped sandy hair and no manners, who is as blunt as her mother is indirect and purry. You can't help liking her, impoliteness and all!"

"Mildred, my dear, in my present state of devotion to—the United States of America—I can help liking any one you show me. Try me."

His eyes—cool and quiet and direct, not like all these restless, bright American eyes that watched her and all the world so keenly—looked into hers. There was only a low light shining from the living room behind them in the corner of the great veranda where they sat together. She had been glad of Ranulf's coming. And now—the thing she had known was a part of his coming—wasn't she a good sport, wasn't she an honorable girl, that she didn't want to face it? And yet it was very much harder than it had been when she lived at the old manor. She had known something else in the meantime. Her feeling for Ranulf was savorless beside it.

"If he'd die," she heard a voice in her mind say fiercely, "if Hugh died before he married her, it would be easier to stand. It would be better."

To feel that way! Oh, it was time Ranulf came and she made herself satisfied with him!

"You know that, don't you, Mildred?" Ranulf's voice persisted in her ear. "You know why I came."

She turned and faced him, honestly. "Yes, I know. Only please give me more time. I know I haven't any right to ask you. But everything is piling on me at once."

"I know. And you miss your Uncle Martin. Take all the time you want. And I'll take some of your cares off your shoulders. I can handle that little cousin of yours, if she bothers you. You needn't marry me unless you want to. But I think you do want to, poor child, only too many things have happened to you at once."

If Ranulf showed that he secretly felt another month of this country called America would teach her the superior charm of himself and England, Mildred was content. He was being very kind, instead of demanding an immediate promise, which he had the right to do, considering that she had told him to come over.

**THEY** were interrupted by Janet, who had noiselessly stolen near them.

"Mildred, when can I have a chance to talk to Sir Ranulf again? Molly Doran is coming up day after tomorrow, and it will be tooth and nail after that. She'll be crazy about you, Ranulf—mind if I call you Ranulf? Not that that's anything new to you, of course."

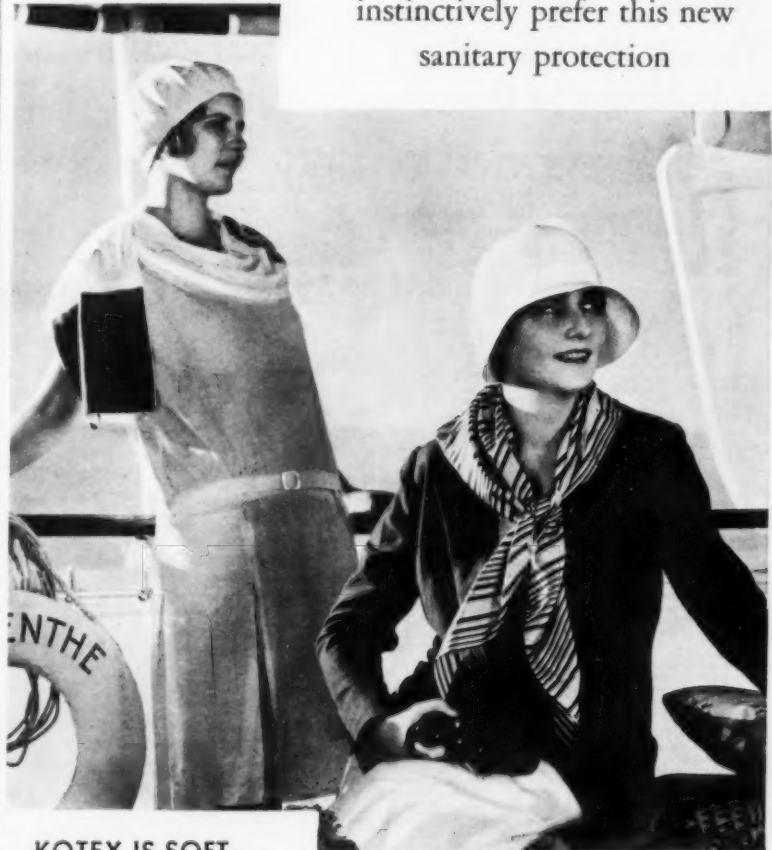
"No, I was christened when an infant," drawled Ranulf relentlessly.

"Silly!" Janet shrugged at him. "You know what I mean. That you simply mow girls down wherever you go, with those looks."

"You don't know very much about men," Ranulf told her coolly. "If you did, you'd know that no man can stand being told he is good looking till he really likes a girl. Not much then, unless he's in love with her. I'm not in the least in love with you, my good child, and you can lay off that line."

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Mildred was agghast. She had never happened to see this side of Ran.

However, knowing the surprising things that Janet and Wally said to one another and no harm done, she was not prepared to see Janet, like a hurt child, stand still, staring at Ranulf, with her lips trembling, nor to see her eyes fill with tears in the same helpless way.

"I—I didn't mean to be high hat," she said in a choked voice, and moved down to the other end of the porch.

"That's strange," Mildred said in surprise. "Not that you ought to be rude to her, of course. But the boy she's engaged to is, and she never seems to mind at all."

"It's all in the technique," said Ranulf indolently. "You know I told you, Mildred, they were like that. Has anything but that sort of thing done her any good?"

"No," Mildred admitted.

"I'll have her eating out of your hand long before I go," he promised. "First get 'em to know their masters, then train 'em."

"Is that your idea of how I should be trained?" she asked curiously, leaning back to see his face in the shaft of light from the window.

"You? You're Mildred. Now, having used the whip, I use the lump of sugar. I'll go give Janet a kind word. See what happens."

He was laughing, and so was she, but she spoke earnestly a moment later nevertheless.

"You mustn't talk about my cousin that way. I won't allow it."

"You're a darling loyal old thing. I will talk no longer. Watch."

"You can come over and sit down here by me if you want to," Ranulf said to Janet, half-mockingly, half affectionately, as he would have spoken to a child he was disciplining. Mildred would have walked indignantly into the house at that tone of indulgence, used to her, after what he had said before. But Janet actually edged slowly back to him in silence. She dropped on a chair near them, and looked at him.

Mildred got up and left. She did not want to see any further details of Ranulf's amazing technique. And she had known Ranulf since he was eight!

"Tomorrow morning we will go to see Mrs. Redding, if that suits your plans, Mildred," he called after her.

"Perfectly," she answered, and went in. Hugh, silent and sober-faced, met her—almost collided with her, indeed—in the doorway. Her hand brushed his as they passed silently. She had seen his face flush at the touch. Whether hers did or not she did not know. She knew that her heart pounded harder. She went slowly on to her own room. He was going to Lola, probably.

**MOLLY DORAN** arrived next morning, just before Mildred and Ranulf started down the lake to Lola's. She was as blonde as Janet was dark. She was thin; her hair was waved tightly back over her head, and ended in two tiny "growing-out" buns at the back. She had blue eyes and a very fair skin, which she made dead white.

"She goes in for being like Gloria Swan-

son, as you can observe," Janet explained.

"How interesting!" said Ranulf.

"And she's so modern," said Janet, glowingly.

"I've seen 'em like her for some time. She's as like Mary Montgomery as two peas," said Ranulf as he and Mildred made their way to the dock. "You know, I like your little cousin. She's so trusting and naive. You don't get 'em like that in England. We're all born a thousand years older than you, over there."

"I never heard you philosophize before," said Mildred, laughing. "Also the poor child's heart would break if you told her that to her face. She is sophisticated, she tells me all day long."

"Well," said Ranulf, grinning as he helped her into the canoe, "an eminent British lecturer has to have opinions, and fellows who have been over tell me that the ruder you are to Americans the more they like you."



M-G-M

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descend on you where you live. They don't like me, you recall. I've thought sometimes of coming to sing under your window! I was afraid you disliked me, since you haven't come before."

She was the pretty, light-hearted, winning Lola of the times on shipboard. And she was coming straight to the point of their relationship. "This is your friend, Sir Ranulf, isn't it? I saw you and your sisters, I think, when Billy and I came down to stay at the inn near Uncle Martin," she ended, turning to him.

"Puzzled us all no end that you didn't drop in on the Putnams and tell us who you were," said Ranulf pleasantly, but going straight to the point.

She gave what was apparently a perfectly honest answer.

"When it got to the point I was afraid. You don't know what a scared cat I am. And it was a house of mourning, it would have been difficult—I get sudden panics like that. Billy wanted me to, but I simply went to pieces under the idea. And I wanted to on shipboard. But then I thought I'd like to make friends first and tell afterwards. I have queer impulses; I just do things, and think why afterwards."

"I know how that is," said Ranulf politely. "One does."

"At any rate, now I know that you are related to Aunt Milly," Mildred said. "I wish Uncle Martin had known you. He adored her memory."

"So Mr. Whitney said. We met him abroad. He liked me, I think. He'd known my people, and that makes a lot of difference when you're wandering around in strange pensions, trying to make one dollar do the work of two and wondering if it's worth while. He was a dear old gentleman."



"Except for his horror of the younger generation!" Mildred said, smiling.

"He does feel it has horns and hoofs," she said. "But I think he'd have had to have something to scold about no matter what it was. I'm afraid my having manners that he called pleasing made him value me more highly than he should." Then she flushed up, as if she had said something that hurt her own feelings. "You like me better than you did, don't you?" she appealed swiftly, coloring again. "Hugh can tell you I'm—nice."

Mildred had forgotten, for a moment, that Hugh belonged to Lola. The memory slipped back on her sickeningly. But she answered courteously.

"I don't need Hugh to tell me that." "Isn't he a darling?" said Lola softly. "Oh, you don't know how wonderful he is. Other people may think he lacks this thing or that, but I know the real Hugh. And—whatever they may say—there's nobody like him."

"I thought him a fine chap—what I've seen of him," said Ranulf heartily. "Nothing lacking that I could see, except that the poor chap got banged up in the Big Push. Sometimes I think the ones that didn't get through weren't so badly off after all. Though I'd like to have been in it."

"Lola," said Billy, appearing obviously from the kitchen part of the camp in a bungalow apron and little else, "do you mind if I go off this afternoon till about seven? The cigarettes and coffee are both out, and the sugar will only last till tomorrow. I'll take the kicker, but it's over three hours each way, you know."

"Of course not, child," said Lola tenderly. "Come in, Billy. Here are friends."

Mildred, remembering the last time she had met Billy—when she was about to be tied to a tree, a la caveman, by her lover, could not help smiling broadly. Billy herself laughed as she entered. Billy too had charm Mildred saw, on this, nearly her first experience of Billy without her fists doubled up.

"Pass, friend, and give the countersign!" said Billy cheerfully, holding out a hard small hand to Mildred. "I'm awfully glad you've come over. It's terribly stupid for Lola here alone."

"Not for you?" asked Ranulf. Billy shook her head. "Lots to do for me. I like to shoot and fish and I swing a mean rolling-pin, little as I look it with my fatal beauty. But Lola hates to kill anything, and she can't walk much. 'Scuse now, if you're lunching—do lunch. I'll make you some grand mulligan stew. That's all savages eat in the wilds, you know."

But Mildred thought they wouldn't lunch on this first occasion, so Billy retreated to her rolling-pin again. Mac was right—a little kindness, and you couldn't ask anything better than Billy.

Lola went back to the old topic. "I wish now I had taken my courage in both hands and gone to see you. But I wish still more that I had not been too late to see Uncle Martin—do you mind my calling him that?"

Mildred did, but she couldn't well say so. She only made a noncommittal gesture.

"Mr. Whitney worried about me. He had some story-book idea that if Uncle Martin knew I wasn't well and all, he would be kind. He was always kind to every one, they say."

"He didn't know there was such a person as you," Mildred said, impelled to defend Uncle Martin. "He had never known Aunt Milly's sister at all except when he met her at his own wedding. And you know they went abroad directly after that and he never came back again."

"I wish he'd known," Lola said wistfully, again her head drooping. "We'd have loved each other."

There was not much to say to that. And



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it was time to go back to the Hollidays, too.

"Well?" asked Mildred after they had left.

"Well, she is very fascinating. I like the little drudge better, of course, though neither of them are my idea of the good little slipper-fetching wife you think I want."

"Don't rag. I depend on you, Ran. She is ill, isn't she?"

"Bad nerves. Born with them, I should say. Also, if you noticed that line between her brows, bad temper."

"But isn't that nerves? Wouldn't a life free from worries make her all right? I do so want to be fair—"

"It would not. If she had no storms she would be bored and make them. Mil, don't you remember I was orderly in a hospital for nerves the last year of the war? I was a kid, but I saw a lot. Mrs. Redding is honest—so far as she knows—yes. But there is just one thing she feels all the time, underneath, without knowing it—these neurotic people lie to themselves a lot more than they do to anybody else. She wants everything she wants, and principally her own way. She feels that the world owes her everything, and that all she has to do in return is to be pleasant when she likes. People she can't convince are nice people. Those she can't are wrong-minded. I know the type. And it always has charm to a fare-you-well, because it's so convinced it's charming it can make you feel so."

"You are a thousand years older than I am," Mildred said thoughtfully. "Well? What do you think I ought to do?"

"I don't think you owe her anything. She was to have help if she were worthy—is that it? Bless Uncle Martin's romantic old heart! I've seen better and I've seen worse. She isn't well-balanced. She's abnormal enough to be at the mercy of her moods and clever and attractive enough to do a lot of harm if you let her. If you happen to like the type the excitement she causes you might repay you for the amount of annoyance she'd cause you."

"But you don't feel that queer grip she gets on some people?"

"No. I suppose I might if—hang it, Mildred, you're the one person in the world I owe telling it to, so I might as well—when I was in college a girl like that did get hold of me. It was pretty awful. When I got loose I was through with the charm of the abnormal."

"It might be nice to have," said Mildred a little sadly.

He turned to her, his face brightening.

"Mildred, you darling—why Mildred, I love you. You know it. I love and respect you, and I can't get you out of my head day or night. I don't want to get you out of my head. You've more charm than Lola ever dreamed of, with decency and sportiveness to boot."

Mildred had scarcely been thinking of Ranulf's love; but he had taken her sigh for jealousy of that unknown girl of his college days, and been made happy by it.

"Give her anything you want to, dear," he went on, "only stop taking such a small thing so hard, and come back with me where you belong. 'My own sweetheart, come home again!' You know you belong to me—to Wycombe."

"You promised you'd let me think it over!"

"I meant it. Indeed, you idiot, I couldn't stop you."

"I like you better when you're that kind of Ranulf."

"I doubtless would be a good deal of the time. But you'd have to stand a little love-making!"

MILDRED had to think it out—she must think it out. But the Holliday camp offered few facilities. Molly and Janet kept up a quick fire of chatter at the luncheon table. If Mildred had shut her eyes she could not have told which was which—voice,

manner, phrasing, words, slang, were all identical.

Wally, wavering between admiration for Ranulf and resentment that Janet had transferred hers, talked more than usual, in a rather higher voice, insisting on discussing English poetry with Ran and ignoring the claims of the rest of the table.

Hugh and Mildred studiously tried not to look at each other. But when their eyes did meet Mildred said to herself, "It's rather awful. We're getting so we can think at one another!"

She must get away—somewhere—anywhere!

After lunch she announced that she was going off up the mountain. It seemed to her that there was solitude and silence nowhere nearer.

"Are you sure you know the way up and back?" Hugh asked her. He spoke to her so rarely that the anxiety in his voice made Mrs. Holliday turn to look at him.

"It's a plain trail, isn't it?"

"Unless it gets dark before you come down. Mildred, do you mind taking this?"

"This" was a raincoat, rolled small. She slung it over her shoulder, and went on. It was less trouble to take it and be gone.

SHE tried to think of the things around her as she climbed. It was more tangled, of course, the farther up she went. There was a little wind, rustling the tops of the trees; otherwise there was more silence than seemed possible so near all those people who had talked and laughed and argued down at the luncheon table out on the veranda. She strode on, easily, the trouble of decision slipping away from her. She would be old, some day, and quiet, and all this would be far away, scarcely recalled. None of it mattered so very much, after all, did it?

While there was wind and fern and pine, and places like this where you could go, and walk alone and feel and hear and smell the outdoors, after all, men and marrying and plans for doing or not doing seemed small and far off and silly.

She was happy walking. She decided to go on climbing, instead of sitting and deciding on rocks. She laughed and waved the rock a little good-by, and began to sing to herself, as she had a way of doing when she was alone.

Presently the path was steeper and the air thinner. But she made it a sort of game with herself to remember ballad after ballad, and go on singing them as she climbed.

At length it was too much even for her young strength, and, laughing at her own childishness, she stopped to catch her breath and look down the trail again. There was a mist rising at the foot, making everything more lovely. She took a long breath and started again.

When she was once more tired with the singing and climbing together, she turned for another look. It was probably time to go back, little as she wanted to. She glanced at her wrist—and found that of all things to leave behind, she had left her wrist watch! . . . Yes, she remembered now. She had taken it off the last time she washed her hands. Oh, how silly!

SHE started down, to be on the safe side. The trail was less well-marked now, and once or twice she thought it did not look the same trail. She went on, for down was down, she told herself, knowing very little about mountains—and finally found that what had looked like a trail had evidently been a deer track, because it finally ended inconspicuously in thick undergrowth and could be seen nowhere beyond.

The horror and panic that comes with a knowledge of being lost fell on her, and held her helpless for a moment. Lost—and cold—and dark—and shut in by this dreadful mist—and it might be morning, perhaps,

before they found her. She crouched on the ground, fighting the terror. Presently she got hold of herself, and tried to reason.

Hugh knew she had expected to be back long before this. They would surely miss her at dinner time. Mac and his father knew the mountain well. The guide they hired for hunting trips must know it better yet, and there was a telephone to the nearest fire-lookout, where guides were apt to congregate when they had nothing better to do.

She looked about her while there was a little light left, and found a place which looked sheltered; rocks that formed a hollow, thick trees above. The rain which was beginning to condense from the mist couldn't get her very badly there. It was cool, but it would not be unbearably cold. She put Hugh's raincoat on over her sweater and made herself a little pile of ferns and dry leaves to curl on, and establish herself, half-sitting, half-lying, to wait for rescue. She had been told that it was fatal to go on when you were lost; that you only became panic-struck and more lost than ever.

Something thick set and dark trotted across the trail, and disappeared in the underbrush. After a moment of terror she laughed. "Why, it was a baby bear! And it was afraid of me more than I was of it!" What a pity Ran couldn't have seen it. She did not know, of course, that it was sheer luck she had not met its mother.

The hours became intolerably long, and she became much more hungry, she knew, than she would have been if she had been at home, safe in the knowledge of an abundant meal close at hand. She finally ate one of the chocolate bars she had brought with her. Next time she got lost she would take a half dozen. She was colder than she had thought possible, and though the acute fright did not return, she was unhappy and unhappier. A nightful more of hours like this! She had finally felt into a dose only to waken with a start at some noise heard through slumber.

IT WAS a shot she had heard, and then a man's hurried footstep, crashing through underbrush, a different way from the one she had come. She called.

"Mildred! Thank God!" Hugh's voice said. "Where are you?"

She stood up, and he turned his flashlight in the direction of her voice, crashed toward her, pulled her to him and held her for a moment so tightly she could scarcely breathe; then released her, only to grasp her again and kiss her furiously. "Mildred—Mildred—Thank God!" he said again.

She let herself stay in his arms for one heavenly moment, then moved from him.

"Hugh, you mustn't!" she said.

"Mustn't have ten minutes of happiness, with a whole lifetime of hell ahead of me? When I've loved you more than I ever did anything in the world from the moment I saw you! Mildred, darling! Are you all right—unhurt—safe?" he broke off to ask. He held her very fast with one arm and played the flash on her, looking at her with anxious eyes. Her face must have betrayed more than she wanted it to, for he dropped the light with a little sound of triumph, and caught her close again.

"I wouldn't—if you could say you didn't care," he whispered. "You and I—don't have to say things in words. We've belonged to each other ever since that day on the train."

She drew away from him a little, with an effort that seemed to her greater than any she had ever made and dropped again on her pile of leaves. He knelt by her, holding one hand firmly, and looking at her by the dim side light from the electric torch. For the moment, they were alone in the world, together in a dark, enchanted place. He took her in his arms again, but she moved from him.

"You've talked so much of honor—you are



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not acting honorably at all now," she said. "I know it," he answered humbly. "May I tell you about it?"

"You should have long ago!"  
"Lola imperiled her health, because of me. She lifted me, with a terrific effort, out of the way of a car and her spine's never been right since—her health and nerves never will be. I'd been seeing a little of her before that. When I thanked her, afterward, she told me she—cared enough for me to be glad she'd done it. There wasn't any other answer. Well or ill, I can make enough by my profession to keep her from financial trouble. Twice she's been angry at me and broken the engagement tentatively, but always the next time she's seen me she would consider it on again. I was free, if you call it that, on the train, when we met. I thought I was free when I began to ask you to marry me on the lake. But so long as she holds me to marrying her, I have to be held."

There was a long silence. Mildred broke it. Her voice, clear and slow, spoke steadily. "I do love you. You do love me. That isn't news to either of us. Because I am strong and well, because I am self-controlled and decent, you sacrifice me to her."

"I sacrifice myself—how much more! Or rather, I broke something of hers; her health. I have to give her an equivalent, such as it is. Noblesse oblige. Do you think I can sleep at night, knowing I'm letting you stay in Wycombe's possession when one small act of dishonor—so easily compassed—could take you?"

"So easily?" said Mildred bitterly. "It may merely be you are afraid of a scene. I've seen Lola having scenes. They usually get her anything she wants."

"Nothing you can say can make it better—or worse," he said somberly.

"That was why she came up," Mildred mused. "Not to be near Mac for Billy, nor me for the money, entirely, but to keep a hand on you. She followed you up here to make up with you."

"Yes."

They sat silently for a little while then suddenly

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

## Which Girl Are You?

[Continued from page 75]

do you suppose is successful. The answer is interesting. They both are. Each of these two men has a high reputation in a different field. Each has made money so that he lives in what most people would consider luxury. As for their lives outside the business world, both are happily married. And there you are!

**WHAT** applies to big executives applies equally well to the smallest job. I used to have a maid who had many beaux and who, each night after her dishes were washed, went out with her friends. She was an excellent maid: competent, able, neat, a good cook and good humored. Last year I had a maid who never went out at all, except to church, and spent her spare time reading religious books or sewing. And every adjective that I applied to the other maid applied equally well to her. She was competent; she was a splendid cook, and she was good humored and so on and so on.

All this is true of stenographers I've had, and of girls in my office. In a group of advertising copy writers who worked for me there were studious ones and frivolous ones; there were gay ones, and there were sad ones. But none of that had any influence on their work. At least it didn't make their work either good or bad.

It always fills me with wonder when I find an employer objecting to the personal

lives of his people—to the way they dress,

or how they amuse themselves, or how they spend their spare time.

You can be sure that when any employer interferes with the private lives of his employees, it is usually because he envies a certain freedom of theirs which he cannot have. But the reason he would give for this interference would be his concern about your business future. Nobody that danced as much as you do could ever do good work the next day, or that too much rouge on your cheeks interfered with your typewriting. I've never been quite able to understand this. I've never seen anybody's rouge come off on the typewriting paper yet. I myself think that too exaggerated make-up makes a woman look older, but if a woman wishes to look older, that's her business.

The idea is so ingrained in our American minds that seriousness must accompany effort, that we are ashamed to laugh without some sort of good business excuse. The ebullient gaiety of the French has never kept them from being shrewd business people, or from doing an enormous amount of work. The amount of work the average Frenchman does in the course of a day, accompanied by his jokes and his laughter and his high spirits, would make most American business people blush, serious though they may be.

denly Mildred gave a little cry of triumph.

"Stand up, Hugh," she said.

He obeyed her mechanically.

"What is it, Mildred?"

"Draw a long breath!"

He obeyed again, casting a surprised look at her.

She laughed exultantly. She had forgotten Lola and all the tangle for the moment, in pure happiness for him.

"Hugh, you were right—it was shell-shock not real illness! You've broken your altitude inhibition; you've climbed up here after me, higher than you could do without dying if it were real, and you're all right! You're cured—you're well!"

"Well!" he repeated in a hushed voice, staring down at her. "I'm well. All right now for good. Mildred, Mildred, darling—"

"Take your life to Lola now," she said bitterly. "You're well. You'll live for ages. Strong and well, with her."

She pushed him away and snatched his gun, firing the signal shot to the others.

"Do you suppose I want my life?" he said in a low voice.

They heard a shout off at one side of the mountain—Ranulf's voice. Further off some one else called. Hugh fired again, three shots.

"That's the signal you are found," he said quietly. "They'll be here soon. Forgive me if you can. Please do, Mildred."

**THE** little quaint phrase unlocked something in Mildred's feelings. Of her own accord she stood up and put her arms around him and kissed him.

"I forgive you," she said.

Ranulf, swinging up to them, found them standing, waiting quietly.

Ranulf, too, was habitually quiet in moments of stress. "I can't tell you how I thank you, Bannard," he said tensely, shaking hands with Hugh. Hugh did not answer. Ranulf took Mildred's hand and lifting his light, began to guide her down the mountain. She left her hand in his obediently. She supposed she belonged to Ranulf now.



## All Aboard!

[Continued from page 77]

dressings room and makes her first preparations for the night. She is careful not to monopolize the entire dressing room and what contempt we have for the person who does not leave this room as immaculate as she finds it! Since the corridor of a train is a public place, a woman hesitates to appear in it not fully clothed, so she returns to her berth to undress. In the morning she dresses completely in her berth and goes to the dressing room to finish her toilet. Women, especially older women, who find the dressing in these narrow quarters too difficult, carry with them a dark, inconspicuous dressing gown, a Pullman robe, to be worn back and forth in the aisle. No lady, old or young, ever flutters down the corridor in a light, transparent negligée. This is the height of vulgarity.

**I**F A woman conducts herself with dignity she can travel safely the world over alone, with neither embarrassment nor danger. And by dignity we mean a becoming reserve and restraint of manner which is an armor of protection against any unwelcome advances. All inquiries about train schedules and connections should be addressed to the conductor or porter. To ask a fellow passenger is exceedingly gauche. Moreover he may interpret your question as an invitation to advances you neither intended nor care to accept.

If you need assistance, ask the porter. Don't depend on the man across the aisle, however attractive he may appear or how-ever eager to do it. If he picks up a magazine you dropped in the aisle, or steps aside to let you pass, thank him courteously and let it go. If he is a gentleman he will not regard this as an opening wedge to conversation.

If the truth were known "the man across the aisle" is probably not the Prince Charming you hope to meet, but a traveling salesman with a tired wife and several children at home.

While it is an accepted convention that a woman does not talk to strange men on a journey of a few hours, on longer journeys of several days she may exchange pleasantries with the man who shares her section, sits beside her in the observation car or across her table in the diner. But the well-bred woman insists upon keeping this contact casual and impersonal.

**T**HE traveler's clothes, like her conduct, should be inconspicuous and in good taste. Anything dark and tailored, suitable for street wear does for traveling. Let it be simple but chic. Avoid fancy jewelry, dressy frocks with short sleeves or "sun backs." Notice how the smart woman traveler carries the rule of simplicity even to accessories such as purse, gloves, shoes. In choosing the traveling costume she takes into consideration how it will stand the wear and tear of the journey, for when she leaves the train she wants to look as spick and span as when she boarded it.

The good traveler travels light, for baggage at best is a burden and most of us invariably take too much. Luggage, like clothing, is now elegant in its simplicity. No longer do we plaster it with hotel, steamship and railroad labels that shriek of wide travel and expensive resorts. This is merely one subtle way of attracting attention to yourself, a thing which the well-bred woman consistently avoids, even in a detail so small as the marking of her luggage.

To be conspicuous while traveling is the gentlewoman's horror and she will go out of her way to avoid attracting any attention to herself.

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# Party Times Are Coming

*And a Successful Party Must Have Good Refreshments*

**By Mabel Claire**

*Decorations by ANN BROCKMAN*

**T**HERE is a tang of autumn in the air. A touch of frost has turned the trees vivid crimson, deep yellow, and rich russet. Summer is gone. Our minds return to the pleasant evenings when we will entertain in our own apartments again when, after the business day is over, we whisk into our gayest frock, plump up the cushions, light the candles, arrange the flowers, and put on all the little touches that make our home a pleasant place for our friends to gather.

Vacations are over. We are together once more! Nothing is so exciting as that fall reunion when we pick up interrupted friendships and exchange summer experiences.

So that whether we talk, or play bridge, or whatever form of entertainment we offer, the thought of refreshments that will be simple to prepare as well as delicious to taste, are uppermost in our minds.

So many of you have written me asking for suggestions for simple evening refreshments that I want to devote this column to that subject this month.

Simplicity in entertaining is the vogue. And because of that fact we can have the joy of more frequent parties.

I have in mind two business girls who have frequently been my hostesses. One is Marjorie. Her parties are the ones where the guests feel ill at ease because it is so evident

Mabel Claire will plan the menus that will make your parties popular. Do you want the smartest sandwiches and cakes and what-have-you in town? If so, write to her, in care of SMART SET Magazine.

it has been such a lot of trouble for her to have them. She is obviously tired. And, of course, guests reflect the mood of their hostess. Don't be like that!

Then there is Pat. She has obviously given her parties thought, for

her refreshments are ever different and original. But she has chosen something simple to prepare—and best of all she keeps the mechanics of the preparation so in the background that no one realizes there have been any. Fresh, gay, sparkling, she welcomes you and you have the feeling that there is nothing Pat would rather do than give that particular party. Every one present reflects her mood. The room rings with a gay babble of talk. There is a party atmosphere about these gatherings. They are talked of and remembered long after they are over. That's what a party should be like!

And now here are the menus and recipes that I know won't take much of your time to prepare.

### MENU NO. I

Fruit Salad	
Lemon Cream Dressing	
Cream Cheese	Bar le Duc or Currant Jam
Optional: Caramel Nut Cake	
Salted Nuts	Coffee Candies

### Fruit Salad

Arrange lettuce on individual plates.

**SMART SET'S SERVICE SECTION**

On each one place an equal quantity of the following fruits. Diced pineapple, marshmallows cut into pieces, stoned dates, pitted cherries and seeded green grapes. Dress the top with lemon cream dressing. Decorate with a cherry.

#### Lemon Cream Dressing

Beat the yolks of 3 eggs in the top of the double boiler. Add the juice of 2 lemons. Beat well and add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar. When well blended, beat the whites of 3 eggs stiff and fold into the mixture. Cook in a double boiler over hot water, stirring often until thick. Chill and when serving combine with  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream whipped stiff.

The preparation of the fruit salad may be all done before it is needed and combined when wanted.

#### MENU NO. II

Tuna Fish Salad  
Mixed Pickles Hot Buttered Rolls Olives  
Vanilla Ice Cream  
Hot Butterscotch Sauce  
Salted Pecans Assorted Sweet Wafers  
Candied Ginger  
Coffee

#### Tuna Fish Salad

Open 1 large can of tuna fish. Measure it after breaking the meat into pieces with a fork. Add one half as much finely chopped celery and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sweet pickle chopped. Add the juice of one half lemon. Mix well and chill. When serving arrange lettuce on individual salad plates. Heap portions of the salad in the center. Dress with cucumber cream dressing. Dust the top of each with paprika. Chicken, lobster or crab may be substituted for the tuna fish. This will serve six. Double the recipe for twelve.



Autumn gardens lend the gayest party flowers

#### Cucumber Cream Dressing

To  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of whipping cream add 1 tablespoon of vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Whip the mixture until stiff. Chop 1 cup of fresh, peeled cucumber. Chill and, at serving time, drain free from juice and add it to the whipped cream.

#### Hot Butterscotch Sauce

Make the sauce before the guests arrive. It may even be made the day before. Put into the top of a double boiler 1 measuring cup of molasses, 2 measuring cups of brown sugar and 2 tablespoons of butter. Place the pan directly over the flame and let it come to the boiling point once. Place the pan in the bottom of the double boiler containing water. Reheat when serving. A few salted pecans may be put on the top of each serving after the sauce has been poured over the ice cream.

#### MENU NO. III

Oyster Canapés  
Cranberry Jelly Sweet Pickles Celery  
Hot Buttered Rolls  
Cream Sponge Pudding  
Sugared Nuts Coffee Candies

#### Oyster Canapés

Cut 6 slices of bread  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Cut into rounds with a cookie cutter. Put 1 tablespoon of butter into a pan. Brown the bread delicately. Warm 6 stuffed olives in the same pan. Keep warm.

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in a pan. Add 1 cup of celery chopped fine. Cook 5 min-

utes in the butter. Add 2 dozen medium-sized oysters and 6 tablespoons of cream. When the tips of the oysters curl and the whole is thoroughly hot, serve on the rounds of toast with a stuffed olive decorating the center of each. The main part of this menu may all be served on a large individual plate for each guest. This eliminates the passing of many dishes, and best of all, cuts down the number of dishes to be reckoned with after the party is over.

**SERVING:** Place a sprig of parsley on each plate. Next put the oyster canapé, then the celery, next the cranberry jelly and the sweet pickles and the hot buttered roll.

Scalloped oysters may be substituted for the oyster canapé and served in the same manner with individual helpings.

#### Scalloped Oysters

Lay 2 dozen medium sized oysters in a shallow pan. Heat in a frying pan 2 tablespoons butter with 1 measuring cup of bread crumbs. Place this around and over the oysters. Moisten with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of cream and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of oyster juice. Sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt and dust with pepper. Bake 20 minutes in a hot oven. The crumbs should be crisp and brown. The oysters may be prepared before the guests arrive. They may be baked ahead of time and reheated or baked for 20 minutes when they are wanted.

#### Cream Sponge Pudding

Whip  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream. Add 2 tablespoons orange juice, and 2 rounding tablespoons of sugar. Cut into bits 1 tablespoon candied cherries, mince 1 tablespoon candied pineapple, mince 1 tablespoon candied ginger. Add to the cream. Place 4 small lady fingers, standing upright, in each serving glass. Heap the mixture on top. Decorate with whole candied cherries and thin slices of candied pineapple. Chill in the refrigerator.

If you have a chafing dish and an electric toaster lobster Newburg is a good thing to serve for an evening party. This may be made in the kitchenette, of course, if you like.

#### Lobster Newburg

Beat 3 egg yolks until light. Add 1 cup of thin cream and either 2 tablespoons of non-alcoholic cooking sherry or 2 tablespoons of orange juice. Cook over hot water, stirring often. When the liquid is hot add 1 cup of lobster meat. Cook until the liquid is like heavy cream and the lobster is thoroughly heated.

Serve on lightly toasted bread or saltines. Shrimp, chicken or crab may be substituted for the lobster.

There is a new dessert that you might like to have for one of your parties. It is apricot macaroon mousse.

#### Apricot Macaroon Mousse

Soak 1 cup of crushed macaroon crumbs in 1 cup of apricot juice from canned apricots. Whip  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream stiff. Combine with the crumb mixture. Put in sherbet glasses and chill in the refrigerator.

If you are lucky enough to have an iceless refrigerator this dessert may be put in the small square pans and frozen for three hours. But it is equally good whether frozen or chilled. Serve with  $\frac{1}{2}$  an apricot on top of each.

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# The Party of The Month

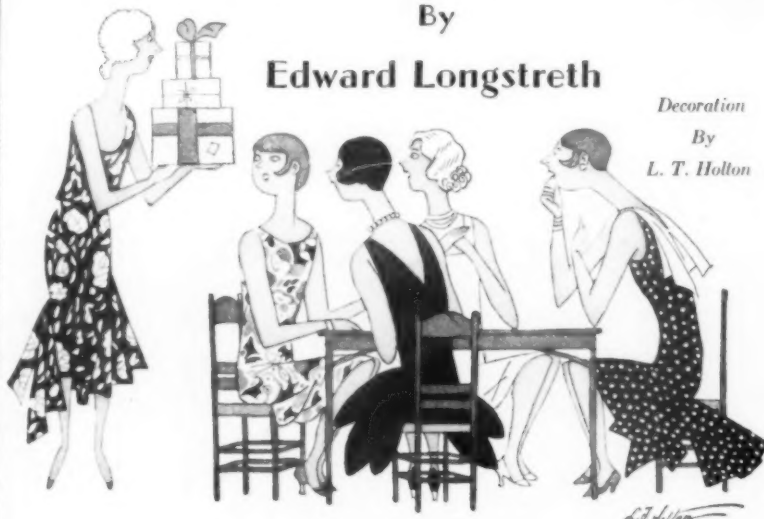
By

Edward Longstreth

Decoration

By

L. T. Holton



## Bridge Parties With A Climax

AS LONG as girls want to have "hen" parties, there will always be card parties. How to give a good party without men is, frankly, a problem.

The difference between a card party which is "just another one of those things" and a party with snap and novelty is the difference between a party that is planned with some imagination and one that is not planned at all.

Auction bridge, the old favorite, is now giving way to contract. Because many people do not yet play contract, it is important in giving an invitation to ask each person to express a preference. The invitation may be given by telephone if the affair is small and informal, or by sending out visiting cards marked, in addition to the time and place, "auction or contract?" Even on formal or informal written invitations, the guest should be asked to specify whether she wants to play auction or contract.

A "progressive" party interferes with a good game. Contract does not lend itself to migrating from table to table. But here is an original device which puts every one in direct competition without rotating, and ends the party with a climax.

If there are tables playing both kinds of bridge, two sets of grand prizes must be provided, for there is entirely too much discrepancy in the methods of scoring to permit the two kinds to be played in competition.

The hostess explains at the start there will be no progressing, and that there will be a small prize for each table. She then has a chance for showmanship when she springs her novelty and announces that there will be major prizes

SMART  
SET'S  
SERVICE  
SECTION

for the highest gross scores. She shows the prizes neatly tied in parcels to the greedy gaze of all.

The first and second grand prizes are awarded as follows: The first goes to the player who has the highest gross score at the end of the first eight rubbers. The second prize goes to the player who has the highest gross score for the first five rubbers.

The hostess then points to a large sheet of paper fastened to the wall or doorway of the room. It contains in a column on the left, the names of all those playing. To the right of the names are columns numbered at the top to represent each rubber.

AS SOON as each rubber is finished, the hostess explains, the players must turn in their scores. These are marked up individually on the large score sheet.

When the players have finished their second rubber, the individual scores for that rubber are added to the score made in the first rubber, and the total sum is entered in the second column. In this way, all the players can follow the competition closely.

After this explanation, the hostess signals the players to begin. At the end of two hours, she signals them to stop. They do so at the end of the rubber they are playing, unless they are playing the first hand of a new rubber, which is also a hand in which they cannot make game. In this case, they drop the hand, and score on the basis of the last finished rubber.

Thus the hostess, having limited the playing time to two hours, has left a sufficient time for serving refreshments and for little chats which are always a big feature of girl parties.

Back from vacation, mingling once more with the old crowd; that's the time to give a party. For advice on new games and general frivolity, write Edward Longstreth, allowing at least two weeks for reply. Address Mr. Longstreth, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope, in care of SMART SET, 221 West 57th St., New York.



## That Old Pal of Mine

[Continued from page 55]

hoof. The car then proceeds without him.

"Well?" says my missus.

"Well," I pipe. "Cantcha see the whole scummy scheme? Squirt hasn't a chance to sell my first lot for me. He really isn't figuring to, as far as that goes, but just at that time he meets the Captain while they're both washing dishes at the Ritz. Then the bright idea pops. They'll offer me a profit for my lot. A lot of dough. I accept. But this is only a part payment on a bigger swindle. Squirt puts himself over big with the Captain which is just in time for their putting the skates on him in his own joint and I own a bigger and worse swamp than before. But I guess I'm a dummy, huh? I fixed the gondola for 'em."

"All wet!" says my missus.

"Maybe," sez I, "but he's pulling all kinds of wires to get me to hand over the deed to my lot. I'm leary and I'm gonna stall on any more deals. Squirt's finageling in trying to get his mitts on that deed, has me scratching my chin!"

**W**ELL, I wasn't long in being illuminated. The next night I come home for dinner and who's sitting in my parlor but Squirt. I start looking through a bunch of letters and then say, "Nope, no mail here for you." Thereupon Squirt makes a face like a guy that's swallowed a gulp of tea down the wrong pipe and groans, "O.K. You win. But I'm a good loser. I take my medicine. No hard feelings. I don't care. But it's gonna be tough on the wife and kiddies. Yessir—Tough on the wife and k-kiddies."—Sniff—!

"What's gonna be tough?" I ask.

"Me goin' to prison," he sobs.

"Why," I ask, "weren't you ever a pharmacist? Then—prison? Why prison? Get into your song and dance quick because the upholsterer is calling for that chair you're sitting on any minute. Why are you going to prison?"

"Because," he says to me (right in my own home), "the guy insists on the deed to your lot!"

"What guy?"

"The guy I sold it to."

"Oho! So you sold my lot, heh?" I began to notice felines emerging from sacks all over the place.

"Yes."

"And you didn't send me the dough?"

"Nope."

"Well, well, well—how much did you sell it for?"

"One thousand."

"Hmm—and why didn't you send me the thousand?"

"I had it. So help me, I was going to send it to you but it got tied up."

"Tied up? By who?"

"By the lady! Tied up with the rest of my funds."

"What lady?"

"The lady that's suing me."

"Oh—a lady's suing you too. What for?"

"Because the oil didn't spout on some land I sold her."

"Did you tell her it would spout?"

"Yes—er—that is—my representative did—er—"

"Hmm—how much are your total funds tied up, including my thousand?"

"\$1028.46."

"Hm—and the guy's yelping for the deed and I'm yelping for my dough and the lady's yelping for her oil and you've got nothing but a desire to get out of town. Seems you couldn't have got into more trouble if you'd

## To Clear Arms and Legs of Hair

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**A** NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

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gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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### WHERE TO OBTAIN

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## Gray Hair

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deliberately set out to do so. Well, what must I do to put you on Easy Street?"

"Give me a break," he pants.

"Well, I'll give you a break," I reply. "I'll use my influence."

"How?" he asks eagerly.

"I'll use my influence," I continue, "to call up the newspaper and have the handcuffs retouched off your picture. You like the idea?"

"No," he says boldly. "But I have a plan!"

"Oh! A plan!" I pipe, calling my missus. "Well, well, Squirt's got a plan? It couldn't by any chance have something to do with me buying that tract of swamp of your Captain's friends, could it? Huh?"

BY THE time I finish Squirt's face is so long it would have cost him two bucks for a shave in a Bowery barber stool. He's just sitting there trying to think up another stall when there's a terrible pounding on the door and in clatters a six-foot cowboy with boots and spurs and six-shooter and a nasty look on his dish.

I like the bloke at once but I can see my missus' ears start to wriggle up and down which is no friendly sign.

Then the cowboy opens up:

"Never did a onery coyote lay out a more pestiferous trail than you to follow," he roars, grabbing Squirt and shaking him like no flapper ever shook a cocktail. "But nary's the pesky critter on two legs or four that Handsome Dan, the Rip-Tailed Terror of Pike County, can't track to earth. I've got you at last! Now I'll be atroublin' of you for that there deed!"

I saw at once. This was the gent that had bought my lot.

"Stranger," I says, leaping up. "We folks here in the East ain't all that they be a' sayin' of us. But, by Gosh—at least we're men—and I'm sorry to say that you sure been rooked a plenty. I'm the owner of that there lot and it ain't worth nowhere near the thousand you paid this here gallawampus for it!"

"Thousand!" roars the cowboy. "I plumb gave the varmint twenty-five hundred—danged if I didn't!"

I'm just figuring what to murder Squirt with when all of a sudden the cowboy puts his face in his hands and starts rocking back and forth, moaning and sobbing and crying till the pictures shake on the walls.

"How come, he-man?" I inquire. "Why the Niagara?"

"Jest that I've plumb lost all faith in my fellow man," he sobs. "My pore ol' pappy—he up and he sorta died—'an' jist afore he cashed in his chips he sent me the message. 'Dan,' he sez, 'come East and sell the old hut on the hill'—thet was jest his way o' callin' it. T'weren't no hut 'tall but a right smart estate thing thet he'd lived in 'cause it b'longed in th' family like—and he sez—'sell th' old hut an' take Elviry' (thet's my sister) 'West to live with you after I'm gone.'"

"So I cum, and fust thing I plumb into this galoot who talks all spraddled out about the heap o' cash he can get me for the estate—managin' in the meantime to rook me for twenty-five hundred on a lot o' yours which I shouda known better 'cause my estate ain't worth no more'n half of what he promised to get for it—"

Well, the cowboy woulda gone on for hours but I suddenly get a terrible hunch on this estate. So I steer Squirt out and inveigle Dapper Dan or whatever his name was to let me have a look at the place. The biggest steal for that price in the history of the North American continent. But I put on the dead pan.

"Well," I pipe, "I'm not really interested, of course, but being you're in a hurry to get back West—if you cared to drop in and see my lawyer, I'll give you his address. Maybe he knows some one that might want it."

He goes. I get my lawyer on the telephone. "Lissen, Sam," I yelp, "there's a big, honest cowboy coming in with a house for sale. Grab it. Grab it if you have to lasso him. Don't let him get out of that office if you have to tie him in a chair until everything is signed, sealed and delivered! Y' get me? I'll send a check along!"

Well, I couldn't sleep what with the triumph over my missus of having really pulled a smart deal.

WE'RE all settled enjoying the peace and calm and seclusion with the exception of my gloating when all of a sudden there's a terrible clunk out on the road and a bozo comes sailin' in through our sun parlor like a foul ball! What's that? Was he badly hurt? Just barely able to talk? What did he say? Well, that's what had me worried too. He ups and opens one eye and gasps:

"Put me in the upper east bedroom."  
"How come the familiarity with the premises," I ask. "Ever live here before?"  
"Nope," he answers, "but I do all my recovering here."

"What's that?" I ask, kind of puzzled. But while we're talking there's another bang and a guy lands in my flower bed and another gets draped all over my striped awning—while auto parts rain like shrapnel.

Well, sir, it developed that the cowboy had neglected to inform us that it seems the house was located kind of at a sharp turn like off a cross road sort of at the bottom of a steep hill as it were and the younger element and the stews would go tooting through there with no brakes—just a hole in the floor board maybe to slide their foot through or possibly just a four-leaf clover in their pocket.

Well, we called Dr. Grump to attend the patients. It saved time. He knew all the rooms—just where the iodine and bandages and things were kept. Pretty soon we had cots in the foyer—the garage was a sort of a first aid emergency ward—the living room was nurses' quarters and the convalescents were allowed on the roof and me and my missus were doing noble stretcher-bearer duty all night bringing in the wrecked and wounded from the lawns. When there weren't collisions we were honored by truck drivers hob-nailing across the parlor floor to phone that they were out of gas. The second day I call my lawyer:

"Sam! I admit for once I'm stuck. What can I do?"

"Lissen," he says. "Let's get the former owner and put up an awful howl. In the first place—"

"Former owner!" I echo. "The former owner's dead."

"If he is," pipes Sam, "he was around here today walking in his last sleep and yelling for a first payment."

"Yeah? What did he look like," I snapped quick.

"Well," said Sam, "he had a dyed moustache and he's some kind of a Captain and—"

WELL, after that there wasn't anything to do but to go in for wild recreation. So with my missus I hie myself to a oneering carnival that's playing near the next town.

We're strolling along among the shooting galleries and win-a-ham stands when all of a sudden I'm attracted by a familiar voice.

"Here y'are!" it's bellowing. "Try the little Indian Dart game and win an all-fired prize. Plumb lucky game, folks! Five cents a dart, folks—the little Indian Dart game—brought from the plains of Oklahoma by Handsome Dan, the Rip-Tailed Ter—"

Yep—you're right, Doc, that was him! The cowboy! What's that? Did he get any customers? Yep—one—stepped up out of the crowd after the cowboy finished his spiel. What? Yes, I knew him—who? Why, Squirt, of course. Nope! Didn't tell the missus. Eased her out. Didn't want her to lose her faith in human nature.

## Your Own Room

[Continued from page 76]

be a regular bed with low posts like the one shown in the photograph on page 76. It could have a foot-board a little higher than these posts if you want, but don't use anything that is big or clumsy. If you already have a bed that seems to dwarf the room you really would be wise to do away with it, or remove the foot-board at least. If it's all right as to size, but oh, so ugly, don't forget the wonders you can work with a paint brush.

**T**HEN there must be some sort of chest for your clothes. Of course if there is space, a chiffonier is always acceptable because it holds so much. But on the other hand it is quite apt to be bulky and overpowering in your small room. You might try a low chest of drawers or an old-fashioned cupboard like the one on page 76. And if your room serves as a sitting room as well, the place where you entertain your friends, then let the top of that chest be as uncluttered as the one in the picture. That is so much more inviting looking than an array of jars and bottles. They're all in the top drawer!

After you have placed the two big things, the others adjust themselves with ease, depending a bit on your life and what your needs are. The next really vital thing is color—for though it is important in any room, it can make or mar the small room.

If your walls are dark and heavy, then you will feel that they are closing in on you and your small room becomes a cell. Let them be light and gay, and, of course, a color you love.

**L**OOK at the charming ruffled organdy curtains of sunny yellow in the photograph in the front of the book. Not much light comes in that window and those gay curtains give the impression of the sunlight that never enters. They are frilled and dainty as can be—and quite possible to make yourself.

The dark green roller shade that originally grew at that window departed via the waste basket and in its place hangs a creamy white one with a bold bouquet of flowers painted on it. As you enter that little room, day or night, you always feel the gay singing quality of that particular window.

The wallpaper has a soft green pattern printed on a cream ground that blends as a background should with the yellow curtains.

There is lots more color in this particular room than in many others because of all the books. The linoleum floor with its marble squares of gray and black and white provides a firm base that is decorative as well as practical. There once was a frightful old carpet there, covering the rough floor boards. You could add a soft round rug in green and yellow there in front of the bed if you liked.

If you want to sit by the window there's a comfortable green rocker, and the books are close by. That little butterfly table is so firm in its stubby quaintness that it is always appealing. The blue-green pottery bowl is full of shiny ivy, but sometimes there are jonquils and fragile ferns. This really is a delightful home for one—the hall bedroom with its crisp curtains, its quaint old chest, comfortable bed, and the many books that so definitely place the tastes of the one who reads and loves them.

**Q**UITE different in type, less direct and more subtly feminine, is the other room shown on page 76. From its very flower-like color scheme, I am sure you will be able to picture the girl who lives there. The walls and ceiling are the softest orchid color you can imagine, but the woodwork stands out on its own, for it is jade green. The desk painted the same green almost seems to be part of the structure of the room. On the other side, which doesn't show in the picture, is a low French walnut bed with no foot-board.

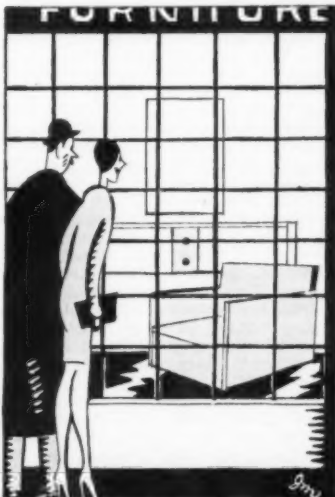
As there is a pleasing view from this window, the glass curtains of sheer orchid celanese voile are made in two sections so the lower half may be drawn back. The overdraperies that are so modern in spirit are semi-glazed percale, with a design of large clear white calla lilies against a blue-green background with occasional touches of Chinese pink and orchid. The white is repeated here and there about the room, a modern bowl for flowers, book-ends of pottery and so on. Altogether a delightful room, as dainty as a flower.

There are so many lovely things that you can do for your own room, no matter how small it is. Remember that it is the place where you should have the things that you like best—the colors, the chair, the lamp, the books. Whatever is there, let it be yours, and let the room be expressive of your likes and fancies, regardless of what its size may be.

## Window Shopping

**Y**OUNG people about to build a home—younger people about to build a wardrobe—are interested in those things that look out from behind the plate glass of shop windows. They like to fill their apartments, and their dress closets, in imagination—before they begin to buy.

A good many of these young people use the SMART SET Service Section as their shop window. Not only is it an easier and pleasanter way than tramping down crowded city streets—its ideas are far more original and adaptable and exciting.



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## Women at Sea

[Continued from page 35]

admiration over to Fenella for the time being.

"At first," he owned frankly, "I hardly considered the child. But when it became evident how devoted the little thing is to me, naturally I— Well, you understand a man feels a certain responsibility, Miss Champneys. Rather pathetic I think, the way a young girl is often attracted to a man much older than herself."

Laura, remembering Fenella's attitude toward him at the electric iron some days previously, was surprised. But she thought it might have been Fenella's girlish way of keeping her secret from the world. Laura had read of things like that in books.

"Not pretty, of course," Major Morphiston was running on, "but something rather charming about her, don't you think? The unbeautiful sort of face a man never forgets."

Laura did not want to see his feelings hurt again. She said, gently, "But are you quite sure that she—"

He looked at her pained, "Miss Champneys, you do not suppose a young girl like that allows a man to kiss her, and means nothing by it."

Laura was quite sure such a thing was impossible, but all the same she was surprised. Somewhere between his adoration of Jean Adair and Maris Templeton, he had found time to sandwich in a kiss for Fenella, whilst Fenella's attitude to him, in general conversation, partook of a laughing to scorn. Poor Laura felt more at sea than ever. Life probably was like that, and nothing any one ever said really meant anything.

But if Fenella was hiding her girlish secret from the world under a cloak of indifference, why was she flirting so openly with Mr. John Tiller?

She told herself she must not judge. What did she, Laura, know of life? Certainly she had never felt in the least like behaving toward her young doctor as these girls behaved. But times had changed, and that, after all, was a very long time ago.

So she listened to Major Morphiston and, with an effort, said nothing.

"It's a funny thing, you know. All my life I have felt I would marry a very young wife. I do not know why. Have you ever noticed, Miss Champneys, how frequently the things one expects end by happening to one?"

Had she not!

"Fenella will give me back my youth," he said, softly. "I have never had any youth. It was all riddled by sciatica."

He told her about the attack.

Laura longed to question Fenella about Major Morphiston. She had every chance, for Fenella was very kindly bathing David for her, the stuffy bathrooms making Laura feel sick. Nothing seemed to make Fenella sick. She was a jolly kid, really, although the captain was very down on her. Always finding fault with her, but perhaps he did not like the way she ran around with all the young men, and no wonder.

Somehow Laura could not bring herself to say anything to Fenella. It seemed such cheek. But one evening she came upon Daisy, Mrs. Duvesant's North Country maid, who was thoroughly enjoying herself aboard, now she had got over the home sickness.

Together they foregathered around the electric iron, where Daisy was pressing out a white dress of her mistress's.

"I hear there is talk of an engagement between Miss Quayle and Major Morphiston," Laura said, diffidently. "I don't know if there is anything in it, do you?"

Daisy laughed.

"Don't you believe a word of it, Miss.

Nor with Mr. Tiller either. That's just eye wash. Miss Quayle is dead nuts on the captain himself."

"Go on, Daisy! She isn't. Well, I declare. He's forever finding fault with her . . . Only the other day at lunch . . ."

"Never you mind, Miss. He thinks the world of her for all that. That's one of the reasons he's always letting on he's wild with her. He can't do anything, not at sea. But Mr. Brown, the purser, he knows, and what he said to me was, 'Wait till he gets her ashore!'"

Laura was agast. Life got more and more complicated every day. Nevered for an instant had such a thing entered her head. How were you to know where you were at all, if the ruder a man became, the more he loved you.

**L**AURA began to feel a motherly interest in Major Morphiston about this time, but her respect for him as a big strong man began to totter. In spite of his impressive appearance, it dawned upon her he was quite incapable of managing his own affairs. It must be bad for him, too, with his indifferent health, this perpetual falling in love with the wrong woman. If only she could give him a word of friendly warning, and stop him persevering with this matter of Fenella.

It turned out to be unnecessary. Three days later Major Morphiston confided in her, secretly, that the real love of his life was none other than rich Mrs. Duvesant. She was young, and pretty, and beautifully dressed, but she always looked, Laura thought, a little sad. As if being rich wasn't much fun after all.

"It came as a great surprise to me, finding my feelings were returned," said Major Morphiston—"I own, at first I had not particularly thought about her—until I discovered—a man's instinct tells him—"

It was about this time Laura came to realize how much better Major Morphiston would have been without his man's instinct. She said, shocked, "But Mrs. Duvesant is already married and I'm sure her husband adores her."

He laughed abruptly.

"One has only to look at them, to see how ill matched they are. Even you, the kindest hearted woman that ever lived, must see that he is remarkably like a pig."

She said a trifle cruelly, but only to be kind, "Only the other day you told me Fenella—"

He said, "That was different. The little stray passions that shoot over a man's life only help to guide his way to the one true one."

Laura sat silent for some time, listening to the wash of the sea against the ship's side, and trying to rearrange her thoughts. The night was an indigo bowl, in which the stars swam, like gold fish. She was thinking of the wonderful thing a man's life is. Passions shooting all over the place. How different from her own, in Ilkley!

Romance all round, and never a one for her . . . Along the deck she could see two people outlined against the moonlit sky in the bows of the ship. Locked in a close embrace. They had forgotten the moon was behind them, as people will, at sea. Laura recognized Jean by her hair—her dress. The other must be David Field. So they evidently were engaged, those two . . . Laura sighed, sadly.

But when the couple came up the companionway, and passed them, Laura saw to her amazement that Jean was not with David Field, but with Lynton King, who came aboard at Port Soudan.

Her head swam.



The romance was getting something awful. She did not know where she was at all. But it seemed that the most she was likely to get was Major Morphiston telling her she was the kindest hearted woman on earth. She thrilled at the memory of that, and kept it by her.

Major Morphiston's affairs began to get on her nerves. She found herself lying awake at night, remembering all his rhapsodies about Alison, and wondering whether divorce was really the simple thing he assured her it was, and whether Alison returned his affection as he said she did. And she grew cold, to think of herself contemplating divorce in this calm fashion. What would Mrs. Champneys have said!

She could not go on any longer without finding out how the land really lay. She did not want to encourage Major Morphiston, if his case were hopeless, nor depress and discourage him if it weren't. Poor man, he had so much trouble and such indifferent health.

She broached the subject one day to Mrs. MacMorrison, as they sat with David on the lower deck. Mrs. MacMorrison's kind face wrinkled up in sudden laughter.

"Major Morphiston and Mrs. Duvesant! My dear creature, what on earth put that into your head?"

"Why, just putting two and two together—"

"I assure you she has never as much as thought about him. Mrs. Duvesant has lost her heart to Mr. Brown, the purser. It is rather sad, really. She cannot keep her eyes off him. She has tried her best to get him to be friendly with her, but he won't have anything to do with her. She's a passenger and a purser isn't allowed to be friendly with the passengers. Mr. Brown, if you really want to know, has fallen in love with Daisy. That nice little girl, Mrs. Duvesant's maid."

"Then who," asked Laura—sunk again, and quite dizzy—"is in love with Major Morphiston? Surely, there is some one. It's all very difficult. I can't understand it. We never did things like this in Ilkley."

"Life at sea is different to anything else in the world. The only way to be happy is never believe half you hear, nor anything you see."

"And what's more," said Laura to herself afterwards, "she's right, too."

SO, WHEN Fenella told her, after they left Colombo, that Jean Adair hadn't married David Field after all, but had gone off to Calcutta, where she was going to marry the tall man, Lynton King, who came on at Port Soudan, Laura laughed and said, "I don't believe a word of it."

"It's quite true. And Maris Templeton and Captain Belton have got passages on the next ship back to England."

"Don't you believe it, Fenella. It's just ship talk. I'm not going to believe anything I hear on this ship, ever again. Why, do you know what they say about you? They say you are crazy about the captain, and him about you."

"That's a lie, anyway," said Fenella, shortly.

"Of course it is. Never believe anything you're told on a ship. That's the motto."

She could not think why she had ever disliked Fenella. She was a bit untidy, of course, but the kindest hearted kid. When she heard Laura was going to be a sister in the Rangoon Hospital, she said, "You must come and have dinner with us often, to cheer you up. I'll arrange it with uncle and we'll send the car for you."

She said, "I'll collect some other people off the boat if I can. It will be fun talking it all over."

A real good natured girl, Laura decided, for all she looked so fast.

Major Morphiston always joined her, now, when she went to sit on deck, because



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practically every one else had gotten off at Colombo. Far from being, as she had feared, devastated when Alison Duvesant went away with her husband without anything in the least romantic happening, Major Morphiston was just his usual self.

"My tummy," he said, "is all to pieces this morning. But I have no one but myself to blame. I should not have bathed at Mount Lavinia. For one in my state of health it was madness. Or possibly it may have been the melon we had last night for dinner. I wonder. But you had melon also, and you seem all right."

THE dining tables had been re-arranged since Colombo. Laura found herself seated next to the captain, in Fenella's place. She was immensely embarrassed at this and begged Fenella to change back, but Fenella said, "Goodness, I've had him all the way from Liverpool. It's time some one else had a turn."

"Which proves," thought Laura triumphantly "all the talk about them is wrong. I must tell Mrs. MacMorrison when I write to her."

Beside her sat Major Morphiston, which was a good arrangement, because she was able to give him many helpful hints as to what he should and should not eat.

"Life," said Major Morphiston, "is a queer business. I have always had a secret conviction that I would die a bachelor. I don't deny I like women. Perhaps it is that I like them all too much and so can never make up my mind."

She really felt sorry for him. The poor fellow believed every word he said, but it was plain he was no more fitted to manage his own affairs than a child. And he looked so large, so manly, so strong.

THE good ship Royalshire steamed up the muddy Rangoon river, all amongst the sampans, the launches and the sea gulls. There on deck was Major Morphiston, a face the color of chalk. What, oh what, had happened to him now. She ran mentally through his last lunch on board. Nothing that she could think of, would have upset him thus.

He handed her a telegram, smiling wryly. "My death warrant," he said. "That's all." The telegram said, "Proceed Military Police Depot Upper Chindwin soon as possible. Station Sawbwin."

"Well now," said Laura. "Fancy that! And isn't it a nice place?"

"Nice? Ten days march from anywhere. Ten days from the nearest doctor. Fourteen days from the nearest nurse. They have to come from Rangoon, but as a rule the patient is dead long before they get there. I certainly shall be. All along during this voyage I have had a strange presentiment that it was my last. That I shall never pass this way again."

Laura could have wept. "Why, wouldn't they alter it if you were to tell them you haven't been well?" He laughed hollowly.

"One man's death is another man's promotion," he said. "My sciatica has been very bad for three days. At the moment my right hand is completely numb. It doesn't matter."

Laura was so upset that her departure off the boat was over without her realizing it had begun. She never said goodbye to half the people she meant to. Fenella kissed her and told her not to forget Friday, and so distressed was she that for the moment she could not even think what Friday was. Major Morphiston went below with his telegram and his grief and she did not see him again.

The vast red brick edifice of the Rangoon Hospital absorbed her into itself, and she was so busy finding her way about, that she had little time to think of anything else until Friday.

Fenella sent a motor car for her, just as she had said she would. Laura was happy when she went into the drawing-room and saw the captain, and Major Morphiston was there also.

"I declare," she thought. "Quite a party."

Major Morphiston seemed glad to see her. During dinner they outfitted a medicine chest together, and had the happiest time. After dinner people played bridge. Laura could not play. Mrs. Champneys had always said it was another wife of the Devils! Major Morphiston joined her. It appeared his hand was too numb to allow him to hold a card. He took her out on to the veranda to listen to the owls.

"You hear finer owls in Rangoon than anywhere else in the world," he said. He seemed strangely urgent about the owls. But once having gotten her out on to the veranda he forgot them. He caught at her hand, and said, "Laura, for God's sake, marry me."

She stared at him, dizzy with surprise.

"I mean it. I do. From the very beginning, ever since I realized how kind and capable you were, I knew you were the woman for me. A man follows many odd stars, but in the end, Laura, he comes home. Darling, say you will. I shan't mind where they send me if you come, too. Oh, Laura, put me out of my anguish and say you will."

He took her in his arms, hiding his face against her neck. Not at all large or possessive. Rather frightened—like David MacMorrison meeting a stranger on the way from his bath. Laura looked round her wildly... Was she dreaming? Was she mad?

FURTHER down the veranda she saw Captain Grace. His arms were round Fenella's waist. Nothing any one said meant anything. There was no sense in life at all. Why should she, Laura, struggle to remain sane in a completely mad world?

As she kissed the top of Major Morphiston's handsome head, she found herself thinking, "Wouldn't the matron be surprised?"

She said, "I'll marry you if you want me to, of course. And I'll look after you real well. I know how to. I was with mother for years, and the cottage on the moors was pretty isolated, too. Don't you worry. You'll be all right."

"Darling, you will? What a weight off my mind. I shall sleep tonight. I never closed my eyes last night. I had strange sensations like nausea, followed by giddiness, and a coldness in the lower extremities."

THE three prize winning letters—in the "To Go or Not to Go to College" contest—will be published in the November issue of SMART SET. Watch for them! The winner of the best letter will receive an award of fifty dollars—the winners of the two next best letters will receive prizes of twenty-five dollars each.

# Fall Fashions Emphasize Coats and Suits

[Continued from page 71]

appreciate the atmosphere which I am trying to convey to you as the basis of your fall wardrobe.

AN INTERESTING feature of these new autumn coats, and one which coincided nicely with our purpose, was the almost complete absence of the very straight-line coat. Flares, and not too abrupt ones, were the bases of all the smart models, and there was a suggestion of the fitted line which contributed a rather girlish note. Another very striking style feature, and one to which I must particularly direct your attention, was the two-third length coat which was worn as a part of the new fall ensembles. The short hip-top coat, so popular last season, was practically out of the picture except for sports wear. The three-quarter coat was not without its sponsors, but I think that the difference between the short coat and the three-quarter-length coat is a little too great to span in one season. And so I am going to suggest that you adhere to the two-third-length coat for all but your sports ensembles. For these, either the short or two-thirds types will be equally satisfactory.

We come now to the daytime dress selections. Here my very excellent advisor made a pertinent criticism which I think hit the mark squarely. It was her feeling that the sharp hemline flare was one of the greatest detractors from feminine elegance. She thought that the abrupt distension which occurred in the vicinity of the knees utterly destroyed the sleek symphony of design which is part and parcel of the mode's gentler mood. On this score I agreed with her absolutely, and so, I think, will you.

HERE again we were in rare luck. For by some fortunate twist of fate the new autumn fashions are offering us a choice between the tempestuous flare of summer and a much more subtle, scarcely widening line. Of course we chose the latter, and the results were really astounding. If you wear a frock which is developed along semi-molded princess lines, which holds to the hips in the approved modern manner, and which then ripens into a low-placed fulness that gives the silhouette a smoother, longer and infinitely more graceful appearance, you are going to discover that you have actually recaptured some of the old, dulcet fragrance.

Of course you are going to wear longer skirts. As you have probably guessed my venerable friend from Back Bay was not even entirely pleased with the new longer skirts which the shops are offering this season. Yet she was quick to confess that they marked a real advance over last year.

You are going to find some vast differences of opinion, graphically expressed, on the fall skirt length question. In London and in Paris some of the smartest society women are actually wearing skirts which reach pretty close to their ankles. It goes without saying that this fashion is going to be repeated here and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that it will enjoy one of those sudden, devastating vogues

which capture an entire country over night.

Yet I am not inclined to believe that this will happen, and if it does I scarcely think that the more youthful fashionables will adopt this theme. The ideal skirt length for autumn should come to somewhere between three and four inches below the knees. Last year it was only two, and so you see we really are progressing.

A short paragraph here about the waistline. It is higher. In fact, it is practically normal, and for this devoutly wished consummation you may sing psalms of praise to the tuck-in blouse. This is one of the remarkably outstanding themes of current fashions and it simply has to have a place in your wardrobe. You will find sports wear the most effective field for it.

I think the happiest part of our tour this month, so far as my consultant was concerned, was our search for evening clothes. Here we truly have a revival of magnificence that, in its highest expression, actually beggars the royal luxury of the Titans. It is not possible to catalogue the many themes which can be effectively exploited in this sector of fashion. No motif is too elaborate and none is too extreme. In a general way, emphasis is attached to the princess silhouette and high-waisted treatments.

Another smart and fairly characteristic note is the skirt flare which commences at a fitted hip-yoke and then wends its magnificent course, gaining fulness as it proceeds by means of rippling tiers, circular effects or the ever reliable godet. It is hard not to be feminine in these new robes du soir and you should certainly not find it difficult to portray the gentle, luxuriant femininity which we are striving to attain this season.

A COLOR which has suddenly boomed into prominence and is bound to be one of the leading, if not the most significant hue for autumn, is brown and it is appearing in every shade from the richest to the lightest beige. This hue is succeeding capucine as the major shade of the season, and you may count upon it as assured that the vogue for brown will carry through the winter months.

Among materials there is no let-up to the tweed vogue and this fabric is appearing in all sorts of coarsely and finely woven versions as well as unusual color combinations. Naturally there is a sharp tendency toward brown mixtures right now. Flat crepes, crepe-satin, faille, Canton and velvet are other materials which stand a little out from the crowds in the array of new fashions.

Our shopping tour for this month has come to an end. We have had, as you know, one principal object in mind in making these selections, and that was to cultivate something which at least approached the spirit of pre-war elegance. I think that in the models photographed in this issue—and they are an unusually low-priced group—we have succeeded in capturing that elusive spirit.



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## Wanted—The Girl of My Dreams

[Continued from page 25]

to my amazement saw the rows of girls down front, even from the days previous to that, the days when the fan letters began to pour in upon me, I have longed to go home and talk it all over with some one.

Instead I enter my apartment only to face a secretary, a manager, a press agent, and well, I guess by this time you understand I have everything, and yet I have nothing. Sounds silly, but it is an old story, and true.

Partly my own fault? Yes. You see, I have a dream girl, who is somewhat like the ones I sing about, and she is difficult to find. The situation is like the song I wrote, and made popular.

"For I'm just a vagabond lover

In search of a sweetheart it seems,

And I know that some day I'll discover,

The girl of my vagabond dreams."

I think my songs go over because I am in earnest. I honestly want to find "the sweetheart of all my dreams." She is elusive. I cannot picture her where looks are concerned, but in ways she is very clear to me. She must not be the kind of girl who chases after men. That's fatal. Those girls who persist upon taking advantage of leap year are very foolish.

I AM sure the girl of my dreams will never wear the wrong type of clothes. Clashing colors, low heels with an evening dress, high heels with a sport frock. Those kinds of tiny faults jar a man's eyes like the discords that hit the super-sensitive ears of a musician.

If my ideal girl turns out to be the little fluffy-haired type she will wear dainty organdy dresses. If she is more sophisticated she will sport tight, form-fitting gowns. Always she will be garbed in perfect taste. Never will she indulge in shrill, obnoxious laughter, vulgar dancing and actions. She will have bobbed hair if bobbed hair suits

her, and long hair providing it fits her type. If she smokes she will not smoke for effect, but simply because she enjoys a cigarette. It is almost needless for me to add that she will not drink to excess, for to my mind, and I think to the minds of all men, there is nothing quite so disgusting as the sight of a woman who is really drunk.

Women are born to be lovely, not common. Perhaps my ideal girl will be a flapper. I love flappers. Few people understand them. Beneath that frivolous exterior which seems to be such a vital part of their being, lies strength. The strength of muscles—of morals—of keen brains. The thing I don't like about flappers is their title. Flappers. The word is ugly. There is nothing poetic about its sound. Nothing beautiful. It is not a name worthy of the modern girl.

I may be entirely wrong, but those are my views. The ideas of a romanticist. The critics say my voice breathes romance. Perhaps they know that whenever I sing I actually am calling out to that ideal girl who must be waiting somewhere.

I HAVE always been an idealist, an imaginative dreamer. As a young boy I was a typical hero-worshiper. At college my model was Rudy Wiedoft, the saxophone artist. I would sit for hours, just listening to his records. So my classmates kidded me and nicknamed me Rudy. My real title, Hubert Prior, was discarded. Vallée, my last name, retained. Thus Rudy Vallée.

I must admit there is something else I want. You see, at the time of this writing, I wake early each morning, and I play so many performances, sometimes five a day, besides tea music, dinner music, rehearsals, and the work at my club, "The Villa Vallée" continues until very late. This has been going on for months now, so frankly, I would like to find an extra twenty-four hours just for myself, and then spend that spare day and precious night—just sleeping.

## Taking Out the Kinks

[Continued from page 67]

dreamy stretching of the neck in every direction. This is fine, too, for that hint of a double chin!

The last exercise for which I have space is both relaxing and stimulating. It should be practised before an open window. And if you do it at all you should do it with vigor and enthusiasm. Fast music, if you have music. Stand erect, feet firm, head up, chin in. Be sure your legs and arms are free to move. Begin running, standing still, lifting the feet a few inches from the floor, gradually higher, till your knees come up as high as you can bring them. Let your arms fly from your body at will, raising them higher and outward. Slow down, letting the arms down, and rest. While you rest take deep full breaths.

A STRENUOUS exercise like this running-in-the-same-place one should be practised only a few moments. And you should lie flat on your back afterwards to get the full effects.

Lack of poise is due to many things. The most important seem to be nervous tension and lack of coordination. Nervous tension is not easy to overcome, but the right kind of mild exercise and deep breathing will help a lot. Cultivating a calm manner will do more than any course of medicine or rugged gymnastics. Letting little worries mount up,

letting other people's troubles affect you too deeply—these are things which undermine poise and serenity.

Bad coordination, common in children, is also apparent in grown-up girls who find themselves ill at ease in public. This is more difficult to remedy, but these exercises, just given, and similar ones, will bring you better muscular control, better rhythms in the everyday matters of life.

The gorgeous, healthy girl, alert, practical, sympathetic, happy, is the girl who will be a beautiful girl long after her lazy or tense friends of today have vanished into fat or neurotic women.

I have often asked men what they like in a girl's looks and habits. They vary on the subjects of bobs and long hair; they disagree on the amount of make-up that is just right. Men approve of fine perfumes, but disagree on any special odor. They are unanimous that manicuring is terribly important—that this and that and all the little things girls do to look lovely are absolutely necessary. But when I asked men about the kind of girl they liked to dance with, however, there was only one answer! Be you ever so interesting or ever so skillful in the little things of charm, if your body as a whole is not graceful and well-controlled, men won't enjoy dancing with you! So if for no other reason, it's worth while to cultivate poise, grace, composure.



# A Gamble in Futures

[Continued from page 41]

back again with you, would it not, no?"

"Yes."

"We will get her back."

"But how?"

"You have always been in love with her?"

He nodded.

"And you will always be?"

Once more he signified his assent.

"Well then, from this moment you cease to be the man she knows so well. You become another. You accept her—her affairs and her indifference—as casually as she accepts your love. And why? Because, from this moment, you are hopelessly, ardently, infatuated with another woman."

"I am!"

"Yes."

"But who?"

Kara Vania extinguished her cigarette before she answered. Then she said, simply, coolly, "Me."

THROUGHOUT the gambling rooms, in the bars and restaurants, among all the frequenters of Monte Carlo, and indeed, along the whole Riviera, gossip and speculation hummed.

Kara Vania had returned.

Those who had arrived during her four days absence were enlivened with stories of her past coups at the tables—stories that grew with the telling.

Of the woman herself, no more was known than formerly. But, as invariably happens, the less one knew, the more one told. It was variously rumored that she had once been the mistress of a Grand Duke, a Comtesse in her own right, a favorite in a Sultan's harem and a peasant girl in Bessarabia.

For young Carruthers to have become ensnared in the charms of Kara Vania would have been in no way remarkable. That he was seemed evident enough. What made the whole affair incredible was that Kara Vania apparently was no less in love with him.

All in all, it was a piquant morsel for the omnivorous gossips along the Côte d'Azur. And it was a morsel that Cynthia Carruthers chose to digest reflectively.

She had greeted Dale casually on his return to their apartment.

"You're looking well. Did you have a pleasant holiday?"

"Splendid," he assured her. "I wish you might have been there. You didn't mind my going?"

"Not at all."

"Have a good time while I was away?"

"Fairly. The usual sort of thing."

She waited as if she expected him to question her further, and when he didn't, she added, "I didn't know you were coming back today so I made an engagement."

Dale said quickly, "That's all right. I should have let you know sooner."

Again she waited for a question that did not come. "I'll break it if you like," she suggested, finally.

"Don't do that, please."

THIS was before Cynthia had heard the gossip linking her husband's name with that of Kara Vania. This was before she had seen them together. But no one, not even a wife, could long remain unaware of the apparent relationship between the two.

For Carruthers and Kara Vania lunched together, dined together, danced together. Only in the gambling rooms of the Casino did they separate and even there they but played at different tables in the same baccarat room.

It was impossible for Cynthia Carruthers to adopt the role of neglected wife. For

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so long a time Dale had been to her but one of many interests, that the web of outside affairs she had woven about herself still held her fast. Carruthers made no engagements without first suggesting some appointment with her; it was the engagements she made without thought of him that gave him his freedom to be with Kara.

YET once Cynthia protested.

"I hardly ever see you," she told him. With a swift look of contrition, Dale said, "I'm sorry. I didn't realize. You know I'd rather be with you than any one else. Shall we do something today?"

"I'm having luncheon with the Van Buskirks."

"Later this afternoon, then, or for dinner."

"We're all going to Nice for the tennis matches. And to Maxim's, afterward."

"It would appear," said Dale, "that I'm out of luck."

"You might come with me."

"We've had that out before, haven't we? I can't afford your friends and the things they do. And I don't like either well enough to spend your money on them."

Cynthia tossed her head. "If you still persist in being difficult, of course—"

"But I don't, dear," Dale reached over and took her hand. "I don't object to anything you do as long as you enjoy doing it."

She looked at him quietly for a moment and then said, "You might have some consideration for me."

"I don't understand."

"You must know the amount of gossip you're causing."

"I?"

"You and this woman."

Dale laughed. "Surely you don't take that seriously."

"Every one else seems to."

"But you've told me yourself how malicious gossip always is."

Cynthia had told him that when he had mentioned Larry. She decided to ignore the remark.

"I don't see why you bother with her, anyway."

"I like her," he said, frankly. "She has personality, charm and common sense."

"And a reputation."

"Interesting people usually have, haven't they?" That, too, was one of the lines Cynthia had used about Hartwell.

"You must know how tremendously I love you, Cyn," he went on, seriously. "But after all it was you who first insisted on our individual right to separate friends—separate interests—all that sort of thing."

Cynthia started to speak, looked at him, instead, between uncertainty and anger, then rose and left the room.

For ten days she left him very much to himself. A month before, those ten days would have been a period of mute misery.

Now, however, his wife's attitude awoke in him a feeling of regret rather than of hurt. He had no time to relapse into a state of introspective moodiness nor, for that matter, the inclination to do so. He was too busy.

It was not so much that Kara Vania had opened up a new world to him; she had merely and solely taken him back to the one he had lived in before his marriage.

"I wish, somehow, that this might last forever," Dale told her one day, as they lingered over luncheon in the gardens of the Majestic, in Nice.

Kara Vania looked at him through veiled eyes. And then said, slowly, "Instead of that—the end."

"I don't understand." In quick alarm.

"I mean, *mon ami*, that our pretty little comedy—has drawn to its final curtain."

"Never!" he protested. "It—it can't! I won't let it!"

Kara Vania shrugged her shoulders.

"It was but to help you—that is all."

"I know but—"

"It has accomplished that purpose, no?"

"Tremendously. Only—"

"And now there is but one thing to do."

"I shan't let you go, yet."

"That is not the question. Of your letting me go—of me letting you go. We separate. That is all."

"But—"

"There is, you know, such a thing as an anticlimax."

For a time they sat in silence.

"You love your wife. You will always love her. So you told me. I have helped you to forget. You drink no more. You are happy. And it may be that I have done something else. We shall see. So, it is over."

He closed his eyes.

"I wish—" he began.

"Don't wish," she said. "Be content to be happy."

"Tomorrow," she said, at last, "you leave for Paris. Two days later, you sail for America."

He eyed her in blank amazement.

"But how can I! Cynthia! What of her?"

"Have I made any mistake so far?"

"No."

"Then trust me—this once more. It is all arranged for you. Your final gamble."

"A little party is arranged for Switzerland. Among others, my friend, your wife is included. You will be asked, too, of course. It is not expected that you will go. Nor, as a matter of fact, will you." Her lips smiled at him. "Instead you are going home."

"How did you discover about Switzerland?"

"Does it matter? The important thing is what every one who gambles with life and for life knows—the moment to risk everything. For you that moment has come."

"You are independent now. Your share in what we have won in the past four weeks is over forty thousand dollars. Enough to take you back, to re-establish you. And if your wife won't go with you—are you worse off than you are now? And if she does—"

They sat in silence. There came the faint murmur of music from the hotel. It was in Dale Carruthers' mind to protest vehemently against the suddenness of it all. His feeling for Kara Vania seemed inescapable; regarding her now across the table he was conscious only of the utter desirability of her.

Sitting there now, fascinated by the subtle charm of her, yet was he forced, even against his will, to an inward admission of the rightness of the course she chose for him. His eyes sought hers; held them. Bye and bye they both smiled. At length her shadowed lids fell.

"And so," he said, at length, "it is the end."

She did not answer. Instead she opened her bag and handed him an envelope.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Your share of the winnings. And tickets for the Ile de France. Already, you see, I have contracted the efficiency of the American." She rose.

"And now—"

With his eyes still fastened on her face, Dale said slowly, "You are more than a beautiful woman, Kara Vania."

Kara Vania laughed.

"I am not a woman," she said. "I am a thousand women in one. And all of them, my friend, very wicked women."

CARRUTHERS found his wife standing gazing out of the window.

"Hello," he said. "I thought you were in Grasse."

"I changed my mind," she answered, without turning.

"In a way I'm glad. I have something

that I want very much to tell you."  
"I have a lot to tell you!" she cried hotly.  
"Suppose you hear me first," he said, calmly. "I'm going back to the States. I sail Friday, on the Ile de France."

"What?"  
"You can come with me, or stay here, as you choose. Only, if you do come with me, it will be as my wife."

"And what do you mean by that?"  
"That I shall be the head of the house and pay the bills. That is all."

"And if I refuse?"  
"That," he said, "is up to you."

"I do! Absolutely."  
He bowed.

"I am sorry."  
He left the room. In his own apartment he sat, silent for a long, long time. For once Kara Vania had been wrong. Ah, well. At least he could start again, alone.

So, after all, he was going back alone. Cynthia. Kara Vania. Memories. Going back to where he had been five years before.

The deck became crowded. Passengers and friends. Noise, confusion, excitement. He sought the smoking room. That, too,

was infested with a mob of chattering people. His room would be quiet. There he could be alone. Somewhere a whistle sounded. In another moment or so, they would be under way.

As he entered the corridor, he noticed that his cabin door was ajar. With a foot, he kicked it open and the stood rooted in silence on the threshold.

From the window seat Cynthia smiled tremulously up at him.

**KARA VANIA** sat on the terrace of the Hotel de Paris gazing out over the azure waters of the Mediterranean.

An attentive waiter saw her—went to her—and hovered over her.

"Is there anything that Madame desires?" She looked up at him.

"Yes," she said.

He waited. And when she did not speak, he persisted. "There is something I can do for Madame?"

"You?" She smiled a little. "Nothing."

Being a waiter, he waited. But being an intelligent waiter, and a respecter of moods, he did not wait long.

## Cleopatra's Bracelet

[Continued from page 63]

meeting—a meeting in which she arrested his attention by something daringly, dramatically uncivilized, startled him into the realization that here at last was the perfect type for his desert girl, and ended by revealing graciously her identity and her willingness to accept the part.

But she met no one, and strolled at last across her aunt's lawn wondering, half-seriously, what Cleopatra would do in a case like this. Make an opportunity, no doubt—but how?

"Cooper," she asked her aunt's gardener suddenly, "are the woods on the other side of Birch Hollow still the same?"

"About the same, Miss. There's been some gypsies there—don't know whether they're gone yet or not."

Gypsies! The word struck a spark somewhere in the new recklessness of Rita's mood and the next instant flashes of a half-formed, fantastic plan were crowding through her mind—that old trunk of costumes upstairs in the attic—Larry's party that very evening—and Aunt Ellen always in bed by nine-thirty—

**THE** evening was dragging just a little, thought Larry. A desultory poker game claimed five of the party; across the room, at the piano, his sister Celia and Miles Blakelee were trying over songs.

He was crossing toward the open front door when he became suddenly aware of an amazing figure that had apparently just come up on to the porch—a dark and arrogantly handsome face, brilliant colors and voluminous skirts—

"You send for me?" observed the apparition.

"I? Send for you?" he echoed blankly.

The others in the room, turning to see who was there, frankly stared. The gypsy vouchsafed them not a glance.

"The chief tell us you ask for a reader of fortunes. I, Varitza, am the best."

Larry was still looking at her with a puzzled expression, but now the others began to chime in.

"If you didn't send for her, you should have, Larry!"

"Do read our fortunes, Gypsy!"

"We can't pass up a chance like this!" Larry gravely invited her in, and an instant's silence fell as Varitza's yellow and crimson cotton robes swept across the

threshold and into the lighted rooms. Celia Forsyth broke the silence.

"Who first? Doris, yours is a short and simple life! Let's go!"

Every one crowded around as Doris eagerly drew her chair up to the one in which the gypsy enthroned herself.

Rita had read colorful, dramatically told stories from the palms of exactly half the waiting group, and was beginning to feel that she was getting her second wind, so to speak. Her heart no longer pounded in her breast, and her blood was singing with the consciousness of her success.

She had left her four subjects thrilled, reluctantly impressed, or skeptical but interested, as the case might be.

"You next, Stephanie," some one was saying.

That was it, Stephanie Rush! And that thin brown-faced man was her husband. Rita, recalling fully now where she had seen her and the story hinted at the time, decided on an impulse that she would give Stephanie her money's worth.

She gave her a long and deliberately searching gaze.

"No," she said at length, "not here. If you wish me to read your fortune, we must be alone."

And she remained adamant on this point, in spite of surprise and expostulations from the others and Stephanie herself. In the end the two were shown into Larry's den.

**HERE**, behind closed doors, Rita sketched in quick, vivid strokes the affair with the Italian diplomat Stephanie had guarded so carefully, and, she had thought, so successfully, until her keen glance perceived that Stephanie was really pale under her rouge.

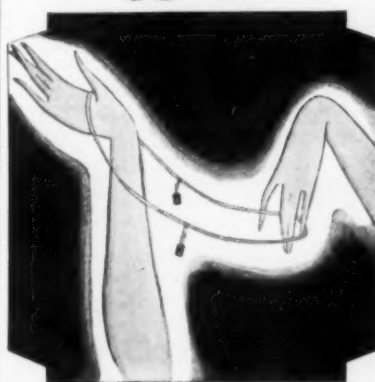
Feeling that she had shot her best arrows, and not wishing to weaken the effect, Varitza declined to say anything further, and a somewhat subdued Stephanie presently opened the door.

"I want a private reading, too," her husband was saying. "Can't risk having my past exposed to this hard-boiled mob. Tell you about it later maybe."

He closed the door and came slowly towards the desk at which she sat.

Rita, with the detachment born of her new self-confidence, decided that there was something ingratiating and at the same

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time almost predatory in his manner. She met his look coldly, and told him to turn his outstretched hands over.

"This way?" His fingers touched hers as if involuntarily.

"That way!"

He obeyed her commanding tones so meekly that she almost felt sorry for him—after all, he had had rather a raw deal!—and continued her reading a little more sympathetically.

"There has been much disappointment in your life. You have loved some one you lost. Again you love, and again. The loss of death or separation, and the loss of the soul you love, though you keep the body—who shall say that is not worse?"

"You're right, Gypsy," he whispered, "I've lost a lot." He was standing now, leaning very close to her. "But you're a gorgeous thing, Gypsy! A kiss from you—one kiss—it would help a lot!"

His hands caught hers, and he was coming closer.

"One minute!" Her voice was arresting, strangely cold. "I have not finish!"

"Then finish quickly!" he exclaimed.

"Your desires—you do not know them! An easy kiss—an easy love, yes! But the fire and steel, the embrace and the stiletto of gypsy passion, they are not for you!" Her eyes blazed full into his. "You would be wiser to leave them alone!"

Slowly his hands relaxed.

"Perhaps you're right, Gypsy. As you say, stilettoes aren't much in my line."

He turned away with a sigh, and opened the door for the next visitor.

"That is all, no?" Rita observed.

"All but me," Larry smiled, coming in and closing the door behind him.

Did producers cultivate that air of inscrutability, Rita wondered, or were they born that way? But then, Larry had always been cocky. She reminded herself of the inscription on her bracelet, the glowing image her mirror had reflected.

With the air of barbaric dignity that had seemed to go so well, Rita waved him to a chair at his own desk. He chose instead to sit on the edge of the desk, but he spread his palms obediently to her gaze.

"In your youth, I see fields and trees," she announced. "But now, your life is among bright lights and many people."

She described briefly his first production, which had cost him half his inheritance, before the smashing success of "Fool's Gold" had made his name known overnight. Then, not wishing to dwell overlong on this, she veered to more personal topics.

"I see many women," she declared. A safe guess, for one in his business. "Sometimes you seek them, often they come to you. There is a woman with fair hair, who likes you—a chance shot, this, from a look she had seen Stephanie give him—there are other women, friends, sweethearts—"

"Ah, no," he interrupted, "you're wrong there. Friends, perhaps, but sweethearts! Only one girl in my life that I really thought of as a sweetheart, and that's been ten years ago. Right here in Stonebridge, too." Rita kept her eyes fixed on his hands, feeling her cheeks grow warm.

"She was a lovely thing," he mused thoughtfully. "And, you know, you're just a little like her. Can't you tell me something about her—whether I'll ever see her again?"

Rita had recovered her self-possession quickly.

"You ask of her," she replied with a shrug, "but it is not the girl—it is the romance you miss! Youth—it does not come twice!"

"Oh, come now," he protested with a rueful smile. "I'm not so old as that. Nor one of these cynics who say Romance is dead—when it's all around us. Why, you

yourself are Romance, Mademoiselle Varitza!"

He had risen, and stood looking down at her.

"I have not finish' your fortune," she said coldly.

"You read my hands," he told her, "but you don't look into my eyes! You could read a lot more there if you'd only look."

He leaned forward, and put a hand under her chin to turn her face upward.

With a quickness that startled him a little, Varitza sprang to her feet, her eyes flashing.

"What I see—it does not interest me!" she told him haughtily.

"Then why do you look at me like that? For I, too, can read glances sometimes!" He caught her by the shoulders, and looked full into the blaze of her dark eyes.

"Be careful!" she whispered fiercely.

"Careful!" He laughed, breathlessly, and his fingers tightened on her arms. "You should be careful with those eyes—deadly weapons like that!"

"Perhaps I have other deadly weapons!"

"Bring them on! But I'll have my kiss first!"

He caught her to him roughly, but she twisted in his grasp with a cat-like swiftness, and something flashed in her right hand. He caught at her wrist—for an instant their lips met—then, a moment of sharp struggle.

Both drew back. Larry was twisting a handkerchief around his bleeding wrist, and on the floor between them gleamed a slim bright dagger.

"Why, you little devil—" he breathed.

JUST then they became aware of violent pounding on the front door, voices with a note of excitement in them. Rita concealed the stiletto hastily and followed slowly as Larry opened the door and went into the living room.

Two plainly dressed, rather rural-looking men, bright badges displayed on their coat lapels, were explaining their intrusion.

"We hate to interrupt your party, Mr. Forsyth, but these here gypsies broke camp today, and disappeared. And two of Mr. Linley's finest horses disappeared with 'em. And Jim Larson here, heard that one of 'em had been seen tonight, over near your place. So we thought—"

"There she is now!" interrupted the other. All eyes were turned toward the vivid figure in the doorway.

Rita, who had planned no climax to her enterprise, trusting to developments and the inspiration of the moment, now found herself struck suddenly dumb. She should, of course, tell them who she was, but her disguise was so convincing.

She tried to speak, but could only gaze rather helplessly at Larry, who met her gaze with his faintly inscrutable smile and kept one hand carelessly in the pocket of his dinner jacket. There was an instant's silence.

"I'm afraid, Rita, our joke's over!" he said at last, with a sigh. "Officers, I'm sorry you've had your trouble for nothing but you see, this isn't a real gypsy. She is Miss Marguerite Lane, Miss Ellen Lane's niece, and a good friend of mine. In fact, she has a part in my new play."

Rita steadied herself against the doorframe and through a sort of mist heard him dispatch the minions of the law on their way and close the door.

"We had a bet up," he was explaining to the rather blank-faced party, "about her demonstrating her clairvoyant powers, but her get-up really surprised me and I missed my cue for a minute. Now that the show is over, you'll stay and let my friends meet your real self, won't you, Rita?"

Rita glanced around the group—at Stephanie Rush, biting her lip, at the frank curiosity in Celia's eyes, at the dark flush



under the deep tan on Wallace Rush's face. "Some other time, Larry!" she said, with her most gracious smile. "I must go right home tonight."

LARRY was driving her home. "I owe you a lot of explanations," he said at length, breaking a silence that had lasted since they left the house. "In the first place, I knew you the minute you came into my office in New York. But I was afraid, if I unbent and showed you how glad I was to see you, I'd weaken and give you the part. And I couldn't do that, Rita! If you could have seen yourself—cool and correct and positively prim! I simply couldn't! I wouldn't have dreamed you'd ever be able to pull the fireworks you did tonight!"

"Perhaps," suggested Rita, "if I'd had the same occasion to—"

"I'll take that up later," said Larry. "But I wasn't going to lose track of you, either. My secretary had your address, and I had it all planned to look you up when the part was safely disposed of, which, praise be!—it hadn't been yet."

The car was running slowly along a road that could only be considered a wide detour to Rita's destination.

"I knew you in two minutes, when you came tonight," he continued. "But I was so struck with the way you were carrying it off that I wanted to give you all the scope I could. And when you read my fortune I—I—" he had the grace to stammer a little—"you know this desert girl's an awfully fierce, hot-blooded sort of creature—and up to that time, you really hadn't had a chance for an emotional scene."

"Of course, you know I'm lying," he continued shamelessly. "And so do I. But not entirely, Rita! And when you looked at me that way you weren't entirely acting, you know! Were you, Rita?"

"Shouldn't I say yes," Rita speculated to the night at large, "if I want to impress my employer with my histrionic talents?"

"Now you're getting civilized again," he complained. "What's become of Varitza?"

"You like Varitza, yes?" she mocked him. "The stiletto—that at least was real!"

Larry brought the car slowly to a full stop.

"The stiletto was real," he repeated, "but the kiss we didn't finish was realer still! And whether I kiss Varitza—or Marguerite Lane—or Rita Lanier—"

She felt herself drawn gently but irresistibly into his arms. She did not struggle very hard. She was whispering, "Oh, Larry, Larry!" He was whispering "Rita—sweetheart."

A small earthly sensation intruded at length upon this celestial interlude.

"You do wear more weapons, Rita!" Larry was complaining. "First your stiletto nearly costs me an artery, then I scratch myself on some of your gypsy jewelry?"

"Oh, that!" Rita exclaimed. "That's just a—a bracelet. Here, I'll pull my sleeve over it. I'd rather not take it off—not just yet!"

"HOW was business today, Mama?" Papa Chanieff tucked his napkin in his vest and settled himself before the midnight meal he was accustomed to eat on returning from the theater.

"Pretty fair," she admitted. "I sold another of those Cleopatra bracelets, for one thing. That makes the third this month."

Her spouse beamed at her proudly.

"Didn't I tell you that would be a good scheme? Didn't I tell you when first I see it in the movies?"

"Sure, it's a good scheme," she conceded. "But not everybody could sell 'em, Papa! You gotta handle a customer just right, tell 'em just enough. You gotta know how, that's all! You gotta know how."

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## Making Money Under Wall Street

[Continued from page 37]

we are making a good living and enjoying life, too."

IT IS apparent that the Green Line Shops represent to Mrs. Johnson something more than the comfortable income they provide. The building which housed the first shop at Number One Wall Street was sold last spring. This meant moving the shop into new quarters. But it was Mrs. Johnson, and not the personnel director, who gave the girls instructions about their new quarters and showed them a better plan for serving customers with greater speed.

The social activities provided for the girls by Mrs. Johnson also add to their pleasure in working in the shops. Most of the girls are art students or college girls, working their way through school, or young married women who want to earn extra money during their free time. Every employee is given a birthday party, not on the anniversary of her birth, but on the anniversary of the day Mrs. Johnson employed her. And, incidentally, the first girl she employed ten years ago is still with her, now a manager of the men's grill in the shop on Broad Street, where between two and three hundred men are served at one time during the noon hour.

DURING the summer, the New Jersey farm, Mil's Hill, with its half mile of trout streams and its hills and woods is overrun with girls from the Green Line visiting "Mama Johnson." Their preferences, rather than those of friends from Philadelphia and New York, are consulted during these holidays.

And whenever any organization in the financial district is giving a charity benefit, Mrs. Johnson is one of the first persons to take a block of seats—for the girls. The entire staff is to be found annually at the Ziegfeld Follies—in the peanut gallery, to be sure—and they still talk of the memorable evening when Will Rogers introduced Mr. Johnson to the audience in a speech to which, undaunted, Mr. Johnson made reply.

Speed of service is one of the principal features of the sandwich shops, but although the sandwiches are made while the customers wait, there is no suggestion of nervous strain on the part of the girls behind the counters. Mrs. Johnson gives a prize each week to the girl in each shop who has made the greatest number of sandwiches, and prizes are also awarded to the salad makers. There is friendly rivalry over these prizes, and in-

stead of evidences of overwork, there is only pride in deftness.

The shop on Broad Street, in which Mrs. Johnson most often is found, is the largest sandwich shop in the world. It consists of three floors, and the top includes a tiny lounge where the customers, who are girls from the near-by offices, may rest after luncheon. You see them sitting in easy chairs, finishing pieces of embroidery, reading magazines, and talking with friends before they go back to work. In the men's grill in the basement, card and checker games occasionally are staged during the noon hour, although the center of interest is the stock ticker. Here, too, there is music from a duo-art piano. Adjoining this room is another room where business men, canes over their arms, and bowlers at the correct angle, consume sandwiches and cups of coffee between close appointments.

LOOKING over the customers, Mrs. Johnson can identify many who have been patrons since the days when she and her husband worked together behind the counter in the first shop. The Johnsons may have started their shops in Wall Street because they were hungry and needed money, but their prices have always been governed by the fact that the majority of people in Wall Street do not earn the fabulous salaries credited to them. Ham, cheese, lettuce and tomato sandwiches, salads, and, in winter, soups and welsh rarebits make up the menus, with tea, coffee and milk from the best New York dairy farms. In fact, Mrs. Johnson boasts that the milk which she serves comes from cows valued at one thousand dollars each. This year water from the springs of Mil's Hill farm are to be bottled for use in the shops, and eventually part of the vegetables used in the salads and sandwiches during the summer are to be raised there. To the Johnsons these are simply additional methods of sharing their good things with their customers and employees.

If you were to ask Mrs. Johnson to evaluate success, you would not hear it measured in terms of bank balance, although her profits from the shops obviously have been gratifying. But achievement for her lies in the pleasure of a partnership with her husband, in the esprit de corps of her staff, and in her ability to give the people who work in Wall Street good food for the limited amount of money, or time, or both, at their disposal.

## Murder Yet to Come

[Continued from page 58]

I don't know how long this expedition will take, but if Nilsson gets back first, don't let him do anything till I come."

I promised. But I had misgivings. And those misgivings deepened as I stood at the library windows and watched Jeringham drive off.

THAT was a strange day. I stayed in the library till noon, going through Malachi's papers, which shed no light whatever upon his death, and after that browsing with a divided mind among Malachi's innumerable books.

Lunch threatened to be a silent meal. Ryker and David glowered at each other, and I judged that they had long since ex-

hausted their resources of conversation. I floundered awhile for a topic that would avoid the events of the last twenty-four hours and yet not be too far removed from Linda's hopelessly narrow experience, and finally I mentioned Malachi's books.

The result was amazing. The child had devoured Malachi's library with the appetite of a born bookworm.

Long before the meal was over, however, I stopped regarding her as a child. I had prejudged her as childish and unsophisticated because she was four years short of voting age and had had none of the usual experiences and contacts of a normal girlhood. But she for her eager young interests except Malachi's had spent eight or ten years with no outlet



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books, and everything they had to give her she had taken with both hands.

That afternoon in the dim library, I pondered my altered conception of Linda. It was beginning to be dusk, and I had lit the lamps in the library and half drawn the heavy black velvet curtains, when Jerningham arrived. In the fifteen minutes between his arrival and Nilsson's I learned nothing except that he had accomplished the object of his trip.

Nilsson, when he came, was a different man from the Nilsson who had gone away that morning. In place of corduroys and leather jacket, he had donned his usual "plain clothes" business suit.

"Saw David's partner before the news of Malachi's death was in the papers, and got everything he knew," he reported. "Which puts us in the strongest available position for dealing with David. But it's none too strong."

"In fact," he admitted, "if David were the type that can sit tight and say nothing, we'd stand mighty little show. Luckily he's red-headed."

**NILSSON** sent for David and when he arrived told him bluntly that he had been in New York investigating various matters that wanted explaining.

"Well,—shoot," said David.

"Last Thursday," Nilsson began, in hard, even tones, "Malachi Trent cornered the stock of Galera Copper, caught a lot of people who were short of it, and made them pay through the nose for the shares they had to have to fulfill their contracts."

"Right," David said dryly.

"Last Wednesday," Nilsson continued methodically, "you started the false report that Galera Copper was going to skip its dividend. You deliberately persuaded your customers to sell short—so they'd be caught next day."

"Wrong," David answered coolly.

"I heard it from a dozen different men," Nilsson assured him.

"All wrong," David repeated. "The report came from my office, and I've been held responsible. But I wasn't even in New York on Wednesday. My partner, Dolliver, was the man who started it. If you had talked with him, he'd have told you so."

"You mean," Nilsson answered, scornfully, "your partner obligingly did the dirty work."

"There wasn't any dirty work on our part," David declared, rather less coolly. "Dolliver acted in absolute good faith. The tip came straight from Malachi Trent. And Dolliver was so sure it was good that he sold five thousand shares of Galera short in his name and mine!"

"Well! Well!" Nilsson exclaimed in mock sympathy. "What an expensive mistake! Five thousand shares short! Let's see—Malachi ran the price up fifty points before he would sell a share. Dolliver's little error must have cost the two of you a cool quarter million. But, of course, Malachi took pity on your blundering and let you off easy!"

"Like hell he did! He held us up for the full quarter million—every cent we had in the world and then some!"

"Pity you didn't confide in Dolliver and wise him up that the tip was a fake!"

The last of David's coolness went up in blue smoke.

"Damn it! I tell you I didn't know a thing about it! I was in Chicago. I was called there Tuesday night, and I didn't get back till Thursday. The first I heard of it was when Dolliver confessed he had sold Galera short on a tip from my grandfather and the corner had wiped us out."

"The first you heard," Nilsson repeated skeptically. "Is your partner in the habit of plunging on tips without at least calling

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you up? That's fishy and you know it."

"He couldn't reach me. The telegram that called me to Chicago said not to tell even my partner where I was going."

"That's a new one," Nilsson commented with relish. "Who wired you and what did he want?"

David flushed.

"A banker's name was signed to the telegram. When I got there, he denied having sent it."

"Really?" Nilsson mocked. "Then what?"

"I called him a liar and came back home."

"You called him a liar?" Nilsson marveled.

"Oh! Go jump in the lake!" David exploded. "The truth is that Malachi Trent sent that telegram himself, to get me out of the way. He gave Dolliver the false tip about Galera, knowing he'd act on it exactly as he did. And he engineered the whole corner in Galera on purpose to smash me and wreck my reputation in the Street."

"He did?" Nilsson said, more politely still. "And what, if I may ask, had you done to him?"

"Nothing!" David growled. "He sent for me last week and offered me a little squirt of a job in his employ. I told him I'd rather paddle my own canoe. He said he'd smash the canoe. I told him to go ahead and try."

**NILSSON** turned to us with sardonic amusement. "Inspiring, isn't it?" he observed. "Noble young hero—clean hands—pure heart—lily-white conscience—and he tries to dodge off to South America like an absconding bank clerk!"

"That's a lie!" David snapped. "I wasn't dodging anything! I was taking my medicine. I didn't know, Friday, who it was who had cornered Galera. So I settled—on the terms that were offered me. Paid over my last cent. Signed notes for the rest of it, which put me over my ears in debt. And chose the quickest way of climbing out."

"I signed up for a five-year job in South America," he went on grimly. "One of those God-forsaken places with twice the salary and ten times the death rate you'd get in civilization. The death rate had just disposed of the last incumbent, and there wasn't any competition for his job. I told 'em I wanted it. And they asked me to sail at once."

"Oh, I see!" Nilsson cut in sarcastically. "That accounts for your presence here. Cairnstone House is on your way to South America!"

"Shut up, and I'll tell you," David said bitterly. "I came to say good-by to Linda—for five years."

"But that was on Saturday. Sunday you came again—to say good-by to the cat?"

"I came again Sunday because I'd learned the truth," David answered hoarsely. "The Saturday noon editions said it was Malachi Trent who had cornered Galera. Men who had trusted me cut me dead, believing I'd betrayed them into his hands. And when I realized it was he who had robbed me of everything I cared about—my business and my reputation and my girl—"

**HE STOPPED**—and in the silence that fell I could have sworn—I could have sworn in court that I heard a little sobbing breath somewhere in the empty space behind me, a quick little sudden breath drawn hard upon those words of his—"my girl!"

Nobody else heard it. The silence lengthened, and nobody moved. I stole a look over my shoulder.

There was nothing behind me—nothing but the long window seat across the front of the room. The window seat with its half-drawn velvet draperies, and behind them in the shadow something that might have been a fold of Linda's billowing, ruf-

fled skirt. I hesitated, but only for a moment. If I spoke or moved now, I should destroy a crucial moment that might not come again.

Nilsson was speaking again.

"Your girl!" he said, scathingly. "You can talk about losing your business and your reputation, but lay off that girl stuff. You're no lover! You're a—a—a—"

He groped for an epithet.

"A night-watchman! All you're good for is to sit and watch a door so you can prove nobody came out—so you can swear it was your girl who killed the man you hated—the man you were too cowardly to face yourself!"

David's eyes were blazing in his white face.

"No! Damn you! I came to have it out with him—and I did!"

"Shook your finger at him, eh?" Nilsson scoffed.

"I gave him his chance—" David cried.

"His chance to kick you out again?"

"His chance to clear my name—his chance to make good to the men who trusted my firm. He said he'd see me in hell first. He laughed, and started to write something on a sheet of paper. Said he'd keep me a beggar while he lived, and that paper would keep me a beggar when he died. He laughed in my face. I—"

"You made an after-dinner speech to him!"

"No!" David said thickly. "I killed him with the first thing that came to hand!"

Nilsson resumed his usual courteous demeanor.

"You're more of a man than I thought," he said briefly. "I'm glad you owned up."

He turned to Jerningham and me with grave satisfaction.

"That lets Linda out," he said.

"Quite," Jerningham agreed. "There are just one or two points I'd like to verify."

"Ask what you like," David said quietly, the fury gone out of him.

"What was the idea of the broken lock on the door?"

"I didn't know that Linda was there, of course," David answered. "I thought that an accident in a locked room would never be questioned. So I pulled the socket off. I was going to pretend to break in the door."

"I see," Jerningham answered. "But in that case, why didn't you turn the key in the other door?"

If David hesitated, it was only for a second.

"I ought to have done it," he acknowledged. "I meant to. And then in my excitement I forgot. When I remembered, it was too late."

**HE SMILED** at us, a rueful, curiously crooked smile. "If I had locked that other door," he said, "you would still be hunting far and wide for your murderer. For then I'd never have made the mistake I did. I wouldn't have told you that tale about watching the library door and being sure nobody came out. And then you couldn't have narrowed suspicion down to Linda and me. And then you couldn't have goaded me into confessing. Oh, well!"

Jerningham nodded.

"So you simply forgot to lock it. Plausible enough!" he said. "You know it was just that one point that made me doubt your guilt last night. By the way, what did you do with the paper Malachi was writing?"

"Burned it in the fireplace."

"Did you read it first?"

"Yes."

"How much had he written when you interrupted him?"

"Just a couple of lines."

"What did they say?"

"Said it was his will, and he bequeathed





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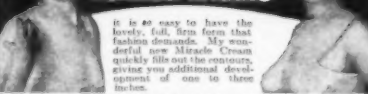
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all his property and stopped short. It didn't say to whom."

Jerningham reached into his pocket, brought out his beloved pipe, and filled it carefully. With his hand cupped about the bowl to light it, he spoke again.

"Did you ever consider abandoning Wall Street for Broadway? I think you would succeed."

David stared at him in silence.

"For one thing, you're a 'quick study,'" Jerningham went on calmly, between puffs. "This was a brand new role, and you had only one night in which to get it letter perfect. A fine piece of work!"

"What are you talking about?" David demanded.

"Your very convincing impersonation of a murderer confessing his crime. It was so fine, indeed," he added, "that if my morning cup of coffee hadn't cleared my wits, I should never have known you were playing a part at all."

IT IS evidence of Nilsson's essential bigness that in that moment, when the confession he had so skilfully wrung from David was challenged by Jerningham's cryptic disbelief, his reaction was pure astonishment, untinged by irritation.

"What's the trouble, Jerningham?" he demanded, eyeing his friend with a puzzled frown. "Are you crazy, or are you holding something out on me?"

"I'm not crazy—yet," Jerningham answered, "though I may be before we're through."

"Then what's this nonsense about a cup of coffee?"

"This morning at breakfast," Jerningham explained, "an idea jumped up out of my coffee cup and hit me. I've been following it around all day, and I know a bit more now than I did when you went away before breakfast this morning. At least I know enough to prove it wasn't David who killed Malachi."

"Prove it then," Nilsson took him up promptly. "Or rather, disprove what David has just confessed."

"All right," Jerningham agreed and turned to David. "The crime lies between you and Linda. Your own original story narrowed it to you two, as you pointed out just now. Also, if you knew of any fact which tended to clear yourself and Linda and incriminate a third party, you'd have trotted it out before now."

"You're darn shouting I would," David agreed, wryly.

"It's between you and Linda, then," Jerningham pursued. "Ryder and Nilsson to the contrary notwithstanding, I never thought you wanted to shove the blame on her. Your confession sufficiently proves that. There remain, however, two possibilities. You may have killed Malachi. Or you may be lying to protect Linda."

"I've told you the truth," David declared. "To some extent," Jerningham conceded. "But I know one part of your story to be a lie."

"Which part?" asked David instantly.

Jerningham shook his head.

"If I tell you that, you'll invent some plausible excuse, and we'll be exactly where we were before."

"I don't follow you," David said, "but if you contend I'm lying, it's up to you to prove it."

"By the rules of evidence, perhaps it is," Jerningham admitted, "but we're trying this case by rules of our own. What I propose is a very simple test for the truth. I know you made one statement that isn't so. If all the rest of your story is true, you can easily enough point out the single lie."

David said nothing. Nilsson's eyes were narrowing.

"Sounds like a fair enough test," he commented. "Out with it, David, if you want

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us to believe your tale. What was the lie? Or don't you know?"

DAVID still stood silent, dismay written on his face.

"He doesn't know," Jerminham said. "His whole story of the murder is made up. He doesn't know even as much as we do about what really happened last night."

There was desperation on David's countenance, but his voice was steady.

"You can't bluff me out that way," he said. "I've told you what happened. I stand on that."

"Is that your last word?" Jerminham asked quietly. "You're going to let your whole confession fall if I can prove the one lie?"

"I am," said David. "You're bluffing and I call the bluff."

Jerminham turned inquiringly to Nilsson.

"Satisfied with the conditions of the test?"

"Yes," Nilsson answered slowly. "If he killed Malachi he would tell the straight story. If he hasn't told a straight story it's because he can't."

"Exactly," Jerminham agreed. "Well—he said Malachi wrote only a couple of lines of the will. We discovered this morning that he finished it, and we have the text of the whole."

David said nothing. He only bent his head and stared at the dead ashes on the hearth.

"Don't take it so hard," Jerminham said kindly. "It was a generous thing you tried to do, but not very wise. You'd have put Linda under an intolerable obligation if you'd succeeded. In fact, she never would have let you succeed. She couldn't have accepted such a sacrifice. It would simply have forced a confession from her."

"I'm not quite such a fool as you think," David said sullenly. "If you had just kept out, Linda would have believed me and Nilsson would have believed me, and that would have been the end of it."

"Linda would have believed you?" Jerminham asked sharply. "How could she?"

IT WAS David's turn to be scornful. "You saw her last night. You talked with her this morning. She's scared to death about something, but if you think she's got a guilty conscience, you're a worse blunderer than I am!"

"You think she didn't kill Malachi?" Jerminham demanded. "Then why were you confessing?"

David hesitated, then suddenly decided on candor.

"I think she doesn't know she killed Malachi," he declared. "Her memory is a blank from the time she lost consciousness there on the window seat, till she came to herself standing over Malachi's body. I don't know whether it was a brainstorm, or what. But she doesn't remember a thing about the murder or about camouflaging the murder. She has no reason to suspect herself. And she'll never know that any one else has suspected her—if I can help it."

"How do you think you can help it?" Nilsson asked.

David gave him a rueful grin. "I've already tried what I thought was the surest method," he answered.

"I suppose the next best bet," he said with a sigh, "is to convince you three of the obvious fact that Malachi deserved what he got. And that if you try to convict Linda of a murder she can't even remember, you're fighting on the devil's side."

"In other words, persuade us to go away and mind our own business?" Jerminham said. "That's a much neater solution."

"You'll save everybody a lot of trouble if you'll just use your heads," David urged. "Suppose she did kill him. It was too good for him! All she has to do is stand up and tell how she's been treated and say she

doesn't remember what happened, and any jury in the country would acquit her on the first ballot. You know that."

"Better," Nilsson amended. "They'd call it temporary insanity and let her go with their blessing. I've seen it happen often enough."

"Well, then," David was quick to press his advantage, "why not bow to the inevitable before it knocks you over the head? You know you couldn't convict her in a hundred years. You don't even want to convict her. What's the use of subjecting her to all the horrors of a lurid trial and all the burden of lifelong notoriety, just because she did a thing that any one of us would have done in her place?"

HE HAD me converted, heart and soul. I was ready to thumb my nose at the laws of the Commonwealth, compound a felony, and swear that Malachi Trent had come to his death by accident while alone in a locked room. But Nilsson is made of less impressionable stuff.

"That sounds all right," he said, "but it's not. We all know it's the fashion nowadays to disregard the laws that inconvenience you. 'Personal liberty,' and all that stuff! You're asking us to disregard a law that will inconvenience Linda. I can't do it. If she was justified in what she did, it can be proved in her defense, and the law will set her free. I'm sorry for you," he said to David. "And sorry for Linda. But if she killed Malachi Trent, she will have to stand trial."

David took it quietly, but there was a reckless light in his eyes.

"That's about what I expected from you," he said. "That's why I tried to convince you I did it myself. Well—you force me to use the only weapon I have left."

"Either you give me your word to let Linda alone, or else I go over your head and confess to the District Attorney—and the newspapers. That'll clinch it. The papers will have me all tried and convicted over night, and the District Attorney won't care to be far behind." He shrugged. "You see, the law can have a victim if you insist—but it won't be Linda."

I could see Jerminham and Nilsson, each after his own fashion, calculating David's chances of success. He read their thoughts.

"Oh, I can get away with it," he assured them. "You won't be able to ring in your trick rules of evidence on me this time. The case will be out of your hands. And you haven't any official standing in this county. The District Attorney won't give much weight to the stuff you've suspected and guessed and deduced—not when it conflicts with my sworn confession. And you haven't a scrap of evidence against Linda, except my original story, which I'll deny under oath. You'll only make yourselves ridiculous if you try to drag Linda into it. You couldn't even get her arrested!"

HE PAUSED, watching us keenly to judge the effect of that last challenge.

"You see, that's checkmate," he said. "Owing to my shocking disregard for the truth where Linda is concerned. Now will you promise to leave her alone, or must I throw away my life and liberty, such as they are, to satisfy your fanatical reverence for the law?"

"Wait a minute, David," Jerminham said. "You called it checkmate. It isn't. It's stalemate—a drawn game—no good to any one. Nilsson loses his case; you lose your life or your liberty; Linda loses her self-respect as soon as she finds out. And it's irrevocable. Once you've made that confession, the whole thing is out of our hands."

"That's the argument I used to you last night," David retorted, "when I tried to persuade you not to make a murder scandal out of Malachi's accident! I didn't

exactly take notice that it stopped you." "Don't you?" Jerningham said. "We haven't made any scandal yet. We agreed to do nothing irrevocable until we had the truth. You ought to be willing to meet us halfway. Suppose you postpone your confession to the District Attorney for twenty-four hours, and we'll take no action against Linda in that time. Nilsson won't be court-martialed for a few hours' delay."

"Armistice, eh?" David asked impatiently. "What's the good of that?"

"Impossible to say in advance," Jerningham returned. "But we haven't half got to the bottom of this business yet. By this time tomorrow we may all have changed our minds."

"Oh, have it your own way," David acquiesced. "If you agree to make no move against Linda in the meantime."

"We agree," Jerningham said. "And you won't so much as drop a hint to her that she's under suspicion," David insisted.

"We won't," Jerningham agreed. "Very well," David said. "Twenty-four hours truce. But tomorrow evening," he glanced at his watch, "tomorrow evening at six o'clock, if you haven't agreed to let Linda go scot free, I take my confession to the District Attorney."

"All right," Jerningham said. "Let's leave it at that, and talk of something else."

**P**RESENTLY Ryker drifted in through the open door.

"Where's Linda?" David demanded, seeing that Ryker had come alone.

"Can't find her," Ryker answered.

I scarcely heard him. Where was Linda, indeed? Recollection swept over me in a sickening wave. I had lightly decided that, if she were really in hiding behind the curtains, she might as well hear the remainder of David's confession. I realized now, too late, how much else she must have heard. Jerningham breaking down that confession, David pleading that Linda be protected from the knowledge of what she had done—

There was just one saving possibility. Linda might not have been behind the curtains after all. It was easy enough to find out. I had only to stroll over to the window seat and look. To save my life I couldn't do it!

**R**AM SINGH'S announcement that dinner was served put an end to my opportunity. The others filed out, Jerningham and I bringing up the rear. As he stooped to remove the key from the inside of the door, I took a sudden resolution. If Linda were there, she mustn't be locked in. I laid a hand on Jerningham's arm.

"Don't lock it," I begged beneath my breath.

"I wasn't going to," he murmured. "How did you know she was there?"

Relief flooded over me. The responsibility was not mine after all.

**I** DO not remember whether it was Jerningham or Nilsson who first recalled the existence of the ruby. We had all repaired to the library after dinner—all, that is, except Linda, who had slipped away upstairs. And a silence had fallen upon us, a silence which somebody broke with a sudden question.

"By the way, if Malachi still had that ruby—what did you call it, the 'Wrath of Kali'?—where did he keep it? Safe deposit box?"

"No," Ryker answered. "I used to tell him he ought to, but he never would. Said a safe deposit box was all right for securities, but he wanted the 'Wrath of Kali' where he could enjoy it."

"You don't mean he kept it here?" Nilsson protested.

"Right in the safe over there," Ryker motioned toward the bulky cabinet on which

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**O**NE evening, before starting on another selling trip, Mr. Webb was gloomy and discouraged. "It's the same old grind that gets you nowhere," he murmured. "For years we've been wanting a home of our own but we're no nearer it now than ever."

"If I could only do something," his wife said earnestly.

"There's nothing you can do, honey," he replied sadly. "It's up to me to make enough money for a down payment. The money we pay for rent would take care of the balance."

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trip. It was all she could do to keep from shouting the wonderful news before he took off his hat and coat. Afraid of his gibes, she had not told him of her hopes.

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had stood the statuette of Kali. "When he wasn't carrying it around in his vest pocket!"

Jerningham got to his feet with lively interest.

"So that's a safe. I thought it was just a rather heavy cabinet. Let's have a look."

He opened the walnut doors and they revealed the very businesslike front of a small steel safe, around which the cabinet had evidently been designed. It was quite ordinary, except that the dial bore letters instead of the more usual set of figures. Jerningham was greatly interested.

"I'd give a lot to see the inside of this thing," he said. "Does anybody have the combination?"

"I doubt it," Ryker replied. "His lawyer might, but more likely Malachi kept it to himself."

At Jerningham's insistence, David called up the residence of Malachi's lawyer and routed him out of a dinner party—only to tell us that he knew nothing whatever about the combination.

"Ask him if he has a will in his keeping," Jerningham suggested.

David complied.

The tiny far away voice from the receiver crackled so distinctly that we all could hear.

"No, Mr. Trent," it said. "So far as my knowledge goes, your grandfather never made a will."

"It's no use trying to get an expert at this hour," David said, as he hung up the receiver. "Wonder if Ram Singh knows anything about it."

He called the Hindu, who listened impassively to David's explanation, and disclaimed all knowledge.

**LAST** of all, he sent Ram Singh to summon Linda, and when she came, put the same question to her. She did not seem to find the inquiry strange.

"I'm afraid I don't know anything that would help," she said, "except—I happened to be in the room here once when he was changing the combination, and I noticed that he glanced at the calendar first. You might get a lead from that."

Jerningham regarded her with extreme interest.

"What would you suggest?" he asked.

"Why," she answered diffidently, "I just wondered if perhaps he chose a day of the week or month for his combination. You could try all the days and see if any of them work. S-U-N-D and M-O-N-D and so forth. Or F-I-R-S and S-E-C-O and so on."

"Good girl," cried Jerningham, and was down on his knees before the safe in a twinkling to put her advice to the test.

For several minutes he spun the dial patiently this way and that, without result. He used up the days of the week and started on the numerals. It was not till he came to E-I-G-H that the tumblers clicked into place and the safe door swung open in answer to his hand upon the knob.

"Just a minute," Nilsson said. "Before you touch anything. I want to take a look. Hold the lamp for me, will you? With the light slanting, like that."

The only clear fingerprints that he found were some old ones on the black japanned document boxes in the bottom of the safe, and a fresh one, that made him exclaim with satisfaction, on the outer face of one of the two small drawers the safe contained. The document boxes and the little drawer he removed from the safe with great care.

"Probably all these prints are Malachi's," he declared, "but just the same I want to verify them. All right, Jerningham, now you can go ahead."

But Jerningham was maddeningly slow to set down the lamp and proceed. I was more eager than I cared to admit for a sight of the great ruby, and I had been studying the

contents of the safe with a speculative eye. "What did he keep the 'Wrath of Kali' in?" I asked Ryker hopefully.

"A black velvet case," Ryker said. "I've seen it a number of times."

**THE** object that had caught my eye was a chunky little black plush case about four inches wide, wedged snugly into one of the pigeonholes. So when Jerningham was so slow to take advantage of it, I dropped to one knee before the safe and thrust my right hand into that pigeonhole to draw the treasure forth.

A stabbing, stinging pain in the palm of my hand halted me. Startled, I drew back, looked at my palm, stared in unbelief. An arrowhead—a bamboo arrowhead—had half buried itself in the flesh at the base of my thumb.

I stood staring at it stupidly enough. But one glance at my hand was enough for Linda.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "Pull it out—quickly! It's one of the poisoned arrows!"

And then, in a voice of urgent command, she called:

"Ram Singh!"

My memory of what came next is blurred. Jerningham plucked the razor-sharp bit of bamboo from its deep bed in my palm.

Linda gripped my wrist in a viselike clasp that numbed my hand even before I had time to wonder at its strength. Ram Singh's white-robed figure loomed beside me.

"Let it bleed, sahib. And come quickly."

Jerningham's arm around me, guiding me down the long hall. And after that, the healing sting of cold water, gallons of it, floods of it, running from the tap into the wound and out again.

"It is enough," Ram Singh said at length, and his brown fingers closed around my wrist with a grip that stopped the bleeding as by magic. "Bandages now, and rest, and a doctor to make stitches—and there will be no great evil to come of it."

"How did you know what to do?" I asked.

"It is bish," he answered briefly. "Singyia-bis they call it in Hindustani. All the hill people of Assam use it, and there is no remedy but much washing—and much swiftness."

In that he spoke the truth. I felt a great weakness, some headache, and an odd trouble with my breath, but these things passed. And even at their worst, they were not so burdensome as to distract my fascinated attention from the procession of events.

**I**NDEED, when Jerningham presently left me in Linda's hands to be bandaged while he telephoned Dr. Lampton, I was well enough to feel a childish pang of disappointment at the thought that he and the others would open the case and have their first glimpse of the "Wrath of Kali" in my absence. But though it was some minutes before I returned, a trifle unsteadily, to the library, I found the black velvet case still in the safe, untouched.

"We waited for you," Jerningham explained. "Seeing that you suffered the jab destined for the fellow who went after the case, we thought you'd earned the right to open it."

"We've been figuring out how it happened," Nilsson added. "Pleasant little device of Malachi's, wasn't it?"

He showed me the vicious little bamboo arrowhead, swallow-tailed in shape, grooved to hold the poison more generously, and so fitted to its shaft as to pull loose immediately upon striking and stay imbedded in the wound.

**BUT** I was more interested in Malachi's treasure than in the device he had used to guard it. Jerningham drew out the black velvet case and set it before me on



the desk, and they all crowded around my chair while I fumbled awkwardly at the catch with my left hand. I mastered it at last and raised the lid.

The case was empty!

"It looks," said Nilsson dryly, "as though there might be something to be learned from those fingerprints after all. We'll stop right here and find out."

"Haven't the equipment for taking fingerprints, have you?" Jerningham asked.

"Enough for this purpose," Nilsson said. "Ordinary thin tumblers will do. Bring us five, Ram Singh—clean ones—and a fresh towel, and tell Mrs. Ketchum we want her here."

It was just as Ram Singh was starting on this errand that Dr. Lampton arrived. The plump, gray-haired little doctor was as kindly and sympathetic over my injury as he had been over Malachi's death, but we did not entrust him with very much of the truth. We told him I had cut myself by accident on a poisoned arrow which had been sticking over the edge of the mantel shelf. And we described Ram Singh's emergency treatment, which he thoroughly approved.

"But I don't recommend poisoned arrows as household ornaments," he observed in mild censure, as he put the necessary stitches in my palm.

We heard in the hall outside a pleasantly convivial sound, the light clink of glass against glass, as Ram Singh appeared in the doorway with a tray. Dr. Lampton looked up expectantly. His mouth remained slightly open at sight of the tray's contents. Five water glasses, polished and gleaming—and empty. Ram Singh set down the tray. After a moment of puzzled silence, the little doctor rose to go. He was still friendly, but there was a cloud of bewilderment upon his open countenance.

AS SOON as he had gone, Nilsson took command. David, following his instructions, implanted a full set of finger and thumb prints on a freshly polished glass, which Nilsson marked by wedging flat in the bottom of it a folded sheet of paper bearing David's name. Linda, Ram Singh, and Mrs. Ketchum, in turn, contributed their fingerprints and saw them similarly marked. At the end there was one glass left. Nilsson picked it up and left the room. He came back in a few moments, marked it, and set it with the others.

"Malachi's," he said briefly, and for no reason at all a chill went down my spine.

"Now comes the tedious part," Nilsson proceeded. "Mac, you'd better lie down over there on the davenport till we finish. You're looking a bit dragged out. Jerningham, you help me on this. You compare the thumb print on that drawer with each set of prints in turn, and I'll do the same for some of the prints on this document box. Then we'll verify each other's findings before we look at the names at all."

I followed Nilsson's advice and lay down, while the two men pored over their tasks.

"Got it," Jerningham said at last.

"So have I," Nilsson answered. "Check me up."

THEY exchanged places, and each confirmed the other. I sat up and looked. Three of the glasses stood in a row, rejected. The fourth stood by the document box, the fifth by the little drawer from the safe. Nilsson drew out the sheet of paper from the fourth glass.

"The prints on the document box," he said, "were made by Malachi."

We waited, breathless. Nilsson drew out the paper from the fifth glass.

"And the print on the drawer—by Linda."

I looked at Linda. She was standing very straight, a hectic spot of color in each cheek.

"Yes," she said. "You'll get the truth in

the end. You might as well have it now."

She drew a long breath before she spoke. "I took the 'Wrath of Kali,'" she said.

"And I killed Mr. Trent."

Silence. Then David's anguished voice. "Don't say it! Don't say it! Oh, Linda!"

"Oh, but I've got to say it," she cried. "I can't keep still any longer. I've got to—talk."

"But whatever you say," David protested wretchedly, "they'll use against you. Nilsson's from the Philadelphia police. He thinks it's his duty."

"I don't care," she answered.

I looked at Jerningham. There was sharp anxiety in the little frown between his brows. He glanced around the room, from one tense face to another.

"You shall talk all you like," he told her gently. "But there are too many of us here for you to talk to all at once. Will you say what you want to say, just to Nilsson and Mac and me?"

"Yes," she said, "you three."

Jerningham swept the others from the room. Ram Singh and Mrs. Ketchum went at once, Ryker under worried protest, David belligerently adjuring Linda not to talk. Jerningham shut the door decisively behind them.

"I suppose you know," she said abruptly, "why I want to talk."

"I think so," he answered.

"I listened this afternoon," she went on, "behind the curtains in the library."

My heart warmed to her frankness. For all she knew, she needn't have told us that.

"And I can't let David confess to something I did myself."

"Quite right," Jerningham assented.

"So I'd like to tell you all about it."

"We'd like to hear," he agreed.

"And when I get through," she prophesied, "you'll ask me to prove my story by telling you what was in that will."

"Right," he said.

"So I propose to tell you now and have it over with."

Jerningham stopped smoking and leaned forward.

"He left all his property," she said slowly, "to a private hospital for the hopelessly insane, on condition—"

She drew a long shivering breath.

"On condition that they should keep me in custody for the rest of my life."

FOR a moment I did not grasp it. Then the sheer horror of the thing smote me.

"Wasn't that it?" she challenged, her voice unsteady. "Tell them!"

"That was it," Jerningham answered beneath his breath. "The gift was conditional upon their continuing to take care of you in the asylum."

"But I don't understand," I cried. "An institution can't just reach out and take custody of a person! It's preposterous."

Linda shivered again.

"They can reach out and take me," she said, "any time, anywhere. Because—"

She stopped for an instant, her eyes dark with some nameless memory.

"Because I've been there once before. I'm only out on 'leave of absence,' and the superintendent can order me back at any time. All they need—all they need is a motive—and I'll spend the rest of my life between their walls."

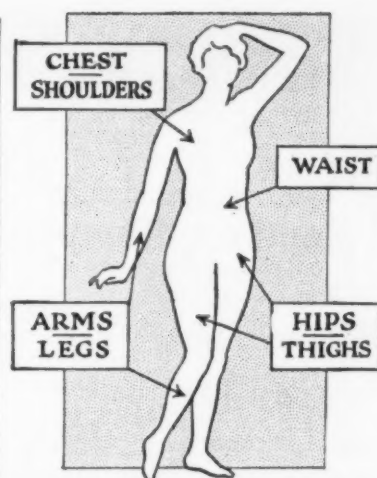
"I can't believe it!" I cried, in futile protest against the unendurable.

"It's true, though," Jerningham said quietly. "I found that out too this afternoon."

"But why were you—" I couldn't say it.

"Why was I committed in the first place?" Linda asked. "Because he thought it would break me—and it did. I was fifteen, and I was there for six months while he was in India. I would have killed myself, but he had told them I had a suicidal mania, and they gave me no chance."

She fell silent, her eyes brooding.



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"When he came back," she said at last, "he got me paroled in his custody. He said that the first time I disobeyed him, he would send me back for good. For two years I've had to heel at his lightest word like a whipped dog."

Her eyes grew stormy, her voice passionate.

"You don't know—you can't imagine what that meant. When he discovered how abject I was, he amused himself inventing ways to torture me, thinking up things to make me do—humiliating things, impossible things. Once he filled two suitcases with books and ordered me to carry the pair of them upstairs. I couldn't. I couldn't even lift them both at once. He said I was disobedient and he would send me back. I was sure he was simply looking for an excuse, and I tried till I dropped. If it hadn't been for Ram Singh—that would have been the end. He got me out of it somehow. I think he has saved me more than once."

"And you didn't run away?" I marveled.

"I told you I used to—as a child," she answered, and her face was suddenly wistful. "I used to do all sorts of valiant, foolish things. I knew from the start that he wanted to break my courage—because my mother had flouted him, I suppose. And I was so afraid of being afraid that I had to keep proving I wasn't. Can you understand that?"

"I've been there myself," said Jerningham shortly. "Belleau Wood, 1918."

"Ah, but you could fight," she said. "And there wasn't anything real that I could do. Just useless little gestures of defiance. Like refusing to apologize when I wasn't in the wrong. And telling him the truth about himself, when he demanded what I was thinking. And running away—when I hadn't a penny and didn't know a soul and my queer clothes marked me wherever I went. I was always caught inside the first five miles. And every time I tried it, it made things worse."

She looked up wonderingly.

"Wouldn't you think, since he hated me so, he'd have been glad to be rid of me? But it didn't work that way. I seemed to be one of his chief interests in life. When he was going to India, he tried to make me swear I wouldn't run away in his absence. I swore instead that I'd get free some day, if I died in the attempt. So he put me in the 'hospital.' 'Hospital!'" Her voice shook on the word. "It was blasphemy to name it so!"

SHE shifted restlessly in the great chair. "I never ran away after that. I never dared. I stayed, and obeyed him, and prayed for his death every night on my knees. Though sometimes I wondered whether even his death would set me free. He took an uncanny pleasure in talking about what would happen when he died, and the power a man could wield over other people's lives by the kind of will he left. He thought about it a lot. Once he asked me how I'd like to be his heir. I knew it was a trap, and didn't answer, and he laughed."

Jerningham's eyes narrowed. "Did he say anything else about that?" he asked. "Can you remember? Give us the exact words if you can."

She gave us more than the words. Her face drew into a gaunt grimace. And her voice, grown suddenly rusty, sneering, evil with malice, set the old man all too vividly before us.

"Overcome with gratitude, are you? You needn't be. There will be a condition—a very—clever—condition. You'll pay for all you get—for as long as you have it!"

She shivered. "That was all," she said. "He never explained, and I never knew whether he made such a will or not. But I used to lie awake

at night and remember the way he laughed, and resolve that I'd never take a penny of his, no matter how innocent the conditions of his will might seem."

"How long ago was that?" Jerningham asked.

"Some time last spring about—six months ago."

SHE fell silent, as though the urge to talk had spent itself. Jerningham waited a few moments, then prompted her gently.

"Go on and tell us the rest of it. What happened last night?"

"It didn't start last night. It started Saturday afternoon. I disobeyed him. He shut me in my room, and I thought the end had come. But later in the afternoon he told me Mr. Ryker had interceded for me, and I was to have two days to reconsider, under lock and key. I didn't sleep that night. I couldn't give in. And I couldn't go back to the 'hospital.' And I couldn't escape, except by walking the ledge to Mrs. Ketchem's windows. That ledge is only three inches wide and there aren't any handholds—and every time I looked at it I went cold all over."

"So one of my days of grace dragged by. Then Sunday afternoon, just before supper, he came up to my room in his blackest mood. He wasn't going to wait any longer. Would I obey him or wouldn't I? I wouldn't. So he said he'd telephone the 'hospital' to send for me at once. And he would write a new will that would keep them from ever letting me out again."

"THAT settled it. The minute he was gone, I climbed out of the window and walked the ledge. And I made it, though by the time I crawled in Mrs. Ketchem's window I was limp as a kitten. I figured I had about half an hour to myself, before supper would be over. It wasn't just a question of getting out of the house. I had to have money, too, and the only hope of that was to open the safe. He usually kept gold pieces in there to pay Ram Singh."

She smiled a rueful little smile.

"You know what sort of job the safe was. I took a minute to fish my locket out of the ashes on the hearth, and then I tackled the dials. I had to work out the combination just as you did this evening, by trial and error, and it took a fatally long time. And when I got it open there wasn't any money there at all."

"In desperation I took the Wrath of Kali—and then I heard footsteps, and hid because there wasn't time to get away. There wasn't even time to take the revolver from the desk drawer, as I had planned."

Jerningham's fingers tightened about his pipe.

"So you had decided—then—to kill him if you had to?"

She shook her head.

"No, I had only decided that I wouldn't—be sent to that place—alive."

SHE fell silent again, brooding, and Jerningham had to rouse her.

"So you hid behind the curtains on the window seat at the side of the room?"

"Yes, and for a while I was scared, but he didn't seem to suspect anything, so I settled down to wait till he should go away. And then—"

She stopped, with a little troubled frown. "And then you fainted?" he asked.

"I don't know whether it was a faint," she answered. "I sat there for a long time, fighting to keep hold of my senses. One minute my head would be clear enough, and the next, things would begin to get blurred and I would be thinking solemnly about the wildest absurdities—like the importance of exploding three toy balloons at exactly nine o'clock, especially the one named Lady Hamilton."

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There was no humor in her voice. Instead I caught a note of appeal that puzzled me.

"I could wrench myself out of it," she went on, "but in another minute the blur would come again. Finally I failed to get out in time, and things went blank completely. I don't know whether that's fainting. Is it?"

Jerningham's reply was conspicuously matter-of-fact.

"Doesn't sound like it to me," he said. "I think you were fighting sleep—and lost. The same thing has happened to me when I've worked all night rewriting a scene for next day's rehearsal."

A look of passionate relief flashed across her face.

"I suppose it might have been sleep," she admitted. "I hadn't slept at all the night before. When I awoke—"

She forced herself to go on.

"I SAW him standing over me," she said, "laughing in that horrible silent way of his. I was still dazed. I couldn't think of anything to say or do. He said that I had come very opportunely, that he would like me to hear the will which he had just finished. He went back to his desk and read the will aloud, and showed me what it would mean. And still I couldn't think of anything to do."

She drew a deep breath.

"Then he reached for the telephone book to call the 'hospital.' And I hadn't any way to defend myself. I couldn't stand that. I started blindly for the door. And then I saw the little statue of Kali. I picked it up and held it upside down, and it balanced in my hand like a hammer."

The last vestige of color had left her face. "Then I thought of something to do. I killed him."

SOMEHOW that simple statement shook me to the bottom of my heart. We knew the fact already, but to hear it so, from her lips, in that lifeless, colorless little voice—

"After that I thought of lots of things to do," she went on. "Almost as though somebody else were standing there telling me what to do next. I could see that the blow might just as well have been from a fall, so I arranged the fall. And I burned the will and dusted the things that I thought might betray me and burned the handkerchief I dusted them with. And then I tipped over the clock and stood back and screamed. And David broke down the door. Poor David!"

"Poor David," Jerningham agreed. "He wanted so much to spare you."

"He was too kind," she said. "But it wouldn't have spared me anything to have somebody else suffer for my crime."

"He thought you need never know it was yours," Jerningham reminded her. "He thought you couldn't remember—that the shock had wiped out your memory of it."

She looked up in startled dismay.

"But, of course, I remember."

"Of course," he assented. "Tell me about the 'Wrath of Kali.' What did you do with it?"

"I took it along with me when Mr. Ryker sent me up to bed in Mrs. Ketchem's care."

"Where is it now?"

"Hidden," she said laconically. The color was coming back into her cheeks.

"You ought to bring it back at once, of course," he commented.

"I don't know," she said, calmly. "Whose ruby is it now?"

"David's, unless we find a will."

"Then I'll let it stay hidden," she declared.

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Jerningham eyed her very thoughtfully. "Do you know," he said, "that sounds to me as though you couldn't remember what you did with it."

She caught her breath.

"Very well," she said quietly, after a moment. "I'll bring it down. But it really is accursed, even though you don't believe it."

SHE went swiftly and returned swiftly, and before we knew it she had dropped the stone that was worth a king's ransom casually into the palm of Jerningham's hand. It was a breath-taking thing, a huge stone that glowed and flamed as though it were itself a living source of light, glorious with the richest tints of the hearts' blood that had been spilled for its possession. But it moved in me not the slightest impulse of covetousness. It was too incredibly beautiful, too priceless, too unholy. The wound in my hand throbbed with the memory and the premonition of evil.

"Put it back, Jerningham," I said, suddenly. "The thing is accursed. Put it away."

I could see in his grave face that he shared my feeling. He rose without a word, restored the "Wrath of Kali" to its empty case and the case in turn to its pigeonhole in the safe.

"I'll have to change this combination," he said. "Everybody in the house knows the old one now. Nilsson, come over here and give me the benefit of your professional experience with safes!"

The two men bent over the task together for a few minutes, examining, arguing, experimenting, till they could agree as to how the thing was done. From that point, Jerningham elected to proceed alone.

"Let me pick my new combination and set it up myself," he urged Nilsson.

NILSSON complied. Jerningham worked for a couple of minutes longer, then closed the safe, twiddled the dials and announced himself satisfied.

"By the way," he asked Linda, as he came back to his seat beside me on the davenport and relit his pipe for the third time, "when you took the 'Wrath of Kali' out of the safe, did you see anything of any poisoned arrow?"

"There wasn't any," Linda said positively. "If there had been, it would have kept the case from sliding back in when I replaced it."

"Then Malachi must have put the arrow there while you were hiding on the window seat," Jerningham mused. "That was his only chance. Did you see him at the safe?"

"No, but most of the time I wasn't watching."

"Have you any theory as to why he did it at just that time?"

"Not unless I left the door of the safe ajar, so that it aroused his suspicions. But no! In that case, he'd have looked to see if the 'Wrath of Kali' were still there. I give it up!"

Her tone had become completely natural.

And Jerningham's manner had been so casual in that last interchange, that I too had re-

laxed, and I was utterly unprepared for his next move.

"Tell me," he said to her. "Do you happen to have a skeleton key?"

"A skeleton key?" she repeated, wonderingly. "No. Why?"

He puffed furiously at his pipe for a moment.

"I just wondered," he said at last, "whether that was the way you managed to open the locked door of the library."

She was still puzzled.

"The door of the library?" she said. "When do you mean?"

He put aside his pipe and leaned forward. "Between two and three o'clock this morning," he said.

SHE made no answer. Slowly the blood drained from her face, leaving a deathly pallor. Her eyes widened with horror.

I watched her, not understanding, but sick at heart. I thought she had told us all her tale, and dreadful as it was, pitiful as it was, it had been bearable because her courage made it so. But what now looked out of her eyes was stark terror.

"I didn't! I didn't! I didn't!" she whispered. "I never left my room."

"Then I must have been mistaken," he said quietly.

She drew an unsteady breath, and the fear gradually left her face.

"It's just that I'm jumpy," she said. "This hasn't been—exactly easy, but I had to go through with it."

She searched our faces.

"Before I leave you," she said, "will you tell me what you're going to do?"

We both looked at Nilsson. He met her eyes squarely.

"I'm sorry," he said. "When I said, this afternoon, that you'd have to stand trial, I meant it. I can't go back on that. Only—you don't need to be afraid. With a history like yours, and the testimony you can truthfully give about your confused state just before the murder, any jury in the country would acquit you."

"Just what are you suggesting?" she asked steadily.

Nilsson flushed. It was a strange role for him.

"A plea of 'Not Guilty,'" he said bluntly, "with an insanity defense."

She came to her feet in one lovely flashing movement.

"Not in a thousand years," she told him, with a sort of fierce steadiness. "If I have to go to trial, there'll be no defense except provocation."

She checked his half-uttered protest with an imperious gesture.

"It lies in your hands," she said, straight-lipped, "whether I go to trial or not. But while you decide, remember this one thing—"

Her voice rang with passionate resolve.

"I'll die in the chair for murder," she said, "before I'll plead insanity in defense."

She waited for an answer. There was no answer.

"Good night," she said.

And she was gone.

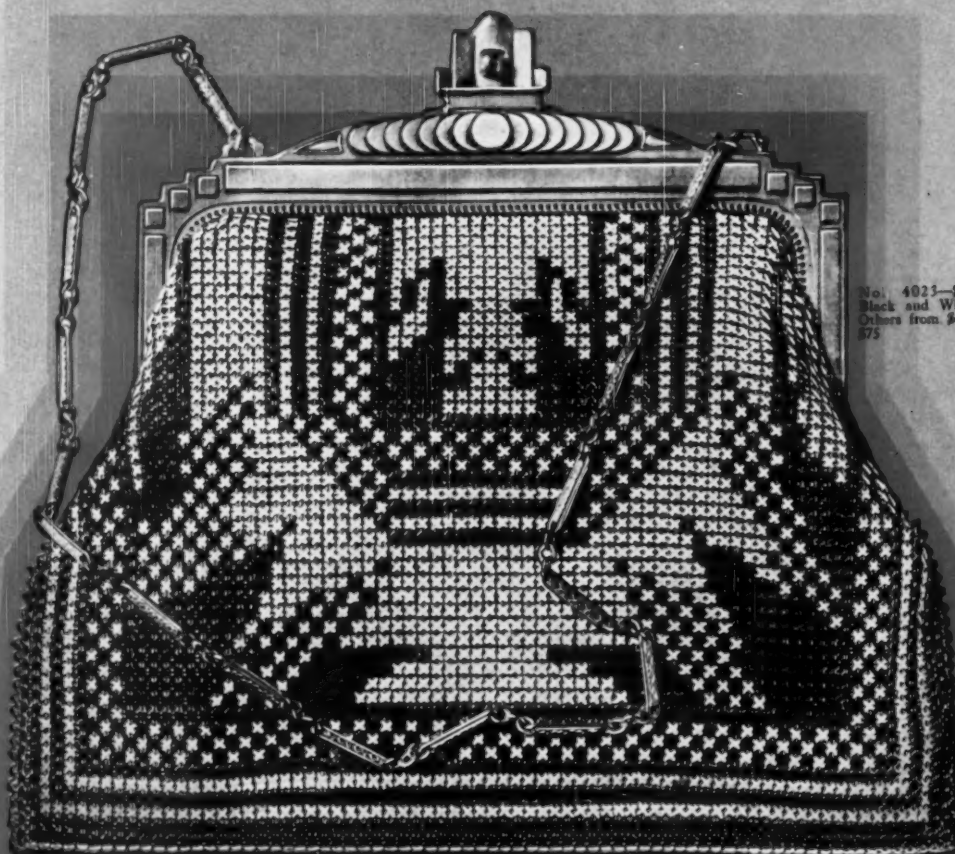
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*During office hours—and after—  
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